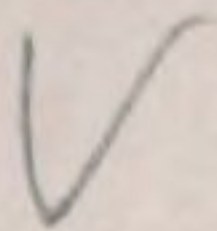
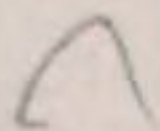




<36611999130017



<36611999130017



Bayer. Staatsbibliothek

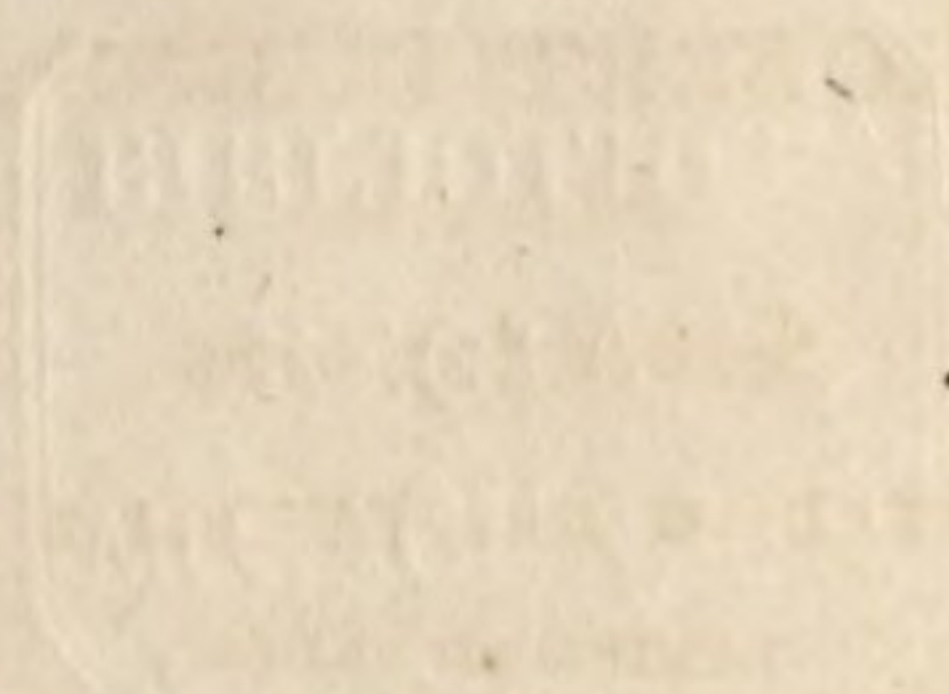
P.O. Angl.

45^{eb}—

Ternaux

1749

POTTER'S WORKS



THE POTTER'S WORKS

THE POTTER'S WORKS

THE POTTER'S WORKS

THE POTTER'S WORKS

THE POTTER'S WORKS

THE POTTER'S WORKS

THE POTTER'S WORKS

THE POTTER'S WORKS

THE
POETICAL WORKS

OF
ROBERT BURNS;

INCLUDING

Several Pieces

NOT INSERTED IN DR. CURRIE'S EDITION;

EXHIBITED UNDER

A NEW PLAN OF ARRANGEMENT;

AND PRECEDED BY

AN ORIGINAL LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

AND

A Critique upon his Writings;

WITH AN ENLARGED GLOSSARY.

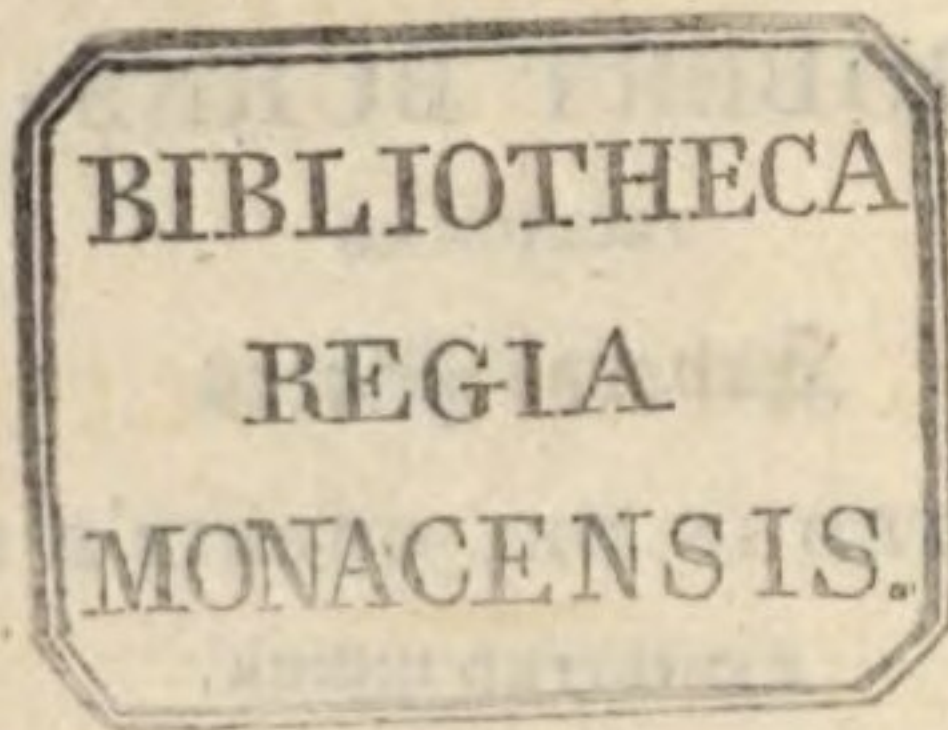
IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

London:

PUBLISHED BY W. T. SHERWIN,
Paternoster Row.

1823.



G. Sidney, Printer,
Northumberland Street, Strand.

CONTENTS

OF

THE FIRST VOLUME.

	PAGE.
Life of Burns	1
Critique on his Writings	62
Glossary	71
Preface to the First Edition	99
Dedication to the Second Edition... ..	103

POEMS, CHIEFLY SCOTTISH, IN FIVE BOOKS.

BOOK I.

MORAL, RELIGIOUS, AND PRECEPTIVE.

The Twa Dogs	107
The Brigs of Ayr	116
The Vision... ..	124
The Cotter's Saturday Night... ..	135
Verses written in Friar's-Carse Hermitage on Nith-side	142

	PAGE.
A Prayer under the Pressure of violent Anguish	144
A Prayer in the Prospect of Death	145
Stanzas on the same Occasion	146
Verses left by the Author, at a reverend Friend's House, in the Room where he slept	147
A Grace before Dinner	148
The First Psalm	149
The First Six Verses of the Ninetieth Psalm	150
Epistle to a young Friend	151

BOOK II.

PATHETIC, LEGIAC, AND DESCRIPTIVE.

Man was made to Mourn... ..	155
A Winter Night... ..	159
Winter	162
Despondency	163
To Ruin	166
Lament of Mary, Queen of Scots, on the approach of Spring	167
The Lament, occasioned by the unfortunate issue of a Friend's Amour	169
Lament of a Mother for the Death of her Son	172
Lament for James, Earl of Glencairn	173
Lines sent to Sir John Whitefoord, of Whitefoord, Bart. with the foregoing Poem..	176

CONTENTS.

5

	PAGE.
Strathallan's Lament	177
The Chevalier's Lament	178
The Author's Farewell to his native Country	179
Farewell to Ayrshire	181
The Farewell to the Brethren of St. James's Lodge, Tarbolton	182
Farewell to Eliza	183
Highland Mary... ..	184
To Mary in Heaven... ..	185
Elegy on the late Miss Burnet, of Monboddo	187
Verses on reading, in a Newspaper, the Death of John M'Cleod, Esq. brother to a young Lady, a particular friend of the Author's	188
Sonnet on the Death of Robert Riddel, Esq. of Glen Riddel, April, 1794	189
Verses on the Death of Sir James Hunter Blair	190
Address to the Shade of Thomson, on crown- ing his Bust, at Ednam, Roxburghshire, with Bays	192
Epitaph for the Author's Father	193
—— for R. A. Esq.	194
—— on a Friend	194
A Bard's Epitaph	195
Verses on the Birth of a posthumous Child, born in peculiar circumstances of family Distress	196
On Sensibility	197
Verses on seeing a wounded Hare limp by me, which a Fellow had just shot at	198
Lines on scaring some Water-fowl in Loch Turrit, a wild Scene among the Hills of Oughtertyre	199

	PAGE.
Sonnet, written on the 25th of January, 1786, the Birth-day of the Author, on hearing a Thrush in a morning walk... ..	201
To a Mouse, on turning her up in her Nest, with the Plough, November, 1785... ..	202
To a Mountain Daisy, on turning one down with the Plough, April, 1786... ..	204
The humble Petition of Bruar Water	206
Lines, written with a Pencil, over the Chim- ney-piece in the Parlour of the Inn at Kenmore, Taymouth	209
Lines written, with a Pencil, standing by the Fall of Fyers, near Lock-Ness	211

BOOK III.

FAMILIAR AND EPISTOLARY.

To Miss L——, with Beattie's Poems as a New-year's gift, January 1, 1787	212
To Miss Cruickshanks, a very young Lady, written on the blank Leaf of a Book presented to her by the Author	213
Verses on a young Lady... ..	214
—— to a young Lady, with a present of Songs	215
—— presented to a lady whom he had often celebrated under the name of Chloris	216

CONTENTS.

7

	PAGE.
Lines presented to an old Sweetheart, then married	217
To a young Lady, Miss Jessy L——, Dumfries; with Books which the Bard presented her	218
To J. S ****	219
Epistle to Davie, a brother Poet	225
To the Same	231
Epistle to J. Lapraik	233
To the Same	238
To a Gentleman whom the Author had offended	276
To W. S*****	242
Epistle to J. R*****, enclosing some Poems... ..	249
To Dr. Blacklock	252
To Colonel de Peyster	254
To Mr. Mitchell, Collector of Excise	256
Letter to J—s T—t Gl-ne r	258
To the Guidwife of Wauchope-house, in answer to an Epistle which she had sent the Author... ..	260
To J. Ranken, on his writing to the Author that a Girl was with Child by him... ..	263
Address to an illegitimate Child	263
To a Tailor, in answer to an Epistle which he had sent the Author	265
To Mr. William Tytler	268
Epistle to R. Graham, Esq. of Fintra	269
To the Same	272
To the Same, on receiving a Favour	275
To a Gentleman whom the Author had offended	276

To a Gentleman who had sent him a Newspaper, and offered to continue it free of Expense	276
Sketch, to Mrs. Dunlop, on New-Year's Day	278
The auld Farmer's New-Year Morning Salutation to his auld Mare, Maggie	280
The Death and dying Words of poor Mallie, the Author's only pet Yowe	284

**THE
LIFE
OF
ROBERT BURNS,
WITH**

An Original Critique on his Works.

THE contemplation of superior excellence is perhaps the most impressive, as well as interesting subject of meditation, in which the human mind can be engaged. For it is not possible to reflect on exalted virtue, without feeling our own nature improved, or upon extensive acquirements without being inspired with some degree of emulation. But when superior genius is added to the perfections of which our nature is susceptible

the character of the individual is raised to a higher standard of excellence, and while our admiration is increased, we consider the mind so gifted as belonging to a superior species of beings, in whom are qualities quite beyond our power of attainment ; and, dazzled by the lustre by which they are surrounded, we look up to them as from a humbler sphere, with a kind of mysterious veneration. In the mind of Burns these powers were not so happily blended as to excite that admiration or regard for his moral character which has been paid to his genius, but to dwell on the errors of a man who is now no more, is not only cowardly but cruel. In relating those incidents of his life which justice forbids to be concealed, respect for the memory of departed genius will prevent us from dwelling invidiously on those errors ; his original genius, and acute perception of character and manners, have been rarely equalled, and his high powers of imagination, not only display, but have preserved from oblivion, the peculiar manners of his country. The reputation of the poet has extended itself beyond his native country, and wherever his works have penetrated, they have been received with the admiration due to unparalleled genius.

The life of a peasant cannot be expected to furnish very copious materials for biography. But when did the world produce such a peasant as Robert Burns? Born in a humble station of life, he raised himself by the exertions of his mind to the highest pitch of intellectual greatness ; and amidst bitter waters of indigence and sorrow, of drudgery and neglect, he produced those beautiful idylliums which will never be read without an expansion of the understanding and of the heart. The character of such a person should only be sought for in his own works—in those works which have not only rendered his fame immortal, but have endeared his name to every reader of taste and feeling.

The following details of Burns's Life, from a very early period of his personal history, down to the year 1787, are too interesting not to form the first feature in this Memoir. It was communicated by Burns himself, in a Letter addressed to the justly celebrated Dr. Moore, Author of "Zeluco," "Edward," &c. and the father of the late unfortunate Sir John Moore, who fell in the battle of Corunna, during the Peninsular war.

“Mauchline, August 2d, 1787.

Sir,

“For some months past I have been rambling over the country ; but I am now confined with some lingering complaints, originating, as I take it, in the stomach. To divert my spirits a little in this miserable fog of *ennui*, I have taken a whim to give you a history of myself. My name has made some little noise in this country ; you have done me the honour to interest yourself very warmly in my behalf ; and I think a faithful account of what character of a man I am, and how I came by that character, may perhaps amuse you in an idle moment. I will give you an honest narrative ; though I know it will be often at my own expense ; for I assure you, Sir, I have, like Solomon, whose character, excepting in the trifling affair of *wisdom*, I sometimes think I resemble,—I have, I say, like him, *turned my eyes to behold madness and folly*, and, like him, too frequently shaken hands with their intoxicating friendship.*** After you have perused these pages, should you think them trifling and impertinent, I only beg leave to tell you, that the poor author wrote them under some twitching qualms of conscience, arising from suspicion that he was doing

what he ought not to do : a predicament he has more than once been in before.

“ I have not the most distant pretensions to assume that character which the pye-coated guardians of escutcheons call a Gentleman. When at Edinburgh, last winter, I got acquainted in the Herald’s Office ; and, looking through the granary of honours, I there found almost every name in the kingdom ; but for me,

.....My ancient but ignoble blood
Has crept thro’ scoundrels ever since the flood.

Gules, Purpure, Argent, &c. quite disowned me.

“ My father was of the north of Scotland, the son of a farmer, who rented lands of the noble Keiths of Marischal, and had the honour of sharing their fate. I do not use the word *honour* with any reference to political principles : *loyal* and *disloyal*, I take to be merely relative terms, in that ancient and formidable court, known in this country by the name of Club-law, where, the right is always with the strongest. But those who dare welcome ruin, and shake hands with infamy, for what they sincerely believe to be the cause of their God, or their king, are, as Mark

Antony says in Shakspeare of Brutus and Cassius, *honourable men*. I mention this circumstance, because it threw my father on the world at large.

“After many years’ wanderings and sojournings, he picked up a pretty large quantity of observation and experience, to which I am indebted for most of my little pretensions to wisdom. I have met with few who understood *men, their manners, and their ways*, equal to him; but stubborn ungainly integrity, and headlong, ungovernable irascibility, are disqualifying circumstances; consequently I was born a very poor man’s son. For the first six or seven years of my life, my father was gardener to a worthy gentleman of small estate in the neighbourhood of Ayr. Had he continued in that station, I must have marched off to be one of the little underlings about a farm-house; but it was his dearest wish and prayer to have it in his power to keep his children under his own eye till they could discern between good and evil: so, with the assistance of his generous master, my father ventured on a small farm on his estate. At those years I was by no means a favourite with any body. I was a good deal noted for a retentive memory, a sturdy something in my disposition, and an enthusiastic idiot piety. I say *idiot*

piety, because I was then but a child. Though it cost the schoolmaster some thrashings, I made an excellent English scholar : and by the time I was ten or eleven years of age, I was a critic in substantives, verbs, and particles. In my infant and boyish days, too, I owed much to an old woman who resided in the family : remarkable for her ignorance, credulity, and superstition. She had, I suppose, the largest collection in the country of tales and songs concerning devils, fairies, brownies, witches, warlocks, spunkies, kelpies, elf-candles, dead-lights, wraiths, apparitions, can-traips, giants, enchanted towers, dragons, and other trumpery. This not only cultivated the latent seeds of poetry ; but had so strong an effect on my imagination, that to this hour, in my nocturnal rambles, I sometimes keep a sharp look out in suspicious places : and though nobody can be more sceptical than I am in such matters, yet it often takes an effort of philosophy to shake off these idle terrors. The earliest composition that I recollect taking pleasure in, was ‘ The Vision of Mirza,’ and a hymn of Addison’s, beginning, ‘ How are thy servants blest, O Lord!’ I particularly remember one half stanza, which was music to my boyish ears.

For though on dreadful whirls we hung
High on the broken wave.

I met with these pieces in Mason's English Collection, one of my school-books. The two first books I ever read in private, and which gave me more pleasure than any two books I ever read since, were the Life of Hannibal, and The History of Sir William Wallace. Hannibal gave my young ideas such a turn, that I used to strut in raptures up and down after the recruiting drum and bag-pipe, and wish myself tall enough to be a soldier; while the story of Wallace poured a Scottish prejudice into my veins, which will boil along there till the flood-gates of life shut in eternal rest.

“ Polemical divinity about this time was putting the country half mad; and I, ambitious of shining in conversation parties on Sundays, between sermons, at funerals, &c. used, a few years afterwards, to puzzle Calvinism with so much heat and indiscretion, that I raised a hue and cry of heresy against me, which has not ceased to this hour.

“ My vicinity to Ayr was of some advantage to me. My social disposition, when not checked by some modifications of spirited pride, was, like our catechism definition of infinitude, ‘ without bounds or limits.’ I formed several connexions with other

youngsters who possessed superior advantages, the *youngling* actors, who were busy in the rehearsal of parts in which they were shortly to appear on the stage of life, where, alas ! I was destined to drudge behind the scenes. It is not commonly at this green age that our gentry have a just sense of the immense distance between them and their ragged play-fellows. It takes a few dashes into the world, to give the young great man that proper, decent, unnoticing disregard for the poor, insignificant, stupid devils, the mechanics and peasantry around him, who were perhaps born in the same village. My young superiors never insulted the *clouterly* appearance of my plough-boy carcass, the two extremes of which were often exposed to all the inclemencies of all the seasons. They would give me stray volumes of books : among them, even then, I could pick up some observation ; and one, whose heart I am sure not even the *Munny Begum* scenes have tainted, helped me to a little French. Parting with these my young friends and benefactors, as they occasionally went off for the East or West Indies, was often to me a sore affliction ; but I was soon called to more serious evils. My father's generous master died ; the farm proved a ruinous bargain ; and, to clench the misfortune, we fell

into the hands of a factor, who sat for the picture I have drawn of one in my tale of *Twa Dogs*. My father was advanced in life when he married; I was the eldest of seven children; and he, worn out by early hardships, was unfit for labour. My father's spirit was soon irritated, but not easily broken. There was a freedom in his lease in two years more; and, to weather these two years, we retrenched our expenses. We lived very poorly: I was a dexterous ploughman for my age; and the next eldest to me was a brother (Gilbert) who could drive the plough very well, and help me to thrash the corn. A novel writer might perhaps have viewed these scenes with some satisfaction; but so did not I: my indignation yet boils at the recollection of the s—l factor's insolent threatening letters, which used to set us all in tears.

“This kind of life—the cheerless gloom of a hermit, with the uneasing moil of a galley-slave, brought me to my sixteenth year; a little before which period I first committed the sin of Rhyme. You know our country custom of coupling a man and woman together as partners in the labours of harvest. In my fifteenth autumn my partner was a bewitching creature a year younger than my-

self. My scarcity of English denies me the power of doing her justice in that language ; but you know the Scottish idiom—she was a *bonie, sweet, sonsie lass*. In short, she altogether, unwittingly to herself, initiated me in that delicious passion, which, in spite of acid disappointment, gin-horse prudence, and book-worm philosophy, I hold to be the first of human joys, our dearest blessing here below ! How she caught the contagion I cannot tell : you medical people talk much of infection from breathing the same air, the touch, &c. ; but I never expressly said I loved her. Indeed I did not know myself why I liked so much to loiter behind with her, when returning in the evening from our labours ; why the tones of her voice made my heart-strings thrill like an *Æolian* harp ; and particularly why my pulse beat such a furious ratan when I looked and fingered over her little hand to pick out the cruel nettle-stings and thistles. Among her other love-inspiring qualities, she sung sweetly ; and it was her favourite reel to which I attempted giving an embodied vehicle in rhyme. I was not so presumptuous as to imagine that I could make verses like printed ones, composed by men who had Greek and Latin ; but my girl sung a song, which was said to be composed by a small country laird's son, on one

of his father's maids, with whom he was in love ! and I saw no reason why I might not rhyme as well as he ; for, excepting that he could smear sheep, and cast peats, his father living in the moorlands, he had no more scholarcraft than myself.

“ Thus with me began love and poetry ; which at times have been my only, and till within the last twelve months, have been my highest enjoyment. My father struggled on till he reached the freedom in his lease, when he entered on a larger farm, about ten miles farther in the country. The nature of the bargain he made was such as to throw a little ready money into his hands at the commencement of his lease ; otherwise the affair would have been impracticable. For four years we lived comfortably here ; but a difference commencing between him and his landlord as to terms, after three years tossing and whirling in the vortex of litigation, my father was just saved from the horrors of a jail by a consumption, which, after two years' promises, kindly stepped in, and carried him away, to ‘ where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.’

“ It is during the time that we lived on this farm

that my little story is most eventful. I was, at the beginning of this period, perhaps the most ungainly, awkward boy in the parish—no *solitaire* was less acquainted with the ways of the world. What I knew of ancient story was gathered from Salmon's and Guthrie's geographical grammars; and the ideas I had formed of modern manners, of literature, and criticism, I got from the Spectator. These, with Pope's Works, some plays of Shakspeare, Tull and Dickson on Agriculture, the Pantheon, Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding, Stackhouse's History of the Bible, Justice's British Gardener's Directory. Bayle's Lectures, Allan Ramsay's Works, Taylor's Scripture Doctrine of Original Sin, A select Collection of English Songs, and Hervey's Meditations, had formed the whole of my reading. The collection of songs was my *vade mecum*. I pored over them, driving my cart, or walking to labour, song by song, verse by verse; carefully noting the true tender, or sublime, from affectation and fustian. I am convinced I owe to this practice much of my critic-craft, such as it is.

“ In my seventeenth year, to give my manners a brush, I went to a country dancing-school.—My

father had an unaccountable antipathy against these meetings ; and my going was, what to this moment I repent, in opposition to his wishes. My father, as I said before, was subject to strong passions ; from that instance of disobedience in me he took a sort of dislike to me, which I believe was one cause of the dissipation which marked my succeeding years.—I say dissipation, comparatively with the strictness, and sobriety, and regularity of Presbyterian country life ; for though the Will o' Wisp meteors of thoughtless whim were almost the sole lights of my path, yet early ingrained piety and virtue kept me for several years afterwards within the line of innocence. The great misfortune of my life was to want an aim. I had felt early some stirrings of ambition, but they were the blind gropings of Homer's Cyclops round the walls of his cave. I saw my father's situation entailed upon me perpetual labour. The only two openings by which I could enter the temple of Fortune, was the gate of niggardly economy, or the path of little chicaning bargain-making. The first is so contracted an aperture, I never could squeeze myself into it :—the last I always hated—there was contamination in the very entrance ! Thus abandoned to aim or view in life, with a strong appetite for sociability, as

well from native hilarity, as from a pride of observation and remark ; a constitutional melancholy, or hypochondriasm, that made me fly to solitude ; add to these incentives to social life, my reputation for bookish knowledge, a certain wild logical talent, and a strength of thought something like the rudiments of good sense ; and it will not seem surprising that I was generally a welcome guest where I visited, or any great wonder that always where two or three met together, there was I among them.

“ But far beyond all other impulses of my heart was *un penchant à l'adorable moitié de genre humain*. My heart was completely tinder, and was eternally lighted up by some goddess or other ; and, as in every other warfare in this world, my fortune was various ; sometimes I was received with favour, and sometimes I was mortified with a repulse. At the plough, scythe, or reap-hook, I feared no competitor, and thus I set absolute want at defiance ; and as I never cared farther for my labours than while I was in actual exercise, I spent the evening in the way after my own heart. A country lad seldom carries on a love adventure without an assisting confidant. I possessed curiosity, zeal, and intrepid dexterity, that recom-

mended me as a proper second on these occasions ; and I dare say I felt as much pleasure in being in the secret of half the loves of the parish of Tarbolton, as ever did statesman in knowing the intrigues of half the courts of Europe. The very goose-feather in my hand seems to know instinctively the well-worn path of my imagination, the favorite theme of my song ; and is with difficulty restrained from giving you a couple of paragraphs on the love-adventures of my compeers, the humble inmates of the farm-house and cottage ; but the grave sons of science, ambition, or avarice, baptize these things by the name of follies. To the sons and daughters of labour and poverty they are matters of the most serious nature ; to them the ardent hope, the stolen interview, the tender farewell, are the greatest and most delicious parts of their enjoyments.

“ Another circumstance in my life which made some alteration in my mind and manners, was, that I spent my nineteenth summer on a smuggling coast, a good distance from home, at a noted school, to learn mensuration, surveying, dialling, &c. in which I made pretty good progress. But I made a greater progress in the knowledge of mankind. The contraband trade was at that

time very successful, and it sometimes happened to me to fall in with those who carried it on. Scenes of swaggering riot and roaring dissipation were till this time new to me; but I was no enemy to social life. Here, though I learnt to fill my glass, and to mix without fear in a drunken squabble, yet I went on with a high hand with my geometry, till the sun entered Virgo, a month which is always a carnival in my bosom, when a charming *fillette*, who lived next door to the school, overset my trigonometry, and set me off at a tangent from the sphere of my studies. I, however, struggled on with my *sines* and *co-sines* for a few days more; but, stepping into the garden one charming noon to take the sun's altitude, there I met my angel,

Like Proserpine, gathering flowers,
Herself a fairer flower,—

It was in vain to think of doing any more good at school. The remaining week I staid, I did nothing but craze the faculties of my soul about her, or steal out to meet her; and the two last nights of my stay in the country, had sleep been a mortal sin, the image of this modest and innocent girl had kept me guiltless.

“ I returned home very considerably improved.

B

My reading was enlarged with the very important addition of Thomson's and Shenstone's works ; I had seen human nature in a new phasis ; and I engaged several of my schoolfellows to keep up a literary correspondence with me. This improved me in composition. I had met with a Collection of Letters by the Wits of Queen Anne's reign, and I pored over them most devoutly : I kept copies of any of my own letters that pleased me ; and a comparison between them and the compositions of most of my correspondents, flattered my vanity. I carried this whim so far, that though I had not three farthings' worth of business in the world, yet almost every post brought me as many letters as if I had been a broad plodding son of day-book and ledger.

“ My life flowed on much in the same course till my twenty-third year. *Vive l'amour, et vive la bagatelle*, were my sole principles of action. The addition of two more authors to my library gave me great pleasure : Sterne and M'Kenzie—Tristram Shandy and the Man of Feeling were my bosom favourites. Poesy was still a darling walk for my mind ; but it was only indulged in according to the humour of the hour. I had usually half a dozen or more pieces on hand ; I

took up one or other, as it suited the momentary tone of the mind, and dismissed the work as it bordered on fatigue. My passions, when once lighted up, raged like so many devils, till they got vent in rhyme; and then the conning over my verses, like a spell, soothed all into quiet! None of the rhymes of those days are in print, except *Winter*, a dirge, the eldest of my printed pieces; the *Death of poor Mallie*; *John Barleycorn*; and songs first, second, and third. Song second was the ebullition of that passion which ended the fore mentioned school-business.

“ My twenty-third year was to me an important æra. Partly through whim, and partly that I wished to set about doing something in life, I joined a flax-dresser in a neighbouring town (*Irwine*) to learn his trade. This was an unlucky affair. My ***; and, to finish the whole, as we were giving a welcome carousal to the new-year, the shop took fire, and burnt to ashes; and I was left, like a true poet, not worth a sixpence.

“ I was obliged to give up this scheme; the clouds of misfortune were gathering thick round my father's head; and what was worst of all, he was visibly far gone in a consumption; and, to

crown my distresses, a *belle fille*, whom I adored, and who had pledged her soul to meet me in the field of matrimony, jilted me, with peculiar circumstances of mortification. The finishing evil that brought up the rear of this infernal file, was my constitutional melancholy, being increased to such a degree, that for three months I was in a state of mind scarcely to be envied by the hopeless wretches who have got their mittimus—‘Depart from me, ye accursed.’

“ From this adventure I learned something of a town life ; but the principal thing which gave my mind a turn, was a friendship I formed with a young fellow, a very noble character, but a hapless son of misfortune. He was the son of a simple mechanic ; but a great man in the neighbourhood taking him under his patronage, gave him a genteel education, with a view of bettering his situation in life. The patron dying just as he was ready to launch out into the world, the poor fellow, in despair, went to sea ; where, after a variety of good and ill fortune, a little before I was acquainted with him, he had been set on shore by an American privateer, on the wild coast of Connaught, stripped of every thing. I cannot quit this poor fellow’s story without adding, that he is

at this time master of a large West-Indiaman belonging to the Thames.

“ His mind was fraught with independence, magnanimity, and every manly virtue. I loved and admired him to a degree of enthusiasm, and of course strove to imitate him. In some measure I succeeded ; I had pride before, but he taught it to flow in proper channels. His knowledge of the world was vastly superior to mine, and I was all attention to learn. He was the only man I ever saw who was a greater fool than myself, where woman was the presiding star ; but he spoke of illicit love with the levity of a sailor, which hitherto I had regarded with horror. Here his friendship did me a mischief ; and the consequence was, that soon after I resumed the plough, I wrote *The Poet's Welcome**. My reading only increased, while in this town, by two stray volumes of *Pamela*, and one of *Ferdinand Count Fathom*, which gave me some idea of novels. Rhyme, except some religious pieces that are in print, I had given up ; but meeting with *Fergusson's Scottish Poems*, I strung anew my wildly-sound-

* Afterwards entitled, “ *Rob the Rhymer's Welcome to his Bastard Child.*”

ing lyre with emulating vigour. When my father died, his all went among the hell-hounds that prowl in the kennel of justice ; but we made a shift to collect a little money in the family amongst us, with which, to keep us together, my brother and I took a neighbouring farm. My brother wanted my hair-brained imagination, as well as my social and amorous madness ; but in good sense, and every sober qualification, he was far my superior.

“ I entered on this farm with a full resolution, ‘ Come, go to, I will be wise !’ I read farming books ; I calculated crops ; I attended markets ; and, in short, in spite of ‘ the devil, and the world, and the flesh,’ I believe I should have been a wise man ; but the first year, from unfortunately buying bad seed, the second, from a late harvest, we lost half our crops. This upset all my wisdom, and I returned, ‘ like the dog to his vomit, and the sow that was washed, to her wallowing in the mire.’

“ I now began to be known in the neighbourhood as a maker of rhymes. The first of my poetic offspring that saw the light, was a burlesque lamentation on a quarrel between two reverend Calvin-

ists, both of their *dramatis personæ* in my Holy Fair. I had a notion myself that the piece had some merit ; but to prevent the worst, I gave a copy of it to a friend who was very fond of such things, and told him that I could not guess who was the author of it, but that I thought it pretty clever. With a certain description of the clergy, as well as laity, it met with a roar of applause. Holy Willie's Prayer next made its appearance, and alarmed the kirk-session so much, that they held several meetings to look over their spiritual artillery, if happily any of it might be pointed against profane rhymers. Unluckily for me, my wanderings led me, on another side, within point blank shot of their heaviest metal. This is the unfortunate story that gave rise to my printed poem, The Lament. This was a most melancholy affair, which I cannot yet bear to reflect on, and had very nearly given me one or two of the principal qualifications for a place among those who have lost the chart, and mistaken the reckoning of Rationality. I gave up my part of the farm to my brother ; in truth it was only nominally mine ; and made what little preparation was in my power for Jamaica. But, before leaving my native country for ever, I resolved to publish my poems. I weighed my productions as impartially

as was in my power : I thought they had merit : and it was a delicious idea, that I should be called a clever fellow, even though it should never reach my ears—a poor negro-driver ; or perhaps a victim to that inhospitable clime, and gone to the world of spirits ! I can truly say, that *pauvre inconnu* as I then was, I had pretty nearly as high an idea of myself and of my works as I have at this moment, when the public has decided in their favour. It ever was my opinion, that the mistakes and blunders, both in rational and religious point of view, of which we see thousands daily guilty, are owing to their ignorance of themselves.—To know myself, had been all along my constant study. I weighed myself alone ; I balanced myself with others ; I watched every means of information, to see how much ground I occupied as a man and as a poet ; I studied assiduously Nature's design in my formation—where the lights and shades in my character were intended. I was pretty confident my poems would meet with some applause ; but, at the worst, the roar of the Atlantic would deafen the voice of censure, and the novelty of West Indian scenes made me forget neglect. I threw off six hundred copies, of which I had got subscriptions for about three hundred and fifty.—My vanity was highly grati-

fied by the reception I met with from the public ; and besides, I pocketed, all expenses deducted, nearly twenty pounds. This sum came very seasonably, as I was thinking of indenting myself for want of money, to procure my passage. As soon as I was master of nine guineas, the price of wafting me to the torrid zone, I took a steerage-passage in the first ship that was to sail from the Clyde ; for

Hungry ruin had me in the wind.

“ I had been for some days sculking from covert to covert, under all the terrors of a jail ; as some ill-advised people had uncoupled the merciless pack of the law at my heels. I had taken the last farewell of my few friends ; my chest was on the road to Greenock ; I had composed the last song I should ever measure in Caledonia—The gloomy night is gathering fast—when a letter from Dr. Blacklock to a friend of mine, overthrew all my schemes, by opening new prospects to my poetic ambition. The doctor belonged to a set of critics for whose applause I had not dared to hope. His opinion, that I would meet with encouragement in Edinburgh, for a second edition, fired me so much, that away I posted for

that city, without a single acquaintance, or a single letter of introduction. The baneful star that had so long shed its blasting influence in my zenith, for once made a revolution to the nadir; and a kind Providence placed me under the patronage of one of the noblest of men, the Earl of Glencairn. *Oublie moi, Grand Dieu, si jamais je l'oublie!*

“I need relate no farther. At Edinburgh I was in a new world; I mingled among many classes of men, but all of them new to me, and I was all attention to ‘catch’ the characters and ‘the manners living as they rise.’ Whether I have profited, time will shew.”

In the foregoing narrative, written in haste, and never intended to meet the public eye, it may be supposed that some few inaccuracies occur, and some parts that require explanation. Independent of these circumstances, it is no more than a bare outline of his life, and, in the absence of something better, might have given satisfaction to readers in general: but by the admirers of this great genius more is required. And we feel happy that we can gratify the public, from authentic sources, of those minutiae of the poet's life,

which, from whatever cause, he chose to leave unnoticed.

On the 25th of January, 1759, Robert Burns was born, in a small house about two miles from Ayr, and within a short distance of Alloway church, which the poem of Tam o' Shanter has rendered immortal. His father was a native of Kincardineshire. Reduced circumstances having compelled him to leave his birth-place, he went to Edinburgh, and after some short stay in the metropolis, settled, as a gardener, in the service of the laird of Fairly, and afterwards in that of Crawford of Doonside, in the county of Ayr, in which situation he was when our poet was born. The original name of this family was Burnes, or Burness; why it was changed to Burns does not appear: certainly not, as has been illiberally and unjustly suspected, of his having any participation in the rebellion of 1745; although Robert has inadvertently mentioned in his narrative that his ancestors shared the fate of the Keiths of Marischal. The fact is, that the Earl Marischal forfeited his title in 1715, many years before William Burnes was born. It is not improbable, however, that this belief on the part of the son, gave that bias to his political principles which he cherished to

his death, and which the ardent attachment, the heroic valour, and the final misfortunes of the adherents to Prince Charles's cause, tended to confirm.

In 1757 William married Agnes Brown, the mother of the poet. Robert, at the age of six years, was sent to a school at Alloway Miln, then taught by a person of the name of Campbell, who was, in a short time, succeeded by a John Murdoch, under whom he acquired reading, and a knowledge of grammar. His love for reading early displayed itself, and the first book he ever perused, his school-books excepted, was the "Life of Hannibal." With this gentleman he continued two years; during the last fortnight the preceptor himself took lessons in the French language, and he communicated the instructions he received to young Burns, who, when he returned home, brought with him a French dictionary and grammar, and a *Télémaque*, and, by the assistance of these books he, in a short time, acquired a sufficient knowledge of the French language to read and understand any French author in prose. This circumstance was the means of introducing him to the notice of some families, particularly that of Dr. Malcolm, where a knowledge of that language was a recommendation. Robert afterwards tried the Latin,

but this study he considered dry and uninteresting, and therefore soon laid it aside.

About the year 1766, the elder Burns took a farm of Mr. Ferguson, his then employer, and such was its retired situation, that they seldom saw any but the members of their own family. In this retirement the father spent his leisure hours in such conversation with his sons as might tend to increase the knowledge of his children, or confirm them in virtuous habits. In order to make them acquainted with the history and situation of the different countries of the globe, he borrowed Salmon's Geography; and procured from a book society in Ayr, Durham's Physico and Astro-Theology, and Ray's Wisdom of God in the Creation, to give them an idea of natural history and astronomy. From Stackhouse's History of the Bible he gained a knowledge of ancient history; for no volume was too voluminous or antiquated to slack his industry, or allay his thirst for acquirement. A relation, who went to Ayr, to purchase the Gentleman's New and Complete Letter-Writer, brought by mistake a collection of Letters written by the most eminent writers. This volume was to Burns a treasure: it inspired him with a strong desire to excel in his epistolary correspondence, and fur-

nished him with correct models by some of the most eminent writers in the English language. Of his success in this department, his letter affords ample proof.

When Burns was about fourteen years of age, his father sent him to the parish school of Dalrymple, to improve himself in writing. At this time he increased his knowledge of books by the perusal of two odd volumes of Pamela, (the first novel he ever read) and the same number of volumes of Count Fathom and Peregrine Pickle. With the writings of Hume and Robertson he was as yet unacquainted, and with almost all modern authors of eminence. About this time his friend and tutor, Murdoch, returned to Ayr, a circumstance of great consequence to the poet. To his friendship he was indebted for a set of Pope's works, and some other poetry. He was again sent to Murdoch to improve himself; where he remained only a week, the harvest interfering, and he returned to his father to assist him in getting it in. He went back to school when it was over, where he continued a fortnight, and this, with the exception of a quarter some time after, when he attended the parish school of Kirk-Oswald to learn

surveying, completes the account of Burns' school education.

The farm, which William Burns had taken, he found was not adequate to the support of his family. The soil was remarkably poor, and by bad crops, and losses among his cattle, he came into great difficulties. To remedy these misfortunes the family underwent great privations, they lived sparingly for a very long period; butcher's meat was not seen in the house; and the whole family exerted themselves to the utmost in the labour of the farm. Robert, at the age of thirteen, assisted in thrashing the corn, and at fifteen was the principal labourer on the farm. The distresses of his father, then upwards of fifty years of age, with a large family, and broken down with the fatigues of a long and laborious life, could not but touch the heart of his son, and it is thought that the sorrow and hard labour of this period of his life caused, in a great measure, that depression of spirits with which he was so frequently afflicted through his whole life. At this time he was subject to a dull head-ache, which, at a subsequent period of his life, gave way to a palpitation of the heart, and a sense of fainting and suffocation in his bed.

William Burns, after ineffectually struggling

with his difficulties, removed to the farm of Lochlea, in the parish of Tarbolton, which he possessed only seven years. No writings having been drawn out of the conditions of the lease, a misunderstanding took place ; the subjects in dispute were submitted to arbitration, and the decision involved him in ruin : he lived to know the unfortunate result, but not to see any execution in consequence. He died on the 13th of February, 1784.

From the time of Burns' residence in Tarbolton (occupying from his seventeenth to his twenty-fourth year), the foundation was laid of certain habits in his character, which afterwards became but too prominent, which envy and calumny have delighted to dwell on. When young he was remarkably bashful in the society of females, but when he approached manhood, his attachment to their society became very strong, and he was constantly the victim of some fair enslaver. In these connexions, which continued till his twenty-third year, he never deviated from the strictest rules of decorum and modesty. He then became anxious to be in a situation to marry, but the stocking of a farm requiring a sum of money which he had no probability of being master of for a long time,

he, therefore, began to think of trying some other line. With a view, therefore, to his final settlement in life, he wrought at the flax-dressing business in Irwine, for six months, but it neither agreeing with his health or inclination, he abandoned it.

At the decline of his father's affairs, in conjunction with his brother, he took the farm of Moss-giel, as an asylum for his family, in case of the worst; and during the time they occupied it, a period of four years, the wages which Robert received for his services were no more than seven pounds per annum, which sum his expenses never exceeded. If proof were necessary, this alone would be sufficient to establish the fact, that, till the twenty-third year of his age, the habits of Robert Burns were of the most sober and moral description. It is the malignancy of envy alone which delights in defaming the character of a man of whose genius it is envious.

The farm which the family had taken at Moss-giel did not fulfil their expectations, and they in consequence gave it up. It was during the occupation of this farm that Burns formed his connexion with Jean Armour, his future wife. This

connexion continued till it could be no longer concealed, and Burns, though in a most unsettled state, was anxious to shield the partner of his imprudence by every means in his power. It was, therefore, agreed between them, that they should make a legal acknowledgement of an irregular and private marriage ; that he should go to Jamaica to push his fortune, and that she should remain with her father till he had the means of supporting a family.

This project did not please the father of Jean Armour, with whom she was a great favourite. On the discovery of her situation he fainted away. The marriage did not appear in his opinion to make the matter better ; a husband in Jamaica appeared to him to be little better than none, and an effectual bar to any other settlement in life that his daughter might have a prospect of. He, therefore, desired that the written documents respecting the marriage should be destroyed, and thus the marriage be rendered void. This wish was mentioned to Burns, who felt inconceivable anguish at the proposal. He offered to stop at home and provide for his wife and family in the best manner that his daily labour would enable him. Even this her parents did not approve of, and Burns, after

repeated solicitations, consented to their wishes ; but his feelings were of the most distracting nature, nor was this impression of sorrow effaced till, by a subsequent regular marriage, they were indissolubly united.* In the state of mind which this separation produced he wished to leave the country, and agreed with a Doctor Douglas, who had an estate in Jamaica, to go out as an overseer. The vessel not being ready to sail, Burns was advised to publish his poems by subscription, in order to provide him more liberally in necessaries for his voyage. The reception which they met with in the world, and the friends they procured him, caused him to change his resolution of going to Jamaica, and he was advised to proceed to Edinburgh to publish a second edition. On his return, in happier circumstances, he renewed his connexion with Mrs. Burns and rendered it permanent by marriage.

The information which our poet received at school was limited and scanty ; yet the acquisi-

* In his narrative the poet mentions his " sculking about from overt to covert, under the terror of a jail." The " pack of the law" were " uncoupled at his heels " to oblige him to find security for the maintenance of his twin children, whom he was not allowed to legitimate by a marriage with their mother.

tion which he made, and the poetical talent which he exerted under a youth of incessant labour, testify the extraordinary vigour of his mind : in the toils of the farm he exceeded all competitors, But while his body was thus employed, his mind was solacing itself in the recollections of past times and the heroic deeds of his countrymen. While the grass fell beneath the sweep of his scythe he was humming the ancient airs of his native land ; or, wrapped in the illusions of Fancy, as her enchantments rose to his view, pondering on those gleams of imagination which have since gratified the world. On the Sabbath, he could indulge himself in a free intercourse with the charms of nature. By the banks of the Ayr it was his delight to wander alone at the close of the summer's day. But his pleasure was greater, as he himself informs us, in walking on the sheltered side of a wood, in a cloudy winter day, and hearing the storm rave among the trees ; and more elevated still his delight to ascend an emirance, where,

“ Placed on high above the storm's career,”

he might survey the agitations of nature ; stride along its summit, while the lightning flashed around

him, and amidst the howling of the tempest, apostrophize

“ The genius of the coming storm ! ”

In one of these wanderings he met among the woods a celebrated beauty of the west of Scotland. The evening sun was flaming, though descending among the western hills ; not a breath disturbed the silence of the scene—it was a created moment for a poetic heart, and this incident gave rise to the poem of the “ Lonely lass of Ballochmyle.” This vicinity formed the scene of passions of a still tenderer nature : “ Highland Mary ” is known to relate to one of these attachments. The object of this passion died early in life, and left an impression on the mind of Burns which seems to have been lasting. “ It was written,” says the bard, “ on one of the most interesting passions of my youthful days.” Some years after he gave vent to the sensibility of his feelings in those exquisitely impassioned lines “ To Mary in Heaven.”

The energy of Burns' mind was not exhausted by his daily labours, or his solitary meditations. Previous to his engagement as a flax-dresser,

having heard that a debating club had been established in Ayr, he resolved to try how such a meeting would succeed in the village of Tarbolton. About the close of the year 1780, our poet, his brother, and five other young peasants of the neighbourhood, formed themselves into a society of this kind, the objects of which were to promote sociality and friendship, and to improve the mind. This club continued to meet for some years after Burns removed from Ayrshire ; but no longer sustained by his talents, or cemented by his social affection, its meetings lost much of their attraction, and in an evil hour dissension arising among its members, the club was broken up, and the records committed to the flames.

When the family of the bard removed from Tarbolton to Mauchline, he was requested to assist in forming a similar institution there. The regulations were the same as those of the club at Tarbolton, with the exception of one, viz. The fines for non-attendance at Tarbolton were expended in liquor : at Mauchline it was agreed that the money so arising should be set apart for the purchase of books, and the first work procured in this manner was the periodical work of the Mirror, then publishing in weekly papers. A variety of

other works followed, and among them the Loun-ger. The society of Mauchline appeared in the list of subscribers to the first edition of the works of its celebrated associate.

Whether in the humble societies of which Burns was a member he acquired much direct information may perhaps be questioned. It cannot, however, be doubted, that by collision the faculties of his mind were excited, and his habits of enunciation established by practice : and thus we have some explanation of that early command of words and expression, which enabled him to pour forth his thoughts in energetic and appropriate language. For literary associations our poet had a great relish, and happy had it been for him, if fortune, when he emerged from the condition of a peasant, had permitted him to enjoy them in the degree of which he was capable, and given to the energies of his mind habits of exertion that might have excluded other associations, in which it must be acknowledged they were too often debased.

We have been more particular in our account of the early part of Burns' life, because it is the least known, and this part of his history is connected with some views of the manners of the

humblest ranks of society, hitherto but little observed, and which are neither useless nor uninteresting.

About the time he meditated leaving his native country, he commenced a correspondence, from which the chief incidents of the remaining part of his life are deduced.

Burns commenced his journey to Edinburgh in the month of November, 1786, furnished with an introductory letter to Dr. Blacklock. He was acquainted with Professor Stewart, and had been introduced to the Earl of Glencairn, and therefore not without friends who could introduce him either into the circles of literature or fashion; and his own manner and appearance exceeding the expectations that had been formed of him, he became an object of general curiosity and admiration. The celebrated Mr. Mackenzie, the author of the "Man of Feeling," in the 97th number of the *Lounger*, introduced extracts from several of his principal poems, with every tribute of praise the most sanguine author could desire. He became an acceptable guest in the gayest and highest circles, and received from female beauty those attentions above all others most dear to him.

His reception among the literati was no less flattering ; and in the circle of fashion he was also much distinguished. On the motion of the late Earl of Glencairn, the Caledonian Hunt, an assemblage of the first nobility and gentry of the country, patronized our bard, and admitted him to their gay orgies. He repaid their notice by a dedication of the enlarged and improved edition of his poems, in which he has celebrated their patriotism and independence in the most animated and independent terms.

Edinburgh at this period contained many men of considerable talents, who were not the most conspicuous for temperance and regularity. Burns entered into several parties of this description with the usual vehemence of his character. His generous affection, and brilliant imagination, fitted him to be the idol of such associations ; but by indulging himself in these festive recreations, he gradually lost a great portion of his relish for the purer pleasures to be found in the circles of taste, elegance, and literature. He had exchanged the humble fare of an Ayrshire peasant for the luxuries of the Scottish metropolis, and this alteration acted upon him both morally and physically. But his understanding yet suffered no cor

responding debasement. He saw his danger, and at times formed resolutions to guard against it: but he had embarked on the tide of dissipation, and was borne along its stream.

Of the state of his mind at this time an authentic document remains, in a book which he procured for the purpose of recording in it whatever seemed worthy of observation. The following extracts may serve as a specimen.

“ There are few of the sore evils under the sun,” he observes, “ give me more uneasiness and chagrin than the comparison how a man of genius, nay, of avowed worth, is received every where, with the reception which a mere ordinary character, decorated with the trappings and futile distinctions of fortune, meets. I imagine a man of abilities, his breast glowing with honest pride, conscious that men are borne equal, still giving ‘ honour to whom honour is due ;’ he meets at a great man’s table, a ‘squire something, or a sir somebody ; he knows the *noble* landlord, at heart, gives the Bard, or whatever he is, a share of his good wishes, beyond, perhaps, any one at table ; yet how will it mortify him to see a fellow, whose abilities would scarcely have made an *eightpenny*

tailor, and whose heart is not worth three farthings, meet with attention and notice, that are withheld from the son of genius and poverty?

“The noble Glencairn has wounded me to the soul here, because I dearly esteem, respect, and love him. He shewed so much attention—engrossing attention—one day, to the only block-head at table (the whole company consisted of his lordship, dunderpate, and myself), that I was within half a point of throwing down my gage of contemptuous defiance; but he shook my hand, and looked so benevolently good at parting. God bless him! though I should never see him more, I shall love him until my dying day! I am pleased to think I am so capable of the throes of gratitude, as I am miserably deficient in some other virtues.

“With Dr. Blair I am more at my ease. I never respect him with humble veneration; but when he kindly interests himself in my welfare, or still more, when he descends from his pinnacle, and meets me on equal ground in conversation, my heart overflows with what is called *liking*. When he neglects me for the mere carcase of greatness, or when his eye measures the difference

of our points of elevation, I say to myself, with scarcely any emotion, what do I care for him or his pomp either?

“It is not easy forming an exact judgment of any one; but in my opinion, Dr. Blair is merely an astonishing proof of what industry and application can do. Natural parts like his are frequently to be met with; his vanity is proverbially known among his acquaintance; but he is justly at the head of what may be called fine writing; and a critic of the first, the very first, rank in prose; even in poetry, a bard of Nature’s making can only take the *pas* of him. He has a heart, not of the very finest water, but far from being an ordinary one. In short, he is truly a worthy and most respectable character.”

The respect and sympathy of Burns dwelt with keener emotion and more intense interest on the fate of Fergusson than on the intercourse which he held with persons of distinction. On the sixth of February, 1787, he addressed a letter to the bailies of the Canongate, Edinburgh, requesting permission to erect a monument to his memory. “Gentlemen,” said he, “I am sorry to be told, that the remains of Robert Fergusson, the so justly

celebrated poet, a man whose talents, for ages to come, will do honour to our Caledonian name, lie in your church-yard, among the ignoble dead, unnoticed and unknown. Some memorial to direct the steps of the lovers of Scottish Song, when they wish to shed a tear over the 'narrow house' of the Bard who is no more, is surely a tribute due to Fergusson's memory—a tribute I wish to have the honour of paying. I petition you then, gentlemen, to permit me to lay a simple stone over his revered ashes, to remain an unalienable property to his deathless fame."

Burns, in consequence of this application, obtained leave to gratify his desire*. The inscription on the stone is as follows :

* A correspondent of Burns, in alluding to this transaction, expresses himself in this manner: "So you have obtained liberty from the magistrates to erect a stone over Fergusson's grave? I do not doubt it; such things have been, as Shakspeare says, 'in the olden time;'"

'The poet's fate is here in emblem shown,
He ask'd for bread, and he receiv'd a stone.'

It is, I believe, upon poor Butler's tomb that this is written. But how many brothers of Parnassus, as well as poor Butler and poor Fergusson, have asked for bread, and been served with the same sauce?"

HERE LIES ROBERT FERGUSSON, POET.

Born September 5th, 1751.—Died 16th October, 1774.

No sculptured marble here, nor pompous lay,

No “storied urn nor animated bust :”

This simple stone direct spale Scotia’s way

To pour her sorrows o’er her Poet’s dust.

On the other side of the stone is as follows :

“By special grant of the managers to Robert Burns, who erected this stone, this burial place is to remain for ever sacred to the memory of Robert Fergusson.”

Shortly after paying this tribute of respect to the ashes of a kindred genius, he acquired a sum of money more than sufficient for his present wants. He therefore determined to gratify a desire he had long entertained of visiting some of the most interesting districts of his native country. For this purpose he left Edinburgh on the 6th of May, 1787, on a tour through a country so much celebrated in the rural songs of Scotland. In this journey he visited Mr. Brydone the traveller, the Rev. Dr. Sommerville, the historian, and other respectable characters. The fame of the poet had travelled before him, and he was received every where with the most flattering marks of esteem and hospitality. At Jedburgh he remained several days, and was honoured by the magistrates with the freedom of the borough.

He spent three weeks in exploring the delightful scenery in that part of the country, and then crossed over into Northumberland, where he visited Alnwick Castle, the Hermitage, and the old Castle of Warkworth, Morpeth, and Newcastle: he thence proceeded to Carlisle, and at length returned to Mosgiel, in Ayrshire, where he arrived about the 8th of June, after an absence of six months.

The meeting with his family must be conceived, to describe it is impossible. He had left them poor and friendless; he returned comparatively rich. His mother, his brother, and his sister, received with pride and sincere love, a relative who was an honour and ornament to his country. He returned to them with a heart full of affection, and ready to share with them, to the utmost farthing, the pittance that fortune had bestowed.

Having remained with his family a few days, he returned to Edinburgh, and immediately set out on a journey to the Highlands. From this journey Burns returned to his friends in Ayrshire, with whom he spent the month of July, renewing his friendships, and extending his acquaintance throughout the country. In August Burns again visited Edinburgh, and commenced another jour-

ney, in company with Dr. Adair, through Linlithgow, Carron, Stirling, the vale of Devon, and Harvieston.

At Clackmannan, Burns and his friend paid a visit to Mrs. Bruce, a lady upwards of ninety, the lineal descendant of King Robert Bruce. This visit powerfully interested his feelings. Though almost deprived of speech by a paralytic affection, this lady yet preserved her hospitality and urbanity. She was in possession of the hero's helmet, and two-handed sword, with which she conferred on Burns and his companion the honour of knighthood, remarking that she had a better right to confer that title than *some people*. The old lady's principles being as Jacobitical as the poet's, added considerably to the cordiality of his reception.

On their arrival at Dunfermline, they visited the ruined Abbey and the Abbey church. Here Mr. Adair mounted the cutty stool, assuming the character of a penitent for fornication, while Burns from the pulpit addressed to him a ludicrous reproof and exhortation, parodied from that which had once been delivered to himself in Ayrshire, when he had been one of seven who mounted the *stool of shame* together.

In the church-yard two broad flag stones marked the supposed grave of Robert Bruce, for whose memory Burns had a more than usual veneration. He kneeled and kissed the stone with some fervour, and heartily (*suus ut mos erat*) execrated the worse than Gothic neglect of the greatest of Scottish heroes.*

* These stones did not in fact cover the remains of King Robert ; nor, till the latter end of the year 1819, was the tomb of this illustrious hero ascertained, and that in a different situation. Historians had recorded that he was interred "*debito cum honore in medie Ecclesie de Dunfermline,*" but the ruin of the Abbey, at the time of the Reformation, and the subsequent neglect of the monuments which it contained, rendered it difficult to ascertain where the central spot was; and so entirely was the form of cathedral churches forgotten in that part of Great Britain, that the researches were made in a totally different place from the centre of the edifice. In digging the foundation for a new church, the labourers came to a tomb arched over with masonry, and bearing the marks of more than usual care in its construction. Curiosity being attracted by this circumstance, it was suspected that it might contain the long sought for remains, and persons of more skill having examined the spot, discovered that it stood *precisely in the centre of the church*, as its form was indicated by the existing ruins. The tomb was opened in the presenee of the Barons of the Exchequer. The discovery of the name of King Robert on an iron plate among the rubbish and the cloth of gold in which the bones were shrouded, leave no room to doubt that the vault where his remains lay was at length discovered. The appearance of the skeleton, also, in which the breast-bone was sawed asunder, afforded a still more interesting proof of its really being the relics of the hero; his heart having been committed to his faithful associate

These journies, however, did not satisfy the curiosity of Burns. About the beginning of September, he again set out from the metropolis on a more extended tour to the Highlands, in company with Mr. Nicol, assistant-teacher in the High-school, Edinburgh. After passing through the heart of that mountainous division of their native country, they stretched northwards, about ten miles beyond Inverness. They then bent their course eastward, across the island, and returned by the shore of the German sea to Edinburgh. In the course of this journey the imagination of Burns was constantly excited by the wild and sublime scenery through which he passed.

Burns having been introduced to the Duke and Duchess of Athole, in return for the hospitable reception he met from these illustrious characters, sent to them, from Inverness, "The Humble Petition of Bruar Water," which Falls he visited by the express wish of the duke. At Athole-house he met, for the first time, Mr. Graham, of Fintry, to whom he was afterwards indebted for his office in the Excise.

in arms, and thrown by him, in a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, amidst the ranks of the enemy, with the sublime expression—"Onward, as thou was wont, thou fearless heart!"

Burns remained at Edinburgh during the greater part of the winter of 1787-8, and again entered into the society and dissipation of that metropolis. On the 31st of December he attended a meeting to celebrate the birth-day of the late unfortunate Prince Charles Edward. On this occasion our poet took upon himself the office of laureate, and produced an ode, which he recited; and, if energy of feeling and of expression were alone in question, would have won the butt of Malmsey from the real laureate of the day.

Having settled with his publisher, in February, 1788, he found himself master of nearly five hundred pounds, after discharging all his expenses. To his brother Gilbert, who had taken upon him the support of their aged mother, and was struggling with many difficulties in the farm of Moss-giel, he immediately advanced two hundred pounds. With the remainder he took the farm of Ellisland, on the banks of the Nith, six miles above Dumfries.

The situation in which Burns now found himself was calculated to awaken reflection. In the success of his farm the happiness of his family was involved; it was therefore time to abandon

his dissipated pursuits. He immediately engaged in rebuilding the dwelling-house, which was inadequate to the accommodation of his family. On this occasion, he resumed at times the occupation of a labourer, and found neither his strength nor his skill impaired. Sentiments of independence buoyed up his mind ; pictures of domestic content and peace rose on his imagination ; and a few days passed away, the most tranquil, and perhaps the happiest he had ever experienced.

It is unfortunate that at this period Burns was without the society of his wife ; his old habits were broken in upon, and his industry was frequently interrupted by visiting his family in Ayrshire. As the distance was too great for a single day's journey, he generally spent a night at an inn on the road ; on such occasions he fell into company, and forgot the resolutions he had formed. Temptation also awaited him nearer home. he was received at the table of the neighbouring gentlemen with kindness and even respect. These social parties too often seduced him from the labours of his farm and his rustic fare. It was not long, therefore, before Burns began to view his farm with dislike and despondence.

He was now appointed to the Excise, in the

situation of Exciseman of the district in which he lived. Unable to reconcile the two occupations, his farm was in a great measure abandoned to his servants ; agriculture no longer occupied his thoughts. He was more frequently to be found on horseback, pursuing the smugglers among the hills of Nithsdale, his eye wandering over the scene of nature, and “muttering his wayward fancies” as he moved along.

Other circumstances also interfered with his attention to his farm. He had engaged in the formation and management of a society for purchasing books, and circulating them among the farmers in the neighbourhood, and occasionally occupied himself in composing songs for the musical work of Mr. Johnson, then in the course of publication. These engagements necessarily contributed to the abstraction of his thoughts, and the neglect of his rural affairs.

The consequences may easily be imagined. Notwithstanding the prudence and good management of Mrs. Burns, he found it necessary, after the experience of three years and a half, to relinquish his lease. His salary in the Excise being increased to seventy pounds per annum, on this

humble income he hoped to support himself and his family till promotion should reach him, and removed to a small house in Dumfries, about the end of the year 1791.

His great celebrity made him an object of interest and curiosity to strangers, and few persons passed through Dumfries without an attempt to see him, and to enjoy the pleasure of his conversation. These interviews often terminated in convivial excesses ; and among the inhabitants also, there were never wanting persons to lead him to the tavern ; to applaud the sallies of his wit ; and to witness at once the strength and the degradation of his genius.

In the four years that he lived in Dumfries, he produced many of his beautiful lyrics ; and cheerfully consented to give his aid to a collection of original Scottish airs and verses, projected by Mr. George Thomson of Edinburgh. During this time he made several excursions into the neighbouring country. In one of these journies he was overtaken by a violent storm, on a moor, between Kenmore and Gatehouse, where every thing presented a wild and desolate aspect. The sky became lowering and dark. Gleams of sheeted

lightning were followed by the rolling of thunder. The rain began to fall ; and for three hours it poured in torrents. In the midst of this storm he remained absorbed in thought, wholly inattentive to the descending floods. Next day he produced the celebrated martial hymn, entitled Bruce's Address to his Army—a hymn unparalleled in the annals of modern poetry, and equal to the happiest efforts of the greatest geniuses of antiquity.

Burns had entertained a hope of promotion in the excise ; but an event occurred which at least delayed its fulfilment. The events of the French revolution were commented on by him in a manner very different from what might have been expected from an officer under government. Information of his sentiments was given to the Board of Excise ; an inquiry was instituted into his conduct ; he was suffered to retain his situation, though he met with a severe reprimand.

This circumstance made a deep impression on his mind. Fame exaggerated his misfortune, and represented him as actually dismissed from his office ; and this report induced a gentleman of much respectability to propose a subscription in

his favour. But he refused the offer with great elevation of sentiment, and nobly defended himself against the imputation of having made submissions for the sake of his office, unworthy of his character.

“The partiality of my countrymen,” he observes, “has brought me forward as a man of genius, and given me a character to support. In the Poet I have avowed manly and independent sentiments, which I hope have been found in the man. Reasons of no less weight than the support of a wife and children, have pointed out my present occupation as the only eligible line of life within my reach. Still my honest fame is my dearest concern, and a thousand times have I trembled at the idea of the degrading epithets that malice or misrepresentation may affix to my name. Often, in blasting anticipation, have I listened to some future hackney scribbler, with the heavy malice of savage stupidity, exultingly asserting that Burns, notwithstanding the *fanfaronade* of independence to be found in his works, and after having been held up to public view, and to public estimation, as a man of some genius, yet, quite destitute of resources within himself to support his borrowed dignity, dwindled into a

paltry exciseman, and slunk out the rest of his insignificant existence in the meanest of pursuits, and among the lowest of mankind.

“In your illustrious hands, Sir, permit me to lodge my strong disavowal and defiance of such slanderous falsehoods. Burns was a poor man from his birth, and an exciseman by necessity; but—I *will* say it!—The sterling of his honest worth, poverty could not debase, and his independent British spirit, oppression might bend, but could not subdue.”

It was one of the last acts of his life to copy this heart-rending letter into a book which he kept for the purpose of recording such circumstances as he thought worthy of preservation. Though the circumstances of the time required great precaution and vigilance on the part of government, yet generous minds will lament that their measures of precautions should have robbed the imagination of our poet of the last prop on which his hopes of independence rested, and by embittering his peace, have aggravated those excesses which were soon to conduct him to an untimely grave!

Burns was liable, from a very early period of

his life, to an interruption of his digestive faculties ; and which is frequently the cause of depression of spirits. He had also a disposition to head-ache, accompanied by irregular movements of the heart. This predisposition to disease might have been subdued by habits of temperance ; but stimulating liquors at length rendered the inordinate actions of the circulating system habitual.

Upwards of a year before his death, there was an evident decline in his personal appearance ; and though his appetite continued unimpaired, he was himself sensible that his constitution was sinking. From October, 1795, to the January following, an accidental complaint confined him to the house. A few days after he began to go abroad, he dined at a tavern, and returned home about three o'clock in a very cold morning, benumbed and intoxicated. This was followed by an attack of rheumatism, which confined him about a week. His appetite now began to fail ; his hand shook, and his voice faltered on any exertion or emotion. His pulse became weaker and more rapid, and pains in the larger joints, and in the hands and feet, deprived him of sleep. In the month of June, 1796, he removed to Brow in An-

nandale, about ten miles from Dumfries, to try the effects of sea-bathing. Here he was invited to dinner by a lady in the neighbourhood, connected in friendship by the sympathies of kindred genius ; and as he was unable to walk, she sent her carriage for him to the cottage where he lodged. As he entered her apartment the stamp of death seemed imprinted on his features ; he appeared already touching the brink of eternity. His first salutation was, "Well, Madam, have you any commands for the other world?" He ate little, and complained of having entirely lost the tone of his stomach. He spoke of his death without any of the ostentation of philosophy, but with firmness and feeling, as an event likely to happen very soon. His anxiety for his family hung heavy upon him ; the more, perhaps, from reflecting that he had not done them all the justice he was so well qualified to do : and when he alluded to their approaching desolation, his heart was touched with pure and unmingled sorrow.

In the midst of his wanderings, Burns met nothing in his family circle but gentleness and forgiveness. He had frequently acknowledged his follies, promised amendment, and again and again received pardon for his offences. But as

the strength of his body decayed, his resolution became weaker, and habit acquired predominating strength. But let us refrain from the mention of errors which delicacy and humanity require to be concealed.

At first he imagined that bathing in the sea had been of benefit to him : the pains in his limbs were relieved ; but this was immediately followed by a new attack of fever. When brought back to his own house in Dumfries, on the 18th of July, he was no longer able to stand upright. A tremor pervaded his frame, his tongue was parched, and his mind fell into delirium, when not roused by conversation. On the second and third day the fever increased, and his strength diminished. On the fourth, the sufferings of this great, but ill-fated genius, were terminated ; and a life was closed, which had been embittered by suffering, and insulted by unmerited calumny.

When his death was known, it excited a deep and mournful sensation. He was lamented, not merely like a common individual, by friends and neighbours, but by a whole country, whose pleasures he had an exclusive capacity to augment.

He left a widow and four sons. The ceremo-

nial of his interment was accompanied with military honours, not only by the corps of Dumfries volunteers, of which he was a member, but by the Fencible Infantry, and a regiment of Cinque Port cavalry, then quartered in Dumfries. On the same day, by a coincidence singularly touching, Mrs. Burns was delivered of a son, who did not long survive his father.

After contemplating the melancholy story of his life, every feeling mind must heave a sigh at the asperity of his fortune. The general behaviour of Burns bespoke a mind conscious of superior talents, yet mixed with familiarity and affability. His conversation was rich in wit and humour, and occasionally in serious reflection. No man had a quicker apprehension of right and wrong, or a stronger sense of what was ridiculous and mean. He died in penury, but not in debt, and left behind him a name which will be remembered as long as departed worth and goodness are esteemed among men.

CRITIQUE
ON THE
WRITINGS OF BURNS.

It is the common folly of a common mind to offer up its mite on some high and mighty altar, where it lies undistinguished amid the magnificence of nobler offerings ; and to pour forth the incense of adulation on the titled poet, while it regards with scorn or apathy, the writings which emanate from the humble peasant, however worthy or meritorious.

There is no poet of the present day more deservedly popular than Burns. Though born in a humble station of life, he raised himself, by the exertions of his mind, to the highest pitch of intellectual greatness. The originality of his genius, the energy of his language, and the richness of his imagination, merit the gratitude, as well as the admiration, of mankind.

The poems of Burns were principally composed amidst poverty and sorrow, and during the hours of incessant labour. Although they are more calculated to please his countrymen, they possess a charm, which renders them highly interesting to every reader. They bring us more intimately acquainted with the habits and character of the Scottish peasantry, and they reveal so many particulars of their domestic economy, that they will be read by every one who has any curiosity respecting their manners, with an interest, different indeed in kind, but scarcely inferior in degree, to that with which they have read the details of homely life in the works of the author of *Waverley*.

Endowed by nature with a heart full of the finest sensibilities, an understanding acute and profound, and an ardent love and devotion for the songs and old traditional lore of his native country, it is no wonder he became a poet. That he could have lived among the peasantry of Scotland, always mixing with them on terms of equality, and in the spirit of sympathy, without acquiring vast stores of knowledge concerning them, and all that belonged to their mode of life, entirely inaccessible to authors moving in a higher order of society, was impossible.

The virtues of Burns belonged to his genius, his vices to his situation, which did not correspond with his genius : instead of the artificial flowers of poetry, he plucked the mountain daisy under his feet ; and a field mouse hurrying from its ruined dwelling, could inspire him with the sentiments of terror and pity ; he held the pen and the plough with the same manly grasp : with him “ self-love and social ” were the same : his pictures of good fellowship and quaint humour, come up to Nature—they cannot go beyond it. He had an eye to see, and a heart to feel : the sly jest collected in his laughing eye at the sight of the grotesque and ludicrous ; the large tear rolled down his manly cheek at the sight of another’s distress.

The “ Twa Dogs ” is a very spirited descriptive piece, and affords a vivid idea of the manners of high and low life. “ The Brigs of Ayr,” the “ Address to a Haggis,” “ Scotch Drink,” and many others, are full of characteristic humour. In “ Tam o’ Shanter,” and the “ Cotter’s Saturday Night,” Burns has given the extremes of licentious eccentricity and convivial indulgence, and of patriarchal simplicity and gravity. The latter was composed at the plough, and is one of sus-

tained and perfect beauty. The subject was a happy one,—happy beyond what could have been the lot of any poet born in any other country: for in Scotland alone does there exist, among the peasantry, a union of knowledge, morality, and religion, so universal and so solemn, as to constitute national character;—to hallow and sublime that night which feels, as it were, the influence of the approaching Sabbath, and to render it a weekly festival, held in mirthful gladness, and pious composure of heart. It is the spirit of religion that makes the Cotter's Saturday Night at once delightful and awful to our imagination, and a fit subject for the highest of all poetry. Dr. Johnson observes, that—"contemplative piety cannot be poetical." The Cotter's Saturday Night is a decided negative to this assumption; it is a noble and pathetic picture of human manners, mingled with a fine religious awe; it comes over the mind like solemn music. But of all Burns' productions, his pathetic and serious love songs leave the most lasting and deep impression on the memory, particularly the lines entitled "Jessie" and "Mary Morrison." His ballads in general hold a close intimacy with Nature—a firm reliance on that as the only stock of wealth to which his mind had to resort, and possess a simplicity of manners,

a strength of affection—sighs that the heart dare not leave, and “thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.”

However unlike Burns may be to Shakspeare in the range of his genius, there is something of the same magnanimity and unaffected character in him. He had little of Shakspeare’s imagination, or inventive power, but in the narrow circle of personal feeling, or domestic incidents, his poetic ideas flow equally vigorous and powerful. “Bruce’s Address to his Army,” is not equalled by any poem of the same kind in being. It was written amid the storm and tempest, and near the spot on which the battle of Bannock-burn was fought, by which the liberties of his country were recovered. It was the offering of a heart glowing with patriotism, on the altar of his country. The battle of Hohenlinden, only inferior to this, fails in those essentials which Burns enjoyed—time, place, and circumstance—the latter is an effusion of genius alone, the former, a combination of passion, feeling, and devotion.

“The Jolly Beggars” forms a singular contrast to the generality of his poems. In thus selecting

the most prominent of his works, we wish to call the attention of the reader to the extent and variety of his genius. In the epic or the humorous, he is always happy. To no rule a slave, he wanders free and unconfined through the regions of poetry : a pupil of nature, he followed her dictates alone ; wherever her finger pointed, he obeyed the impulse, and, in giving the reins to humour, he never deviated from her path. The " Jolly Beggars" is a piece of low life : the broken-down licentious soldier and his companion ; the abandoned trull ; the self-degraded artisan ; and the other characters of this drama, may be seen daily in the streets of the metropolis, and in those of our principal commercial cities. The sight of them will immediately bring to the recollection, the original of the pictures Burns has so faithfully copied. As a piece of low humour and character it is unrivalled ; though it is liable to objection on the score of modesty and morality.

In his satirical poems, he has been condemned for his personality, and deservedly so. Burns had suffered under the discipline of the Kirk, and he did not forget it. The persons whom he has so severely castigated, were gentlemen of amiable characters, and his mode of revenge cannot be

justified. Hypocrisy is always considered to be a fair mark for satire, and deserves exposure, but the offence should be separated from the man. "Holy Willie" is one of those pieces, for the publication of which he was indebted to the imprudence of a friend. In keenness of invective, bitter allusion, and severe satire, he, if possible, surpasses the celebrated writer of the letters of Junius. But here the comparison must end: Holy Willie is as conspicuous for coarseness and vulgarity, as the letters of Junius are for refinement and elegance.

While the merits of Burns, as a writer, was almost universally acknowledged, it must be painful to find, that those gentlemen who patronized him, should have met with reproach from a quarter where it could never have been expected. A Reverend Gentleman, now no more, in speaking of Burns, observed, "that those persons who patronized that man, were A DISGRACE TO THEIR COUNTRY!" Is it possible that a gentleman, whose own genius had burst asunder the fetters of fanaticism, could so far degrade himself? He surely must have forgotten what he had suffered in his own person when he made the assertion. In what light was his tragedy considered by the

members of the Kirk, when they expelled him from the performance of its duties? Are there degrees in which vice may be tolerated?—And by what standard are they to be estimated?—Was his illustrious benefactor “a disgrace to his country?”—“The resentment of a ***** is implacable; no sufferings can soften, no penitence can appease him.” It is lamentable when splendid genius degrades itself by vicious pursuits, but it is the duty of every one to defend it from the attacks of malice and envy. The service of literature, requires that its writers should be bold and free—submissive, indeed, where all minds should submit,—but within that circumscription, uncontrolled.

Burns had, in many instances, the advantage of some of his brethren—men of, perhaps, equal abilities with himself, who met with only contumely, during their lives. His noble countrymen, undeterred by the factious voice of calumny, not only fostered his rising genius, and protected it till it reached maturity, but, when death had snatched his victim from their disinterested support, paid his remains the highest respect; wiped the tear from the eyes of the widow and her orphans; and raised a monument to the memory

of a man who had contributed to support the high literary fame of his country, and whom future generations will honour as their poet and benefactor.

Fame will not fail to do justice to the writings of Burns : not that kind of fame which consists in the idle buzz of fashion, or the recompense of the living ; but the reward of the dead. True fame, is the spirit of a man surviving himself in the minds and thoughts of other men. Her temple stands on the grave, and the flame that burns upon her altars, is kindled from the ashes of those to whom the incense is offered ; for the brightest living reputation cannot be equally imposing to the imagination, with that which is rendered sacred by the hand of death.

GLOSSARY.

THE *ch* and *gh* have always the guttural sound: The sound of the English diphthong *oo*, is commonly spelt *ou*. The French *u*, a sound which often occurs in the Scottish language, is marked *oo*, or *ui*. The *a* in genuine Scottish words, except when forming a diphthong, or followed by an *e* mute after a single consonant, sounds generally like the broad English *a* in *wall*. The Scottish diphthongs *ae*, always, and *ea* very often, sound like the French *e* masculine. The Scottish diphthong *ey*, sounds like the Latin *ei*.

A.

A', all, every one, the whole.
 Aback, away, aloof.
 Abeigh, at a shy distance.
 Aboon, above, up, in the regions of heaven.
 Abread, abroad, in sight, at large.
 Abread, in breadth.
 Ae, one.
 Aff, off.
 Aff-hand, extempore, immediately.
 Aff-loof, unpremeditated.
 Afore, before, sooner than.
 Aft, aft.
 Aften, often, frequently, many times.
 Agley, off the right line, oblique, wrong.
 Aiblins, perhaps.
 Air, the oak.
 Air, early, soon.
 Airl-penny, earnest-money, a

piece of money for confirming a bargain.
 Airt, quarter of the heavens; to direct.
 Airn, iron.
 Aith, an oath.
 Aits, oats.
 Aiver, an old horse.
 Aizle, a hot cinder.
 Alake, alas!
 Alane, alone, solitary, single, without company.
 Akwart, awkward, inelegant, untaught.
 Amaist, almost, nearly.
 Amang, among, mingled with.
 An', and, if.
 Ance, once, one time.
 Anc, one, and.
 Anent, over against, concerning.
 Anither, another, one more.
 Ase, ashes, the remains of burnt coals.

Askient, asquint, aslant.
 Asteer, abroad, stirring.
 Athart, athwart, wrong.
 Aught, possession; as, *in a' my aught*, in all my possession.
 Auldfarien, or auld farrent, sagacious, cunning, prudent.
 Auld lang syne, older times, days of other years.
 Auld, old, ancient, advanced in years.
 Auntie, an aunt.
 Ava', at all, of all, of any.
 Awa', away, absent.
 Aufu', awful, terrible.
 Awn, the beard of barley, oats, &c.
 Awnie, bearded.
 Ayont, beyond, at a distance, out of the reach of.

B.

BA', ball.
 Backets, ash boards; a square wooden vessel for carrying coals to the fire; a kind of box for holding salt.
 Backlins comin', coming back, returning.
 Bad, did bid.
 Baide, endured, did stay.
 Bailie, a magistrate in Scotland, answering to an alderman in England.
 Baggie, dimin. of bag, a familiar term used to signify the belly.
 Bainie, having large bones, stout.
 Bairn, a child.
 Bairntime, a family of children, a brood.
 Baith, both, likewise.
 Bake, a small cake or biscuit.
 Ban, to swear, to make an irreverent exclamation; reproach, censure.

Bane, bone.
 Bang, to beat, to strive, to excel.
 Bardie, dimin. of bard.
 Barefit, barefooted, without shoes or stockings.
 Barmie, of, or like barm.
 Batch, a crew, a gang.
 Batts, botts, small worms in the entrails of horses.
 Baudrons, a eat.
 Bauld, bold, intrepid.
 Bawk, a strip of land left unploughed, two or three feet in width; a ridge, a bank.
 Baws'nt, having a white strip down the face.
 Be, to let be, to give over, to cease.
 Bear, barley.
 Beastie, dimin. of beast.
 Beet, to add fuel to fire.
 Beld, bald, without hair on the head.
 Belyve, by and by.
 Ben, into the spence or parlour.
 Benmost, innermost.
 Benlomond, a noted mountain in Dumbartonshire.
 Bethankit, grace or short prayer after the time or act of eating.
 Beuk, a book.
 Bicker, a kind of wooden dish, a short race.
 Bie, or Bield, shelter.
 Bien, wealthy, plentiful.
 Big, to build.
 Biggin, building, a house.
 Biggit, built.
 Bill, a bull.
 Billie, a brother, a young fellow.
 Bing, a heap of grain, potatoes, &c.
 Birk, birch.
 Birken-shaw, Birchenwood-shaw, a small wood.
 Birkie, a clever fellow.

Birring, the noise of partridges,
&c. when they spring.

Bit, crisis, nick of time

Bizz, a bustle; to Buzz.

Blac, livid.

Blastie, a shrivelled dwarf, a term
of contempt.

Blastit, blasted.

Blate, bashful, sheepish.

Blather, bladder.

Blaud, a flat piece of any thing;
to slap.

Blaw, to blow, to boast.

Bleerit, bleared, sore with rheum.

Bleert and blin, bleared and blind.

Bleezing, blazing, flaming.

Blellum, idle talking fellow.

Blether, to talk idly; non-
sense.

Bleth'rin, talking idly.

Blink, a little while, a smiling
look; to look kindly, to shine
by fits.

Blinker, a term of contempt.

Blinkin, smirking, ogling.

Blithe, or Blythe, cheerful.

Blue-gown, one of those beggars
who get annually, on the king's
birth-day, a blue cloak or
gown, with a badge.

Bluid, blood.

Bluntie, snivelling.

Blype, a shred, a large piece.

Bock, to vomit, to gush inter-
mittently.

Booked, gushed, vomited.

Bodle, an old copper coin, of the
value of two pennies Scots, or
one-third of an English penny.

Bogles, spirits, hobgoblins.

Bonie, or bony, handsome, beauti-
ful.

Bonnock, a kind of thick cake o.
bread, a small jannack, or loaf
made of oatmeal.

Boord, a board.

Boor-tree, the shrub elder; planted
much of old in hedges of barn-
yards, &c.

Boost, behoved, must needs.

Bore, a hole in the wall.

Botch, blotch, an angry tumour.

Bouk, body, a person.

Bousing, drinking, quaffing.

Bow-kail, cabbage.

Bow-hough'd, applied to the lower
part of the thighs, when crook-
ed or bent outwards.

Brachens, fern.

Brae, a declivity, a precipice, the
slope of a hill.

Braid, broad, plain.

Bragin't, reel'd forward.

Braik, a kind of harrow, an in-
strument used in husbandry.

Brainge, to run rashly forward.

Brak, broke, made insolvent.

Branks, a kind of wooden curb
for horses.

Brash, a sudden illness.

Brats, coarse clothes, rags, &c.

Brattle, a short race, hurry, fury.

Bray, fine, handsome.

Brawlyt, or Brawlie, very well,
finely, heartily.

Braxie, a morbid sheep.

Breastie, dimin. of breast.

Breastit, did spring up or for-
ward.

Breckan, fern.

Breef, an invulnerable or irresis-
tible spell.

Brecks, breeches.

Brent, smooth.

Brewin, brewing.

Brie, juice, liquid.

Brig, a bridge.

Brunstane, brimstone.

Brisket, the breast, the bosom.

Brither, a brother.

Brock, a badger.

Brogue, a hum, a trick.

Broo, broth, liquid, water.
 Broose, a kind of pottage made by pouring boiling water or broth on oat-meal, which is stirred while the water is poured;—a race at country weddings, who shall first reach the bridegroom's house on returning from church, so called perhaps, from brose being allotted to the victor.
 Brownie, a spirit supposed, till lately, to haunt old houses, particularly those attached to farms, and sometimes to do the drudgery of the servants during the night.
 Brugh, a burgh.
 Bruilzie, a broil, a combustion.
 Brunt, did burn, burnt.
 Brust, to burst, burst.
 Buchan-büllers, the boiling of the sea among the rocks on the coast of Buchan.
 Buckskin, an inhabitant of Virginia.
 Bught, a pen.
 Bughtin-time, the time of collecting the sheep in the pens to be milked.
 Buirdly, stout made, broad made.
 Bum-clock, a humming beetle that flies in the summer evenings.
 Bumming, humming, as bees.
 Bummle, to blunder: a dolt, a stupid person.
 Bummler, a blunderer.
 Bunker, a window-seat.
 Bardies, dimin. of birds.
 Bure, did bear.
 Burn, water, a rivulet.
 Burnie, dimin. of burn.
 Buskie, bushy.
 Buskit, dressed finely, decorated.
 Busks, dresses.

Busle, a bustle, to bust c.
 Buss, bush, shelter.
 But, Bot, with, without
 But an' Ben, the country kitchen and parlour
 By himsel, lunatic, distracted.
 Byke, a bee-hive, a crowd.
 Byre, a cow-house.

C.

CA', to call, to name, to drive.
 Ca't, or Ca'd, called, driven, calved.
 Cadger, a carrier.
 Cadie, or Caddie, a person, a young fellow.
 Caff, chaff.
 Caird, a tinker.
 Cairn, a loose heap of stones
 Calf-ward, a small enclosure for calves.
 Callan, a boy.
 Caller, fresh, sound, refreshing.
 Canie, or Cannie, gentle, mild, dexterous.
 Cannilie, dexterously, gently.
 Cantie, or Canty, cheerful merry.
 Cantraip, a charm, a spell.
 Caprin, capering, skipping merrily.
 Cap-stane, cope-stone, key-stone
 Careerin, cheerfully.
 Carl, an old man.
 Carl-hemp, the largest stalk of hemp, firmness of mind.
 Carlin, a stout old woman
 Cartes, cards.
 Caudron, a caldron.
 Cauk and keel, chalk and red clay.
 Cauld, cold.
 Caup, a wooden drinking-vessel.
 Cavie, a coop or pen for poultry.
 Cawd, driven.

- Gesses, taxes.
 Gnanter, a part of a bag-pipe.
 Chap, a person, a fellow, a blow.
 Chaup, a stroke, a blow.
 Cheekit, checked.
 Cheep, a chirp; to chirp.
 Chiel, or Cheel, a young fellow.
 Chimla, or Chimlie, a fire-grate, a fire-place.
 Chimla-lug, the fire-side.
 Chittering, shivering, trembling.
 Chockin, choking.
 Chow, to chew; *cheek for chow*, side by side.
 Chuffie, fat-faced.
 Clachan, a small village about a church, a hamlet.
 Claise, or Claes, clothes.
 Claith, cloth.
 Claithing, clothing.
 Claivers, nonsense, not speaking sense.
 Clap, clapper of a mill.
 Clarkit, wrote.
 Clash, an idle tale, the story of the day.
 Clatter, to tell little idle stories; an idle story.
 Claught, snatched at, laid hold of.
 Claut, to clean, to scrape; a heap, a great quantity, abundance.
 Clauted, scraped.
 Claver, clover.
 Clavers, idle stories.
 Claw, to scratch.
 Claw'd, scratched.
 Claymore, a sword, a weapon used either in cutting or thrusting.
 Cleed, to clothe.
 Cleeds, clothes.
 Cleek, to lay hold of after the manner of a hook, to seize at all events.
 Cleekit, having caught.
 Clinkin, jerking, clinking.
 Clinkumbell, he who rings the church-bell.
 Clips, sheers.
 Clishmaclaver, idle conversation.
 Clock, to hatch; a beetle.
 Clockin, hatching.
 Clout, the hoof of a cow, sheep, &c.
 Cloutie, an old name for the Devil.
 Clour, a bump or swelling after a blow.
 Clout, to beat, to strike; a blow, a cuff.
 Cluds, clouds.
 Clunk, to guggle in the manner of a bottle when it is emptying.
 Coaxin, wheedling, flattery.
 Coble, a fishing boat.
 Cockernony, a lock of hair tied upon a girl's head; a cap.
 Cockie, dimin. of cock.
 Coft, bought.
 Cog, a wooden dish.
 Coggie, dimin. of cog.
 Coila, from *Kyle*, a district of Ayrshire; so called, saith tradition, from Coil, or Coilus, a Pictish monarch.
 Collie, a general, and sometimes a particular, name for country curs.
 Collieshangie, quarrelling.
 Commaun, command.
 Cood, the cud.
 Coof, a block head, a ninny.
 Cookit, appeared and disappeared by fits.
 Cooser, a horse kept for mares.
 Coost, did cast.
 Coot, the ancle, or foot.
 Cootie, a wooden kitchen dish; fowls whose legs are clad with feathers, are said to be *cootie*.
 Corbies, a species of the crow

Core, corps, party, clan.
 Corn't, fed with oats.
 Cotter, the inhabitant of a cot-house, or eottage.
 Couthie, kind, loving.
 Cove, a cave.
 Cowe, to terrify, to keep under, to lop; a fright, a branch of furze, broom, &c.
 Cowp, to barter, to tumble over; a gang.
 Cowpit, tumbled.
 Cowrin, cowering, stooping.
 Cowte, a colt, a young horse.
 Cozie, snug.
 Coziely, snugly.
 Crabbit, crabbed, fretful, sour.
 Crack, to converse; conversation.
 Crackin, conversing.
 Craft, or Croft, in old husbandry, a field near a house.
 Craigie, dimin. of craig, the throat, the neck.
 Craiks, birds, incessant calls or cries.
 Crambo-clink, or Crambo-jingle, rhymes, doggrel verses.
 Crank, the noise of an ungreased wheel.
 Crankous, fretful, captious.
 Cranreuch, the hoar frost.
 Crap, a crop; produce of land; to crop.
 Craw, a crow of a cock, a rook.
 Creel, a kind of osier basket; *to have one's wits in a creel*, to be crazed, to be fascinated.
 Creeshie, greasy.
 Crocks, old ewes that have given over bearing.
 Cronie, or Crony, an intimate acquaintance.
 Crood, or Croud, to coo as a dove.
 Croon, a hollow continued moan; to make a noise like the con-

tinued roar of a bull; to hum a tune.
 Crooning, humming.
 Crouchie, crook-backed.
 Crouse, cheerful, courageous.
 Crousely, cheerfully, courageously.
 Crowdie, a composition of oatmeal and boiled water, sometimes from the broth of beef, mutton, &c.
 Crowdie-time, breakfast time.
 Croulin, crawling, creeping.
 Crammock, a cow with crooked horns.
 Crump, hard and brittle; spoken of bread.
 Crunt, a blow on the head with a cudgel.
 Cuif, a blockhead, a ninny.
 Cammock, a short staff with a crooked head.
 Carchie, a curtesy.
 Curler, a player at a game on the ice, practised in Scotland, called *curling*.
 Curlic, curled; one whose hair falls naturally in ringlets.
 Curling, a well-known game on the ice.
 Curmurring, murmuring, a slight rumbling noise.
 Curpin, the crupper.
 Cushat, the dove, or wood-pigeon.
 Cutty, short, a spoon broken in the middle, a light woman.
 Cutty-stool, the stool on which culprits sit when making public satisfaction in the kirk, for having committed fornication.

E.

DADDIE, a father.
 Daezt, stupified, deprived of vigour or sensibility.

Daffin, merriment, foolishness.
 Daft, merry, giddy, foolish.
 Daimen, rare, now and then.
 Daimen-icker, an ear of corn now and then.
 Dainty, pleasant, good-humoured, agreeable.
 Dales, plains, valleys.
 Danton, to intimidate, to subdue.
 Dam, urine, piddle.
 Darklins, darkling, being in the dark, void of light.
 Daud, to thrash, to abuse.
 Daur, to dare, to defy.
 Daurt, dared, defied.
 Daurg, or Daurk, a day's labour.
 Davoc, David.
 Dawd, a large piece.
 Dawtit, or Daufet, fondled, caressed.
 Dearies, dimin. of dears.
 Dearthfu', dear.
 Deave, to deafen.
 Deil-ma-care! no matter! for all that.
 Deleerit, delirious.
 Descriptive, to describe.
 Devle, a stunning blow.
 Diddle, to shake, to jog.
 Dight, to wipe, to clean corn from chaff; cleaned from chaff.
 Dights, cleans.
 Din, swallow.
 Ding, to worst, to push.
 Dinna, do not.
 Dirl, a slight tremulous stroke or pain.
 Dizen, or Diz'n, a dozen.
 Doited, stupified, hebetated.
 Dolt, stupified, crazed; a stupid fellow.
 Donsie, unlucky.
 Dool, sorrow; to sing dool, to lament, to mourn.
 Doos, doves,

Dorty, saucy, nice, discontented.
 Douce, or Douse, sober, wise, prudent.
 Doucely, soberly, prudently.
 Dought, was or were able.
 Doup, the backside.
 Doup-skelper, one who strikes the tail.
 Dour, sullen, obstinate.
 Doure, stout, durable, sullen, stubborn.
 Douser, more prudent.
 Dow, am or are able, can.
 Dowff, pithless, wanting spirit.
 Dowie, worn with grief, fatigue, &c. half asleep.
 Downa, am or are not able, cannot.
 Doylt, stupid.
 Drap, a drop; to drop.
 Drapping, dropping.
 Draunting, drawling.
 Dleep, to ooze, to drop.
 Dreigh, tedious, long about it.
 Dribble, drizzling, slaver.
 Driddle, to be diligent insignificantly.
 Drift, a drove.
 Droddum, the breech.
 Drone, part of a bag-pipe.
 Droop-rumpl't, that droops at the crupper.
 Droukit, drenched, wet.
 Drouth, thirst, drought.
 Drucken, drunken.
 Drumly, muddy, thick, obscure.
 Drummock, meal and water mixed raw.
 Drunt, pet, sour humour.
 Dub, a small pond.
 Duds, rags, clothes.
 Duddie, ragged.
 Dung, worsted, pushed, driven, exhausted.
 Dunted, beaten, boxed.
 Dash, to push as a ram, &c.

Dusht, pushed by a ram, ox, &c.

E.

E'E, the eye.

E'en, the eyes.

E'enin, evening, the close of the day.

Eerie, frightened, dreading spirits.

Eild, old age.

Elbuck, the elbow.

Eldritch, ghastly, frightful.

En', end.

Enbrugh, Edinburgh.

Encugh, enough.

Especial, especially.

Ettle, to try, to attempt, to endeavour.

Eydent, diligent, industrious.

F.

FA', fall, lot; to fall.

Fa's, does fall; waterfalls.

Faddom't, fathomed.

Fac, a foe, an enemy.

Faem, foam.

Faiket, unknown, unemployed.

Fairin, a present at fair-time.

Fallow, fellow.

Fand, did find.

Farl, a cake of bread.

Fash, trouble, care; to trouble, to care for.

Fashious, troublesome.

Fasht, troubled.

Fastern-een, Fastens Even.

Fauld, a fold; to fold.

Faulding, folding.

Faut, fault.

Fawsont, decent, seemly.

Feal, a-field; smooth.

Fearfu', frightful.

Fear't, frightened.

Feat, neat, spruce.

Fecht, to fight; a struggle whatever kind.

Fechtin, fighting.

Feck, many, plenty.

Fecket, waistcoat.

Feckfu', large, brawny, stout.

Feckless, puny, weak, silly, trifling.

Feckly, weakly.

Feg, a fig.

Feide, feud, enmity.

Fell, keen, biting; the flesh immediately under the skin; a field pretty level on the side or top of a hill.

Fen, successful struggle, fight.

Fend, to live comfortably.

Ferlie, or Ferly, to wonder; a wonder; a term of contempt.

Fetch, to pull by fits.

Fetch't, pulled intermittently.

Fey, foe.

Fidge, to fidget.

Fiel, soft, smooth.

Fient, fiend, a petty oath.

Fier, sound, healthy; a brother, a friend.

Fisle, to make a rustling noise, to fidget; a bustle.

Fit, a foot.

Fizz, to make a hissing noise, like fermentation.

Flainen, flannel.

Fleech, to supplicate or intreat in a flattering manner.

Fleech'd, supplicated.

Fleechin, supplicating.

Fleesh, a fleece.

Fleg, a kick, a random blow.

Flether, to decoy by fair words.

Fletherin, flattering.

Flewit, a smart blow.

Fley, to scare, to frighten.

Flichter, to flutter as young nestlings, when their dam approaches.

Flinders, shreds, broken pieces.
 Flingin-tree, a piece of timber hung by way of partition between two horses in a stable; a flail.
 Flisk, to fret at the yoke.
 Fliskit, fretted.
 Flitter, to vibrate like the wings of small birds.
 Flittering, fluttering, vibrating.
 Flunkie, a servant in livery.
 Foord, a ford.
 Forbears, forefathers, ancestors.
 Forbye, besides.
 Forfairn, distressed, worn out, jaded.
 Forfoughten, fatigued.
 Forgather, to meet, to encounter with.
 Forgie, to forgive.
 Forjesket, jaded with fatigue.
 Forrit, forward.
 Fother, fodder.
 Fou, full, drunk.
 Foughten, troubled, harassed.
 Fouth, plenty, enough, or more than enough.
 Fow, a bushel, &c.; also a pitchfork.
 Frae, from.
 Freath, froth.
 Frien', friend.
 Fu', full.
 Fud, the scut or tail of the hare, coney, &c.
 Fuff, to blow intermittently.
 Fuff't, did blow.
 Funnie, full of merriment.
 Fur, a furrow.
 Furm, a form, bench.
 Fyke, trifling cares; to piddle, to be in a fuss about trifles; to agitate.
 Fyle, to soil, to dirty, to pollute.
 Fyl't, dirtied, polluted.

G.

GAB, the mouth; to speak boldly or pertly.
 Gaberlunzie, an old man.
 Gadsman, ploughboy, the boy that drives the horses in the plough.
 Gae, to go.
 Gaed, went.
 Gaen, or Gane, gone.
 Gaun, going.
 Gaet, or Gate, way, manner, road.
 Gang, to go, to walk.
 Gangrel, strolling, wandering, roving.
 Gar, to make, to force.
 Gar't, forced.
 Garten, a garter.
 Gash, wise, sagacious, talkative; to converse.
 Gashin, conversing.
 Gaucy, jolly, large.
 Gawky, half-witted, foolish, romping.
 Gear, riches, goods of any kind.
 Geck, to toss the head in wantonness or scorn.
 Ged, a pike.
 Gentles, great folks.
 Geordie, a guinea.
 Get, a chil, a young one.
 Ghaist, a ghost.
 Gie, to give.
 Gied, gave.
 Gien, given.
 Giftie, dimin. of gift.
 Giglets, playful girls.
 Gillie, dimin. of gill.
 Gilpey, a half-grown, half-informed boy or girl, a romping lad, a hoiden.
 Glimmer, an ewe from one to two years old.

- Gin, *if*, against.
 Gipse, a young girl.
 Girdle, a round plate of iron for
 toasting cakes over the fire.
 Girn, to grin, to twist the fea-
 tures in rage, agony, &c.
 Girning, grinning.
 Gizz, a periwig.
 Glaikit, inattentive, foolish.
 Glaive, a sword.
 Glaizie, glittering, smooth like
 a glass.
 Glaum'd, aimed, snatched.
 Gleg, sharp, ready.
 Gleib, glebe.
 Glen, dale, deep valley.
 Gley, a-squint; to squint.
 Glib-gabbet, that speaks smoothly
 and readily.
 Glint, to peep.
 Glinted, peeped.
 Glintin, peeping.
 Gloamin, the twilight.
 Glowr, to stare, to look; a stare,
 a look.
 Glowr'd, looked, stared.
 Glowran, staring.
 Goavan, looking or staring awk-
 wardly.
 Gowan, the flower of the daisy,
 dandelion, hawkweed, &c.
 Gowany, *gowany glens*, daisied
 dales.
 Gowd, gold.
 Gowff, the game of golf; to strike,
as the bat does the ball at golf.
 Gowff'd, struck.
 Gowk, a cuckoo, a term of con-
 tempt.
 Gowl, to howl.
 Gowling, howling.
 Graff, a grave.
 Grain, or Grane, a groan; to
 groan.
 Grain'd and Gaunted, groaned
 and granted.
 Grainig, groaning.
 Graip, a pronged instrument for
 cleaning stables.
 Graith, accoutrements, furniture,
 dress.
 Grannie, a grandmother.
 Grape, to grope.
 Grapit, groped.
 Grat, wept, shed tears.
 Great, intimate, familiar.
 Gree, to agree; *to bear the gree*,
 to be decidedly victor.
 Gree't, agreed.
 Greet, to shed tears, to weep.
 Greetin, crying, weeping.
 Grippet, caught, seized.
 Groat, *to get the whistle of one's*
groat, to play a losing game.
 Grousome, loathsome, grim.
 Grozet, a gooseberry.
 Grumph, a grunt; to grunt.
 Grumphie, a sow.
 Grun', ground.
 Grunstane, a grindstone.
 Gruntle, the phiz, a grunting
 noise.
 Grunzie, the mouth.
 Grushie, thick, of thriving
 growth.
 Gude, the Supreme Being; good.
 Guid, good.
 Guid-morning, good morning.
 Guide'en, good evening.
 Guidman and Guidwife, the mas-
 ter and mistress of the house;
young guidman, a man newly
 married.
 Guidfather, a father-in-law.
 Guidmother, a mother-in-law.
 Gully, or Gullie, a large knife.
 Gumlie, muddy, turbid.
 Gumption, understanding, judg-
 ment.
 Gusty, tasteful.

H.

HA', hall.
 Ha' Bible, the great Bible that lies in the hall.
 Hae, to have.
 Haen, had.
 Haet, *fient baet*, a petty oath of negation; nothing.
 Haffet, the temple, the side of the head.
 Haffins, nearly half, partly.
 Hag, a scar, or gulf in messes or moors; an ugly old woman.
 Haggis, a kind of pudding boiled in the stomach of a cow or sheep.
 Hain, to spare, to save.
 Hain'd, spared.
 Hairst, harvest.
 Haith, a petty oath.
 Haivers, nonsense, speaking without thought.
 Hal', or Hald, an abiding place.
 Hale, whole, tight, healthy.
 Haly, holy.
 Hallan, a particular partition-wall in a cottage, or more properly, a seat of turf at the outside.
 Hallown, Hallow-eve, the 31st of October.
 Hame, home.
 Namely, homely, affable.
 Hameward, homeward.
 Han', or Haun', hand.
 Hap, an outer garment, mantle, plaid, &c.; to wrap, to cover, to hap.
 Happer, a hopper.
 Happing, hopping.
 Hap-step-an'-loup, hop, skip, and leap.
 Harkit, hearkened.
 Harn, very coarse linen.
 Hash, a fellow that neither knows

VOL. I.

how to dress nor act with propriety.
 Hastit, hastened.
 Haud, to hold.
 Haughs, low-lying, rich lands; valleys.
 Hauri, to drag, to peel.
 Haurlin, peeling.
 Haverel, a half-witted person, one who talks foolishly.
 Havins, good manners, decorum, good sense.
 Hawkie, a cow, properly one with a white face.
 Healsome, healthful, wholesome.
 Heapit, heaped.
 Hearse, hoarse.
 Hear't, hear it.
 Heartie, dimin. of heart.
 Heather, heath.
 Hech! oh! strange!
 Hecht, promised to foretel something that is to be got or given foretold; the thing foretold, offered.
 Heckle, a board in which are fixed a number of sharp pins, used in dressing hemp, flax, &c.
 Heeze, to elevate, to raise.
 Helim, the rudder or helm.
 Herd, to tend flocks; one who tends flocks.
 Herrin, a herring.
 Herry, to plunder; most properly to plunder birds' nests.
 Herryment, plundering, devastation.
 Hersel, herself; also a herd of cattle of any sort.
 Het, hot.
 Meugh, a crag, a coal-pit.
 Hide and Hair, the carcass and hide, the whole.
 Hilch, to hobble, to halt.
 Hilchin, halting.
 Hiltie-skiltie, in rapid succession.

S

Himsel, himself.
 Hiney, henev.
 Hing, hang.
 Hirple, to walk crazily, to creep.
 Hirplin, walking crazily.
 Hissel, so many cattle as one person can attend.
 Histie, dry, chapt, barren.
 Hitch, a loop, a knot.
 Hizzie, huzzy, a young girl.
 Hoddin, the motion of a sage countryman riding on a cart-horse; humble.
 Hog-score, a kind of distance-line, in curling, drawn across the *rink*.
 Hog-shouther, a kind of horse-play, by jussling with the shoulder; to jussle.
 Hool, outer-skin or case, a nut-shell, pease-swad.
 Hoolie, slowly, leisurely.
 Hoolie! take leisure! stop!
 Hoord, a hoard, to hoard.
 Hoordit, hoarded.
 Horn, a spoon made of horn.
 Hornie, one of the many names of the devil.
 Host, or Hoast, to cough.
 Hostin, coughing.
 Hosts, coughs.
 Hotch'd, turned topsy-turvy, blended, mixed.
 Houghmagandie, fornication.
 Houp, hope.
 Housie, dimin. of house.
 Hove, to heave, to swell.
 Hov'd, heaved, swelled.
 Howdie, a midwife.
 Howe, hollow; a hollow or dell.
 Howe-backit, sunk in the back, spoken of a horse, &c.
 Howff, a landlady, a house of resort.
 Howk, to dig.
 Howkit, digger.

Howkin, digging.
 Howlet, or Houlet, an owl.
 Hoy, to urge.
 Hoy't, urged.
 Hoyse, a pull upwards.
 Hoyte, to amble crazily.
 Hughoc, dimin. of Hugh.
 Hunkers, the ham, the hinder part of the thigh.
 Hurcheon, a hedgehog; a term of slight anger.
 Hurdies, the loins, the crupper.
 Hushion, a cushion, stockings without feet.

I.

I', in.
 Icker, an ear of corn.
 Ier-oe, a great grand-child.
 Ilk, or Ilka, each, every.
 Ill-willie, ill-natured, malicious, niggardly.
 Ingine, genius, ingenuity.
 Ingle, fire, fire-place.
 I'se, I shall or will.
 Ither, other, one another.

J.

JAD, jade; also a familiar term among country folks for a giddy young girl.
 Jag, to prick, to pierce.
 Jauk, to dally, to trifle.
 Jaukin, trifling, dallying.
 Jauntie, dimin. of jaunt.
 Jaup, a jerk of water; to jerk as agitated water.
 Jaw, coarse raillery; to pour out, to shut, to jerk as water.
 Jillet, a jilt, a giddy girl.
 Jimp, to jump; slender in the waist, handsome.

Jink, to dodge, to turn a corner;
a sudden turning, a corner.
Jinker, one who turns quickly, a
gay sprightly girl, a wag.
Jinking, dodging.
Jirk, a jerk.
Jo, or Joe, a sweetheart, a favourite.
Jocteleg, a kind of knife.
Jouk, to stoop, to bow the head.
Jow, *to jow*, a verb which includes
both the swinging motion and
pealing sound of a large bell.
Jundie, to jostle.

K.

KAE, a daw.
Kail, colewort, a kind of broth.
Kail-runt, the stem of colewort.
Kain, fowls, &c. paid as rent by
a farmer.
Kebars, rafters.
Kebbuck, a cheese.
Keek, a peep, to peep.
Kelpies, a sort of mischievous
spirits, said to haunt fords and
ferries at night, especially in
storms.
Ken, to know.
Ken'd, or Kent, knew.
Kennin, a small matter.
Kenspeckle, well-known.
Ket, matted, hairy; a fleece of
wool.
Kiaugh, earking anxiety.
Kilt, to truss up the clothes.
Kimmer, a young girl, a gossip.
Kin, kindred.
Kin', kind.
King's-hood, a certain part of the
entrails of an ox, &c.
Kintra, country.
Kintra-cooser, a country stallion.
Kirn, the harvest supper, a churn;
to churn.

Kirsen, to christen, or baptize.
Kist, a chest, a shop-counter.
Kitchen, any thing that is eaten
with bread, to serve for soup,
gravy, &c.
Kith, kindred.
Kittle, to tickle, ticklish, likely.
Kittlin, a young cat.
Kiutle, to saddle.
Kiuttin, cuddling.
Knaggie, like knags, or points of
rocks.
Knappin-hammer, a hammer for
breaking stones.
Knowe, a small round hillock.
Knurl, a dwarf.
Kye, cows.
Kyle, a district of Ayrshire.
Kyte, the belly.
Kythe, to discover, to shew one's
self.

L.

LADDIE, dimin. of lad.
Laggen, the angle between the
side and bottom of a wooden
dish.
Laigh, low.
Lairing, wading and sinking in
snow, mud, &c.
Laith, loath.
Laithfu', bashful, sheepish, modest.
Lalland, a native of the Lowlands
of Scotland.
Lallans, Scottish dialect.
Lambie, dimin. of lamb.
Lampit, a kind of shell-fish.
Lan', land, estate.
Lane, lone; *my lane, thy lane*,
&c. myself alone, thyself alone
&c.
Lanely, lonely.
Lang, long; *to think lang*, to long
to weary.

Lap, did leap.
 Lave, the rest, the remainder,
 the others.
 Laverock, the lark.
 Lawin, shot, re koning, bill.
 Lawlan, lowland.
 Lea, pasture, ground unploughed.
 Lea'e, to leave.
 Leal, loyal, true, faithful.
 Lea-rig, grassy ridge.
 Lear, pronounced lare, learning.
 Lee-lang, long-live.
 Leesome, pleasant.
 Leeze me, a phrase of congratulatory endearment: I am happy in thee, or proud of thee.
 Leister, a three-pronged dart for striking fish.
 Leugh, did laugh.
 Leuk, a look; to look.
 Libbet, gelded.
 Lie'n, lying.
 Lift, sky.
 Lightly, sneeringly; to sneer at.
 Lilt, a ballad, a tune; to sing.
 Limmer, a kept mistress, a strumpet.
 Limp't, limped, hobbled.
 Link, to trip along.
 Linkin, tripping.
 Linn, a water-fall, a precipice.
 Lint, flax; *lint i' the bell*, flax in flower.
 Lintwhite, a linnet.
 Lippen'd, trusted, put confidence in.
 Loan, or Loanin, the place of milking.
 Loof, the palm of the hand.
 Loot, did let.
 Looves, plural of loof.
 Loun, a fellow, a ragamuffin, a woman of easy virtue.
 Loup, jump, leap.
 Lowe, a flame.
 Lowin, flaming.

Lowrie, abbreviation of Lawrence.
 Lowse, to loose.
 Lows'd, loosed.
 Lug, the ear, a handle.
 Luggat, having a handle.
 Luggie, a small wooden dish with a handle.
 Lum, the chimney.
 Lunch, a large piece of cheese, flesh, &c.
 Lunt, a column of smoke; to smoke.
 Luntin, smoking.
 Lyart, of a mixed colour, grey.

M.

MAE, more.
 Mair, more.
 Maist, most, almost.
 Maistly, mostly.
 Mak, to make.
 Makin, making.
 Mailen, a farm.
 Mallie, Molly.
 'Mang, among.
 Manse, the parsonage-house, where the minister lives.
 Manteele, a mantle.
 Mark, or Merk, an ancient Scottish silver coin, in value thirteen pence and one-third of a penny sterling.
 Mark, marks. (This, and several other nouns, which in English require an s to form the plural, are in Scotch, like the words *sheep*, *deer*, the same in both numbers.)
 Mar's year, the year 1715.
 Mashlum, Meslin, mixed corn.
 Mask, to mash, as malt, &c.; to infuse.
 Maskin-pat, a tea-pot.
 Maukin, a hare.

Maun, must.
 Mavis, the thrush.
 Maw, to mow.
 Mawin, mowing.
 Meere, a mare.
 Meikle, or Meikle, much.
 Melancholious, mournful.
 Meldar, corn, or grain of any kind, sent to the mill to be ground.
 Mell, to meddle; also a mallet for pounding barley in a stone trough.
 Melvie, to soil with meal.
 Men', to amend, to reform, to change from worse to better.
 Mense, good manners, decorum.
 Menseless, ill-bred, rude, impudent.
 Messin, a small dog.
 Midden, a dunghill.
 Midden-creels, baskets for holding dung.
 Midden-hole, a gutter at the bottom of a dunghill.
 Mim, prim, affectedly meek.
 Min', mind, remembrance.
 Mind't, mind it, resolved, intending.
 Minnie, mother, dam.
 Mirk, dark.
 Mirkest, darkest.
 Misca', to abuse, to call names.
 Misca'd, abused.
 Mislear'd, mischievous, unmannerly.
 Misteuk, mistook.
 Mither, a mother.
 Mixtie-maxtie, confusedly mixed.
 Moil, labour.
 Moistify, to moisten.
 Monie, or Mony, many.
 Moop, to nibble as a sheep.
 Moorlan', or belonging to moors.
 Morn, the next day, to-morrow.
 Mottie, full of motes, or small particles of matter.

Mou, the mouth.
 Moudiewort, a mole.
 Mousie, dimin. of mouse.
 Muckle, or mickle, great, big, much.
 Musie, dimin. of muse.
 Muslin-kail, broth composed simply of water, shelled barley, and greens.
 Mutchkin, an English pint.
 Mysel, myself.

N.

NA, no, not, nor.
 Nae, no, not any.
 Naething, or Naithing, nothing.
 Naig, a horse.
 Nane, none.
 Nappy, ale; to be tipsy.
 Natch, to lay hold of violently.
 Neebor, a neighbour.
 Negleckit, neglected.
 Neuk, nook.
 Niest, next in order, or next in time.
 Nieve, the fist.
 Nievefu', a handful, a small quantity.
 Niffer, an exchange; to exchange, to barter.
 Niger, a negro.
 Nine-tailed-cat, a hangman's whip.
 Nit, a nut.
 Norland, of or belonging to the north.
 Notic't, noticed, observed.
 Nowte, black cattle.

O.

O', of.
 Ochels, name of mountains.
 O haith! O faith! an oath.

Onie, or Ony, any.
 Or, is often used for *ere*, before.
 Orra, superfluous, unwanted.
 O't, of it.
 Oughtlins, in the least degree.
 Ourie, shivering, drooping.
 Oursel, or oursels, ourselves.
 Outlers, cattle not housed.
 Ower, over, too.
 Owre-hip, a way of fetching a blow with the hammer over the arm.

P.

PACK, intimate, familiar; twelve stone of wool.
Paidel, to paddle, to play in water.
Painch, the paunch.
Paitrick, a partridge.
Pang, to cram.
Parle, speech.
Parritch, oatmeal pudding, a well-known Scotch dish.
Pat, did put; a pot.
Pattle, or **Pettle**, a plough-staff.
Paughty, proud, haughty.
Pawky, or **Pawkie**, cunning, sly.
Pay't, paid, beat.
Pech, to fetch the breath short, as in asthma.
Pechan, the crop, the stomach.
Peelin, peeling.
Pet, a domesticated sheep, a great favourite.
Pettle, to cherish; a plough-staff.
Philibegs, short petticoats worn by Highlandmen.
Phraise, fair speeches, flattery; to flatter, to wheedle.
Phraisin, flattery.
Pibroek, a Highland war-song adapted to the bagpipe.
Pickle, a small quantity.
Pine, pain, uneasiness.
Pit, to put,

Placad, a public proclamation.
Plack, an old Scotch coin, the third part of a Scotch penny, twelve of which make an English penny.
Packless, pennyless, without money.
Plaid, an outer loose garment.
Platic, dimin. of plate.
Pleugh, or **Plew**, a plough.
Pliskie, a trick, a mischief.
Pock, a bag; a small sack.
Poind, to seize on cattle, or take the goods, as the laws of Scotland allow for rent.
Poortith, poverty or indigence.
Pou, to pull.
Pouch, a pocket.
Pouchie, dimin. of pouch.
Pouk, to pluck.
Pouse, to push, to penetrate.
Poussie, a hare, a cat.
Pout, a poult, a chick.
Pou't, did pull.
Pouthier, or **Powther**, powder.
Pouthery, like powder.
Pow, the head, the skull.
Pownie, a little horse.
Preen, a pin, a pointed short piece of wire.
Prent, print.
Prie, to taste.
Prie'd, tasted.
Prief, proof.
Prig, to cheapen, to dispute.
Priggin, cheapening.
Primsie, demure, precise.
Prepone, to lay down, to propose.
Provost, the first magistrate of a royal borough, answering to Lord Mayor in England.
Proveses, plural of Provost.
Pund, pound, pounds.
Pyle, a *pyle o' caff*, a single grain of chaff.

Q.

QUAK, to quake.

Quat, to quit.

Quey, a cow from one to two years old.

R.

RAGWEED, herb ragwort.

Raible, to rattle nonsense, to talk foolishly.

Rair, to roar.

Raize, to madden, to inflame.

Ram-feezi'd, fatigued, over-spread.

Ram-stam, thoughtless, forward.

Randie, turbulent, irregular, unsettled.

Rantin, merry, cheerful, jovial.

Raploch, properly a coarse cloth, but used as an adnoun for coarse.

Rarely, excellently, very well.

Rash, a rush.

Rash-buss, a bush of rushes.

Ratan, a throb, a pulsation.

Ratten, a rat.

Rauncle, rash, stout, fearless.

Raught, reached.

Raw, a row.

Rax, to stretch.

Rax'd, stretched, levied.

Ream, cream; to cream.

Reamin, brimful, frothing.

Reave, rove.

Reck, to heed.

Rede, counsel; to counsel.

Red-wat-shod, walking in blood over the shoe-tops.

Red-wud, stark mad.

Ree, half-drunk, fuddled.

Reek, smoke, to smoke.

Reeklin, smoking.

Reckit, smoked smoky.

Remead, remedy, alternative.

Requite, requited.

Rest, to stand restive.

Restit, stood restive, stunted, withered,

Restricked, restricted.

Rew, repent.

Rief, or **Reef**, plenty.

Rief-randies, sturdy beggars.

Rig, a ridge.

Rin, to run, to melt.

Rink, the course of the stones; a term in curling on ice.

Rinnin, running.

Ripp, a handful of unthreshed corn.

Riskit, made a noise like the tearing of roots.

Rockin, a term derived from those primitive times, when neighbours met alternately at one another's houses to spend the evening: the females, that they might enjoy the gossip without the imputation of idleness, brought their *rocks* or distaffs with them.

Rood, stands likewise for the plural, *roods*.

Roon, a shred.

Roose, to praise, to commend; applause.

Roun', round, in the circle of neighbourhood.

Roupet, hoarse, as with a cold.

Routhie, plentiful.

Row, to roll, to wrap.

Row't rolled, wrapped.

Rowte, to low, to bellow.

Rowth, or **Routh**, plenty.

Rowtin, lowing.

Rozet, rosin.

Rung, a cudgel.

Runkled, wrinkled.

Runt, the stem of colewort or cabbage.

Ruth, a woman's name; the book
so called; sorrow.

S.

SAE, so.
Saft, soft.
Sair, to serve; a sore.
Sairly, or sairlic, sorely.
Sair't, served.
Sark, a shirt.
Sarkit, provided in shirts.
Saugh, the willow.
Saul, soul.
Saumont, salmon.
Saunt, a saint.
Saut, salt.
Saw, to sow.
Sawin, sowing.
Sax, six.
Scaith, to damage, to injure; injury.
Sear, to scare; a scar.
Scald, to scald.
Scauld, to scold.
Seaur, apt to be scared.
Scawl, a scold.
Scone, a kind of bread.
Sconner, a loathing; to loathe.
Scaich, to scream as a hen, partridge, &c.
Screed, to tear; a rent.
Srieve, to glide swiftly along.
Srievin, gleesomly, swiftly.
Scrimp, to scant.
Scrimpet, did scant, scanty.
See'd, did see.
Seizin, seizing.
Sel, self; a body's sel, one's self alone.
Sell't, did sell.
Sen', to send.
Sen't, I, he, or she sent, or did send, send it.

Servan', servant.

Session, an inferior spiritual court, of the kirk of Scotland, consisting of an assembly of elders, who sit in judgment, and pronounce sentence on Christian delinquents.

Settlin, settling; to get a settlin, to be frighted into quietness.

Sets, sets off, goes away.

Shackl'd, distorted, deformed.

Shaird, a shred, a shard.

Shangan, a stick cleft at one end for putting the tail of a dog, &c. into, by way of mischief, or to frighten him away.

Shave, a trick, any thing done to cheat jocosely, or to divert.

Shaver, a humorous wag, a barber.

Shavie, dimin. of shave.

Shaw, to shew; a small wood in a hollow place.

Shearer, a reaper, one employed in cutting down corn.

Sheen, bright, shining.

Sheep-shank; to think one's self nae sheep-shank, to be conceited.

Sherra-moor, Sheriff-moor, the field where the famous battle of that name was fought in the rebellion of 1715.

Sheugh, a ditch, a trench, a sluice.

Shiel, a shed.

Shill, shrink.

Shog, a shock, a push off at one side.

Shool, a shovel.

Shoon, shoes.

Shore, to offer, to give, to threaten.

Shor'd, offered.

Shouter, the shoulder.

Sic, such.

Sicker, sure, steady.

Sidelins, sidelong, slanting.
 Siller, silver, money.
 Simmer, a summer.
 Singet, singed, scorched, despicable.
 Sin, a son.
 Sin', since.
 Sinny, sunny.
 Sinsyne, since.
 Skaith. See Scaith.
 Skellum, a worthless fellow.
 Skelp, to strike, to slap; to walk
 with a smart tripping step; a
 smart stroke.
 Skelpi-limmer, a technical term
 in female scolding.
 Skelpin, Stapping, walking; eager,
 warm.
 Skiegh, or Skeigh, proud, nice,
 high-mettled.
 Skinklin, a small portion.
 Skirl, to shriek, to cry shrilly.
 Skirling, shrieking, crying.
 Skirl't, shrieked.
 Sklent, slant; to run askant, to
 deviate from truth.
 Sklented, ran, or hit, in an ob-
 lique direction.
 Skreigh, a scream; to scream.
 'kyrin, shining, making a great
 show.
 Skyte, force, violence.
 Slade, did slide.
 Slac, a sloe.
 Slap, a gate, a breach in a fence.
 Slaw, slow.
 Slee, sly.
 Sleest, slyest.
 Sleek it, sleek, sly, cunning.
 Slidderly, slippery.
 Slype, to fall over, as a wet furrow
 from the plough.
 Stypet, fell.
 Sma', small.
 Smeddum, dust, powder, mettle
 sense.
 Smiddy, a smithy.

Smoor, to smother.
 Smoor'd, smothered.
 Smoutie, smutty, obscene, ugly.
 Smytrie, a numerous collection of
 small individuals.
 Snaking, the champing of a dog's
 teeth when he aims at his prey.
 Snapper, stumble.
 Snash, abuse, Billingsgate.
 Snaw, snow; to snow
 Snaw-broo, melted snow.
 Snawie, snowie.
 Sneck, latch of a door.
 Sned, to lop, to cut off.
 Sneeshin, snuff.
 Sneeshin-mill, a snuff-box.
 Snell, bitter, biting.
 Snick-drawing, trick-contriving.
 Snick, the latchet of a door.
 Snool, one whose spirit is broken
 with oppressive slavery; to
 submit tamely, to sneak, to
 oppress.
 Snoove, to go smoothly and con-
 stantly, to sneak.
 Snowk, to scent or snuff, as a dog,
 horse, &c.
 Snowkit, scented, snuffed.
 Sodger, a soldier.
 Sonsie, having sweet engaging
 looks, lucky, jolly.
 Soom, to swim.
 Sooth, truth, a petty oath.
 Sough, a sigh, a sound, dying on
 the ear.
 Souple, flexible, swift.
 Souter, a shoemaker.
 Sowens, a dish made of oatmeal,
 the seeds of oatmeal soured,
 &c. boiled up till they make an
 agreeable pudding
 Sowp, a spoonful a small quantity.
 Sowth, to try over a tune with a
 low whistle.
 Sowther, solder; to solder, to
 cement.

Spæc, to prophesy, to divine.
 Spairge, to dash, to soil, as with mire.
 Spaul, a limb.
 Spavie, the spavin.
 Spaviet, having the spavin.
 Speat, or Spate, a sweeping torrent, after rain or thaw.
 Speel, to climb.
 Spect, to spit, to thrust through.
 Spence, the country parlour.
 Spier, to ask, to inquire.
 Spier't, inquired.
 Splatter, a splutter : to splutter.
 Spieuehan, a tobacco-pouch.
 Splore, a frolic, a noise, a riot.
 Sprattle, to scramble.
 Spreckled, spotted, speckled, clambered.
 Spring, a quick air in music, a Scottish reel.
 Sprit, a tough-rooted plant, something like rushes.
 Sprittie, full of sprits.
 Spunk, fire, mettle, wit.
 Spunkie, mettlesome; fiery; *will-o'-wisp*, or *ignis fatuus*.
 Spurtle, a stick used in making oatmeal-pudding, or porridge, a notable Scotch dish.
 Squad, a crew, a party.
 Squatter, to flutter in water, as a wild duck, &c.
 Squattle, to sprawl, to struggle.
 Squeel, a scream, a sreech; to scream.
 Staeher, to stagger.
 Stack, a rick of corn, hay, &c.
 Staggie, dimin. of stag.
 Stalwart, strong, stout.
 Stan', to stand.
 Stan't, did stand.
 Stane, a stone.
 Stank, did stink; a pool of standing water.
 Stap, stop.

Stark, stout.
 Startle, to run as cattle stung by the gad-fly.
 Stunkin, stalking, walking with a stately step.
 Staumrel, a blockhead, half-witted.
 Staw, did steal; to surfeit.
 Stech, to cram the belly.
 Stechin, cramming.
 Steek, to shut; a stitch.
 Steer, to molest, to stir.
 Steeve, firm, compacted.
 Stell, a still.
 Sten, to rear as a horse.
 Sten't, reared.
 Stents, tribute, dues of any kind.
 Stey, steep.
 Steyest, steepest.
 Stibble, stubble.
 Stibble-rig, the reaper, in harvest, who takes the lead.
 Stick an' stow, totally, altogether.
 Stilt, a crutch; to halt, to limp.
 Stimpart, the eighth part of a Winchester bushel.
 Stirk, a cow or bullock a year old.
 Stock, a plant or root of colewort, cabbage, &c.
 Stockin, stocking; *throwing the stockin'*; when the bride and bridegroom are put into bed, and the candle out, the former throws a stocking at random among the company, and the person whom it strikes is the next that will be married.
 Stoked, made up in shocks as corn.
 Stoor, sounding hollow, strong, and hoarse.
 Stot, an ox.
 Stoup, or Stowp, a kind of jug, or dish with a handle.

Stoure, dust, more particularly
 dust in motion.
 Stowlins, by stealth.
 Stown, stolen.
 Stoyte, stumble.
 Strack, did strike.
 Strae, straw; *to die a fair strae*
death, to die in bed.
 Straik, did strike.
 Straikit, stroked.
 Strappan, tall and handsome.
 Straught, straight.
 Streek, stretched; to stretch
 Striddle, to straddle.
 Stroan, to spent, to piss.
 Strunt, spirituous liquor of any
 kind; to walk sturdily.
 Studdie, an anvil.
 Stumpie, dimin. of stump.
 Stuff, corn or pulse of any kind.
 Sturt, trouble; to molest.
 Sturtin, frightened.
 Sucker, sugar.
 Sud, should.
 Sugh, the continued rushing noise
 of wind or water.
 Suthron, southern, an old name
 for the English nation.
 Swaird, sword.
 Swall'd, swelled.
 Swank, stately, jolly.
 Swankie, or Swanker, a tight
 strapping young fellow, or girl.
 Swap, an exchange; to barter.
 Swarf, swoon.
 Swat, did sweat.
 Swatch, a sample.
 Swats, drink, good ale.
 Sweatin, sweating.
 Sweer, lazy, averse; *dead-sweer*,
 extremely averse.
 Swoor, swore, did swear.
 Swinge, to beat, to strike, to
 whip.
 Swirl, a curve, an eddying blast,
 or pool, a knot in wood.

Swirlie, knaggy, full of knots.
 Swith! get away!
 Swither, to hesitate in choice; an
 irresolute wavering in choice.
 Syne, since, ago, then.

T.

TACKETS, a kind of nails for
 driving into the heels of shoes.
 Tac, a toe; *three-tae'd*, having
 three prongs.
 Tairge, to examine; a target.
 Tak, to take.
 Takin, taking.
 Tamtallan, the name of a moun-
 tain.
 Tangle, a sea-weed.
 Tap, the top.
 Tapetless, headless, foolish.
 Tarrow, to murmur at one's al-
 lowance.
 Tarrow't, murmured.
 Tarry-brecks, a sailor.
 Tartan, a kind of cloth chequered
 with stripes of various colours.
 Tauld, or Tald, told.
 Taupie, a foolish thoughtless
 young person.
 Tauted, or Tautie, matted toge-
 ther; spoken of hair or wool.
 Tawie, that allows itself peace-
 ably to be handled; spoken of
 a horse, cow, &c.
 Teat, a small quantity.
 Tedding, spreading after the
 mower.
 Ten-hours'-bite, a slight feed to
 the horses while in the yoke,
 in the forenoon.
 Tent, a field-pulpit, heed cau-
 tion; to take heed.
 Tentic, heedful, cautious, wary.
 Tentless, heedless.
 Tough, tough.

Thack, thatch; *thack an' rape*, clothing, necessities.

Thae, these.

Thairms, small guts, fiddle-strings.

Thankit, thanked.

Thaeckit, thatched.

Thegither, together.

Themsel, themselves

Thick, intimate, familiar

Thieveless, cold, dry, spited; spoken of a person's demeanour.

Thir, these.

Thirl, to thrill.

Thirled, thrilled, vibrated.

Thole, to suffer, to endure.

Thowe, a thaw, to thaw.

Thowless, slack, lazy.

Thrang, throng; a crowd.

Thrapple, throat, windpipe.

Thraw, to sprain, to twist, to contradict.

Thrawin, twisting, &c.

Thrawn, sprained, twisted, contradicted, contradiction.

Threap, to maintain by dint of assertion.

Threshin, thrashing.

Threteen, thirteen.

Thristle, thistle.

Through, to go on with, to make out.

Throuther, pell-mell, confusedly

Thud, to make a loud intermittent noise; a blow producing dull heavy sound.

Thumpit, thumped.

Thysel, thyself.

Till't, to it.

Timmer, timber.

Timmer-propt, propped with timber.

Tine, to lose.

Tint, lost; *tint the gate*, lost the way.

Tinkler, a tinker.

Tip, a ram.

Tippence, twopence.

Tirl, to make a slight noise, to uncover.

Tirlin, uncovering.

Tither, the other.

Tittle, to whisper.

Tittlin, whispering.

Tooher, marriage portion.

Tod, a fox.

Toddle, to totter, like the walk of a child.

Toddlin, tottering.

Toom, empty.

Toop, a ram.

Toun, a hamlet, a farm-house.

Tout, the blast of a horn or trumpet, to blow a horn, &c.

Tow, a rope.

Towmond, a twelvemonth.

Touzie, rough, shaggy.

Toy, a very old fashion of female head-dress.

Toyte, to totter like old age.

Trams, shafts.

Transmugrify'd, transmigrated, metamorphosed.

Trashtrie, trash.

Trews, trowsers.

Trickie, full of tricks, playful.

Trig, spruce, neat.

Trimly, excellently.

Trow, to believe.

Trowth, truth, a petty oath.

Trysted, appointed; to *tryste*, to make an appointment.

Try't, tried.

Tug, raw hide, of which, in old times, plough-traces were frequently made.

Tulzie, a quarrel; to quarrel, to fight.

Twa, two.

Twa-three, a few.

'Twad it would.

Twal, twelve; *twal-pennie worth*, a small quantity, a penny-worth.

Twin, to part.

Tyke, a dog.

U.

UNCO, strange, uncouth, very, very great, prodigious.

Uncos, news.

Unfauld, unfold.

Unkenn'd, unknown.

Unsicker, unsure, unsteady.

Unskaith'd, undamaged, unhurt.

Unweeting, unwitting, unknowing.

Upo', upon.

Urchin, a hedgehog.

V.

VAP'RIN, vapouring, bullying, bragging.

Vauntie, vain, proud.

Vera, very.

Vir, a ring round a column, &c.

W.

WA', wall.

Wa's, walls.

Wabster, a weaver.

Wad, would; to bet; a bet, a pledge.

Wadna, would not.

Wae, woe, sorrowful.

Waesucks! or Waes me! alas! O the pity!

Waft, the cross thread that goes from the shuttle through the web; woof.

Waifu', wailing.

Wair, to lay out, to expend.

Wale, choice; to choose.

Wal'd, chose, chosen.

Wailie, ample, large, jolly; also an interjection of distress.

Wame, the belly.

Wamefou, a belly-full.

Wanchancie, unlucky, ill-omened, inauspicious.

Wanrestfu', restless, uneasy.

Wark, work.

Wark-lume, a tool to work with.

Warl, or Warld, world.

Warlock, a wizard.

Warly, worldly, eager on amassing wealth.

Warran, a warrant; to warrant.

Warst, worst.

Warstl'd, or Warl'd, wrestled.

Wastrie, prodigality.

Wat, wet; *I wat*, I wot, I know.

Water-brose, brose made of meal and water simply, without the additions of milk, butter, &c.

Wattle, a twig, a wand.

Wauble, to swing, to reel.

Waught, draught.

Waukit, thickened, as fullers do cloth.

Waukrife, not apt to sleep.

Waur, worse; to worst.

Waur't, worsted.

Wean, or Weanie, a child.

Wearie, or Weary; *monie a wearie body*, many a different person.

Weason, weasand.

Weaving the stocking. See Throwing the stocking, page 90.

Wee, little.

Wee things, little ones.

Wee bit, a small matter.

Weel, well.

Weelfare, welfare.

Weet, rain, wetness.

Weird, fate.

We'se, we shall.

Wha, who.

Whaizle, to wheeze.

Whalpit, whelped, brought forth.

Whang, a leathern string, a piece of cheese, bread, &c. ; to give the strappado.

Whare, where.

Whare'er, wherever.

Whase, whose.

Whatreck, nevertheless.

Whaup, the curlew ; a kind of water-fowl.

Wheep, to fly nimbly, to jerk ; penny-wheep, small beer.

Whid, the motion of a hare, running but not frightened ; a lie.

Whidden, running as a hare or coney.

Whigmeleeries, whims, fancies, erotehets.

Whingin, crying, complaining, fretting.

Whirlligums, useless ornaments, trifling appendages.

Whirrin', whirring ; the sound made by the flight of the partridge, &c.

Whisht, silence ; to hold one's whisht, to be silent.

Whisk, to sweep, to lash.

Whiskin, large, sweeping.

Whiskit, lashed.

Whistle, a whistle ; to whistle.

Whitter, a hearty draught of liquor.

Whun-stane, a whinstone.

Whyles, whiles, sometimes.

Wi', with.

Wick, to strike a stone in an oblique direction, a term in curling.

Wicker, willow, (the smaller sort.)

Widdleful, wrathful, angry, raging ; one deserving the gallows.

Widdle, struggle, bustle, effort.

Wiel, a small whirlpool.

Wifie, a diminutive or endearing term for wife.

Wilfu', willing, full of will.

Willyart, bashful, reserved, timid.

Wimple, to meander, to run very irregularly.

Wimpl't, meandered.

Wimplin, waving, meandering.

Win, to wind, to winnow.

Win't, winded, as a bottom of yarn.

Win', wind.

Win's, winds.

Winna, will not.

Winnock, a window.

Winsome, hearty, vaunted, gay.

Wintle, a staggering motion ; to stagger, to reel.

Winze, an oath.

Wiss, to wish, to have a strong desire.

W' houten, without.

Witless, simple, easily imposed on.

Wizen'd, hide-bound, dried, shrunk.

Wonner, a wonder, a contemptuous appellation.

Wons, dwells, resides.

Woo', wool.

Woo, to court, to make love to.

Woodie, a rope, more properly one made of withs or willows ; a halter, the gallows.

Wooser-bab, the garter knotted below the knee with a couple of loops.

Wordy, worthy.

Worset, worsted.

Wow, an exclamation of pleasure or wonder.

Wrack, to tease, to vex.

Wraith, a spirit, a ghost ; an apparition exactly like a living

person, whose appearance is said to forbode the person's approaching death.

Wrang, wrong; to wrong, 'o injure.

Wreetb, a drifted heap of snow.

Wricers, attorneys, lawyers.

Wud-mad, distracted, wild.

Wumble, a wimble, an instrument for boring holes.

Wyle, beguile.

Wyliccoat, a flannel vest.

Wyte, blame; to blame, to accuse.

Y.

YE; this pronoun is frequently used for *thou*.

Year, is used both for singular and plural, *years*.

Yearlings, born in the same year, coevals.

Yearns, longs much, desires earnestly.

Yell, barren, that gives no milk.

Yerk, to lash, to strike, to jerk.

Yerkit, jerked, lashed, struck.

Yestreen, yesternight, the night before.

Yett, a gate, such as is usually at the entrance into a farm-yard or field.

Yill, ale.

Yird, earth.

Yokin, yoking, a bout.

Yont, beyond.

Yoursel', yourself.

Yowe, an ewe.

Yowie, dimin. of yowe.

Yule, Christmas.

POEMS,
CHIEFLY
SCOTTISH.

IN FIVE BOOKS.

VOL. I.

6

FORMS

OF

SCOTTISH

IN FIVE BOOKS

PREFACE

TO THE FIRST EDITION.

THE following Trifles are not the production of the poet who, with all the advantages of learned art, and perhaps amid the elegancies and idlenesses of upper life, looks down for a rural theme, with an eye to Theocritus or Virgil. To the Author of this, these and other celebrated names, their countrymen, are, at least in their original language, *a fountain shut up, and a book sealed.* Unacquainted with the necessary requisites for commencing poet by rule, he sings the sentiments and manners he felt and saw in himself and his rustic compeers around him, in his and their native language. Though a rhymers from his earliest years, at least from the earliest impulses of the softer passions, it was not till very lately that the applause, perhaps the partiality, of friendship, wakened his vanity so far as to make

him think any thing of his worth showing; and none of the following works were composed with a view to the press. To amuse himself with the little creations of his own fancy, amid the toil and fatigues of a laborious life; to transcribe the various feelings, the loves, the griefs, the hopes, the fears, in his own breast; to find some kind of counterpoise to the struggles of a world, always an alien scene, a task uncouth to the poetical mind—these were his motives for courting the Muses, and in these he found Poetry to be its own reward.

Now that he appears in the public character of an Author, he does it with fear and trembling. So dear is fame to the rhyming tribe, that even he, an obscure, nameless Bard, shrinks aghast at the thought of being branded as—an impertinent blockhead, obtruding his nonsense on the world; and, because he can make a shift to jingle a few doggrel Scotch rhymes together, looking upon himself as a poet of no small consequence forsooth!

It is an observation of that celebrated poet, Shenstone, whose divine elegies do honour to our language, our nation, and our species, that “**HUMILITY** has depressed many a genius to a hermit, but never raised one to fame!” If any critic catches at the word **GENIUS**, the Author tells him, once for all, that he certainly looks upon himself as possessed of some poetic abilities, otherwise his publishing in the manner he has done, would be a manœuvre below the worst character which, he hopes, his worst enemy will ever give him. But to the genius of a Ramsay, or the glorious dawns of the poor unfortunate Fergusson, he, with equal unaffected sincerity, declares, that even in his highest pulse of vanity, he has not the most distant pretensions. These two justly-admired Scotch poets he has often had in his eye in the following pieces; but rather with a view to kindle at their flame, than for servile imitation.

To his Subscribers, the Author returns his most sincere thanks—not the mercenary bow over a

counter, but the heart-throbbing gratitude of the Bard, conscious how much he owes to benevolence and friendship, for gratifying him, if he deserves it, in that dearest wish of every poetic bosom—to be distinguished. He begs his readers, particularly the learned and the polite, who may honour him with a perusal, that they will make every allowance for education and circumstances of life; but if, after a fair, candid, and impartial criticism, he shall stand convicted of dulness and nonsense, let him be done by as he would in that case do by others—let him be condemned, without mercy, to contempt and oblivion.

DEDICATION

TO THE SECOND EDITION.

TO THE NOBLEMEN AND GENTLEMEN OF
THE CALEDONIAN HUNT.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

A Scottish Bard, proud of the name, and whose highest ambition is to sing in his Country's service—where shall he so properly look for patronage as to the illustrious names of his native Land; those who bear the honours and inherit the virtues of their Ancestors? The Poetic Genius of my Country found me, as the prophetic bard Elihu did Elisha—at the PLOUGH; and threw her inspiring MANTLE over me. She bade me sing the loves, the joys, the rural scenes and rural pleasures of my native soil, in my native tongue: I tuned

my wild, artless notes, as she inspired.—She whispered me to come to this ancient Metropolis of Caledonia, and lay my Songs under your honoured protection.

Though much indebted to your goodness, I do not approach you, my lords and gentlemen, in the usual style of dedication, to thank you for past favours. That path is so hacknied by prostituted learning, that honest rusticity is ashamed of it. Nor do I present this address with the venal soul of a servile Author, looking for a continuation of those favours: I was bred to the Plough, and am independent. I come to claim the common Scottish name with you, my illustrious countrymen; and to tell the world that I glory in the title. I come to congratulate my Country that the blood of her ancient heroes still runs uncontaminated; and that from your courage, knowledge, and public spirit, she may expect protection, wealth, and liberty. In the last place, I come to proffer my warmest wishes to the great Fountain of honour, the Monarch of the universe, for your welfare and happiness.

When you go forth to waken the Echoes, in the ancient and favourite amusement of your fore-

fathers, may Pleasure ever be of your party: and may Social Joy await your return! When harassed in courts or camps with the jostlings of bad men and bad measures, may the honest consciousness of injured worth attend your return to your Native Seats; and may Domestic Happiness, with a smiling welcome, meet you at your gates! May corruption shrink at your kindling, indignant glance; and may tyranny in the Ruler, and licentiousness in the People, equally find you an inexorable foe!

I have the honour to be,

With the sincerest gratitude, and highest respect,

My Lords and Gentlemen,

Your most devoted, humble Servant,

ROBERT BURNS.

Edinburgh,
April 4, 1787.

POEMS,
CHIEFLY
SCOTTISH.

BOOK I.

MORAL, RELIGIOUS, AND PRECEPTIVE.

THE TWA DOGS,

A TALE.

'Twas in that place o' Scotland's isle,
That bears the name o' *Auld King Coil*,
Upon a bonie day in June,
When wearing thro' the afternoon,
Twa dogs that were na thrang at hame,
Forgather'd ance upon a time.

The first I'll name, they ca'd him *Cæsar*,
Was keepit for his Honour's pleasure :
His hair, his size, his mouth, his lugs,
Show'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs ;
But whalpit some place far abroad,
Where sailors gang to fish for cod.

His locked, letter'd, braw brass collar,
 Show'd him the gentleman and scholar ;
 But tho' he was o' high degree,
 The fient a pride nae pride had he ;
 But wad hae spent an hour caressin,
 Ev'n wi' a tinkler-gypsey's messin :
 At kirk or market, mill or smiddie,
 Nae tawted tyke, tho' e'er sae duddie,
 But he wad stan't, as glad to see him,
 And stroan't on stanes an' hillocks wi' him.

The tither was a ploughman's collie,
 A rhyming, ranting, raving billie,
 Wha for his friend an' comrade had him,
 And in his freaks had *Luath* ca'd him,
 After some dog in Highland sang,*
 Was made lang syne—Lord knows how lang.

He was a gash an' faithful tyke,
 As ever lap a sheugh or dyke.
 His honest, sonsie, baws'nt face,
 Ay gat him friends in ilka place.
 His breast was white, his touzie back
 Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black ;
 His gawcie tail, wi' upward curl,
 Hung o'er his hurdies wi' a swirl.

Nae doubt but they were fain o' ither,
 An' unco pack an' thick thegither ;
 Wi' social nose whyles snuff'd and snowkit,
 Whyles mice and moudieworts they howkit ;

* Cuthullin's dog in Ossian's Fingal.

Whyles scour'd awa in lang excursion,
An' worry'd ither in diversion ;
Until wi' daffin weary grown,
Upon a knowe they sat them down,
And there began a lang digression
About the *Lords o' the Creation*.

CÆSAR.

I've aften wonder'd, honest *Luath*,
What sort o' life poor dogs like you have ;
An' when the gentry's life I saw,
What way poor bodies liv'd ava.

Our Laird gets in his racked rents,
His coals, his kain, and a' his stents :
He rises when he likes himsel :
His flunkies answer at the bell :
He ca's his coach, he ca's his horse ;
He draws a bonie silken purse
As lang's my tail, where, thro' the steeks,
The yellow letter'd Geordie keeks.

Frae morn to e'en it's naught but toiling,
At baking, roasting, frying, boiling ;
An' tho' the gentry first are stechin,
Yet ev'n the ha' folk fill their pechan
Wi' sauce, ragouts, and sic like trashtrie,
That's little short of downright wastrie,
Our Whipper-in, wee blastit wonner,
Poor worthless elf, it eats a dinner,
Better than ony tenant man
His Honour has in a' the lan' :
An' what poor cot-folk pit their painch in,
I own it's past my comprehension.

LUATH.

Trowth, Cæsar, whyles they're fasht enough;
 A cotter howkin in a sheugh,
 Wi' dirty stanes biggin a dyke,
 Baring a quarry, and sic like,
 Himself, a wife, he thus sustains,
 A smytrie o' wee duddie weans,
 An' nought but his han' darg, to keep
 Them right and tight in thack an' rape.

An' when they meet wi' sair disasters,
 Like loss o' health, or want o' masters,
 Ye maist wad think, a wee touch ianger,
 An' they maun starve o' cauld and hunger:
 But, how it comes, I never kenn'd yet,
 They're maistly wonderfu' contented;
 An' buirdly chiels, and clever hizzies,
 Are bred in sic a way as this is.

CÆSAR.

But then to see how ye're negleckit,
 How huff'd, and cuff'd, and disrespeckit!
 L—d, man, our gentry care as little
 For delvers, ditchers, an' sic cattle;
 They gang as saucy by poor folk,
 As I wad by a stinking brock.

I've notic'd, on our Laird's court-day,
 An' mony a time my heart's been wae,
 Poor tenant bodies, scant o' cash,
 How they maun thole a factor's snash:
 He'll stamp an' threaten, curse an' swear,
 He'll apprehend them, poind their gear;

While they maun stan', wi' aspect humble ;
An' hear it a', an' fear an' tremble !

I see how folk live that hae riches ;
But surely poor folk maun be wretches !

LUATH.

They're nae sae wretched's ane wad think ;
Tho' constantly on poortith's brink :
They're sae accustom'd wi' the sight,
The view o't gies them little fright.

Then chance an' fortune are sae guided,
They're ay in less or mair provided ;
An' tho' fatigu'd wi' close employment,
A blink o' rest's a sweet enjoyment.

The dearest comfort o' their lives,
Their grushie weans an' faithfu' wives ;
The prattling things are just their pride,
That sweetens a' their fire-side.

An' whyles twalpennie-worth o' nappie
Can make the bodies unco happy ;
They lay aside their private cares,
To mind the kirk and state affairs :
They'll talk o' patronage and priests,
Wi' kindling fury in their breasts,
Or tell what new taxation's comin,
An' ferlie at the folk in *Lon'on*.

As bleak-fac'd Hallowmas returns,
They get the jovial, ranting kirns,
When *rural life*, o' every station,
Unite in common recreation :

Love blinks, Wit slaps, and social Mirth,
Forgets there's Care upo' the earth.

That merry day the year begins,
They bar the door on frosty winds ;
The nappy reeks wi' mantling ream,
An' sheds a heart-inspiring steam ;
The luntin pipe, an' sneeshin mill,
Are handed round wi' right guid will ;
The cantie auld folks crackin crouse,
The young anes rantin thro' the house—
My heart has been sae fain to see them,
That I for joy hae barkit wi' them.

Still it's owre true that ye hae said,
Sic game is now owre aften play'd.
There's monie a creditable stock
O' decent, honest, fawsont folk,
Are riven out baith root and branch,
Some rascal's pridefu' greed to quench
Wha thinks to knit himsel the faster
In favour wi' some gentle master,
Wha, aiblins thrang a-parliamentin,
For Britain's guid his saul indentin—

CÆSAR.

Haith, lad, ye little ken about it ;
For Britain's guid ! guid faith ! I doubt i.
Say rather, gaun as *Premiers* lead him,
An' saying *aye* or *no's* they bid him :
At operas an' plays parading,
Mortgaging, gambling, masquerading ;
Or, may be, in a frolic daft,
To *Hague* or *Calais* takes a waft,

To make a tour, an' tak a whirl,
To learn *bon ton* an' see the worl'.

There, at *Vienna* or *Versailles*,
He rives his father's auld entails ;
Or by *Madrid* he takes the rout,
To thrum guitars, and fecht wi' nowt ;
Or down Italian vista startles,
Wh-re hunting among groves o' myrtles :
Then bouses drumly German water,
To mak himsel look fair and fatter,
An' clear the consequential sorrows,
Love-gifts of Carnival signoras.
For Britain's guid ! for her destruction !
Wi' dissipation, feud, an' faction.

LUATH.

Hech man ! dear sirs ! is that the gate
They waste sae mony a braw estate !
Are we sae foughten an' harass'd
For gear to gang that gate at last !

O would they stay aback frae courts,
An' please themselves wi' countra sports,
It wad for ev'ry ane be better,
The Laird, the Tenant, an' the Cotter !
For thae frank, rantin, ramblin billies,
Fient haet o' them's ill-hearted fellows !
Except for breakin o' their timmer,
Or speakin lightly o' their limmer,
Or shootin o' a hare or moor-cock,
The ne'er a bit they're ill to poor folk.

But will you tell me, Master *Cæsar*,
Sare great folk's life's a life o' pleasure !

Nae cauld or hunger e'er can steer them,
The vera thought o't need na fear them.

CÆSAR.

L—d, man, where ye but whyles whare I am,
The gentles ye wad ne'er envy 'em.

It's true, they need na starve or sweat,
Thro' winter's cauld, or simmer's heat;
They've nae sair wark to craze their banes,
An' fill auld age wi' grips an' granes :
But human bodies are sic fools,
For a' their colleges and schools,
That when nae real ills perplex them,
They make enow themsels to vex them,
An' ay the less they hae to sturt them,
In like proportion less will hurt them
A country fellow at the plough,
His acres till'd, he's right enough ;
A country girl at her wheel,
Her dizzen's done, she's unco weel :
But Gentlemen, an' Ladies warst,
Wi' ev'ndown want o' wark are curst.
They loiter, lounging, lank, an' lazy ;
Tho' deil haet ails them, yet uneasy ;
Their days insipid, dull, an' tasteless ;
Their nights unquiet, lang, and restless :
An' e'en their sports, their balls, an' races,
Their galloping thro' public places.
There's sic parade, sic pomp, an' art,
The joy can scarcely reach the heart.
The men cast out in party matches,
Then sowther a' in deep debauches ;

Ae night they're mad wi' drink an' wh-ring,
Niest day their life is past enduring.
The Ladies arm-in-arm in clusters,
As great and gracious a' as sisters;
But hear their absent thoughts o' ither,
They're a' run deils an' jades thegither.
Whyles, o'er the wee bit cup an' platie,
They sip the scandal potion pretty;
Or lee-lang nights, wi' crabbit leuks
Pore owre the devil's pictur'd beuks;
Stake on a chance a farmer's stackyard,
An' cheat like ony unhang'd blackguard.

There's some exception, man an' woman;
But this is gentry's life in common.

By this, the sun was out o' sight,
An' darker gloaming brought the night;
The bum-clock humm'd wi' lazy drone;
The kye stood rowtin i' the loan:
When up they gat, and shook their lugs,
Rejoic'd they were na *men* but *dogs*;
An' each took aff his several way,
Resolv'd to meet some ither day.

THE BRIGS OF AYR,

A POEM.

INSCRIBED TO J. B*****, Esq. AYR.

THE simple Bard, rough at the rustic plough,
 Learning his tuneful trade from ev'ry bough ;
 The chanting linnet, or the mellow thrush,
 Hailing the setting sun, sweet, in the green thorn
 bush ;
 The soaring lark, the perching red breast shrill,
 Or deep-ton'd plovers, grey, wild-whistling o'er
 the hill ;
 Shall he, nurst in the Peasant's lowly shed,
 To hardy Independence bravely bred,
 By early Poverty to hardship steel'd,
 And train'd to arms in stern Misfortune's field ;
 Shall he be guilty of their hireling crimes,
 The servile, mercenary Swiss of rhymes ?
 Or labour hard the panegyric close,
 With all the venal soul of dedicating Prose ?
 No ! though his artless strains he rudely sings,
 And throws his hand uncouthly o'er the strings,
 He glows with all the spirit of the Bard,
 Fame, honest fame, his great, his dear reward !
 Still, if some patron's gen'rous care he trace,
 Skill'd in the secret, to bestow with grace ;
 When B***** befriends his humble name,
 And hands the rustic stranger up to fame,
 With heart-felt throes his grateful bosom swells,
 The godlike bliss, to give, alone excels.

.....

'Twas when the stacks get on their winter-hap,
 And thack and rape secure the toil-worn crap ;
 Potatoe-bings are snugged up frae skaith
 Of coming Winter's biting, frosty breath ;
 The bees, rejoicing o'er their summer toils,
 Unnumber'd buds, an' flowers' delicious spoils,
 Seal'd up with frugal care in massive waxen piles,
 Are doom'd by man, that tyrant o'er the weak,
 The death o' devils smoor'd wi' brimstone reek :
 The thundering guns are heard on ev'ry side,
 The wounded coveys, reeling, scatter wide ;
 The feather'd field-mates, bound by Nature's tie,
 Sires, mothers, children, in one carnage lie :
 (What warm, poetic heart, but inly bleeds,
 And execrates man's savage, ruthless deeds !)
 Nae mair the flow'r in field or meadow springs ;
 Nae mair the grove with airy concert rings,
 Except perhaps the Robin's whistling glee,
 Proud o' the height o' some bit half-lang tree :
 The hoary morns precede the sunny days,
 Mild, calm, serene, wide spreads the noon-
 tide blaze,
 While thick the gossamour waves wanton in
 the rays.

'Twas in that season, when a simple Bard,
 Unknown and poor, simplicity's reward ;
 Ae night, within the ancient burgh of *Ayr*,
 By whim inspir'd, or haply press'd wi' care ;
 He left his bed, and took his wayward route,
 And down by *Simpson's** wheel'd the left about :
 (Whether impell'd by all-directing Fate,
 To witness what I after shall narrate ;

* A noted tavern at the *Auld Brig* end.

Or whether, rapt in meditation high,
 He wander'd out he knew not where nor why :)
 The drowsy *Dungeon-clock** had number'd two,
 And *Wallace Tow'r* had sworn the fact was true :
 The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen-sounding roar,
 Through the still night dash'd hoarse along the shore :
 All else was hush'd as Nature's closed e'e ;
 The silent moon shone high o'er tow'r and tree :
 The chilly frost, beneath the silver beam,
 Crept, gently-crusting, o'er the glittering stream.—

When, lo ! on either hand the list'ning Bard,
 The clanging sigh of whistling wings he heard ;
 Two dusky forms dart thro' the midnight air,
 Swift as the Gost drives on the wheeling hare ;
 Ane on th' *Auld Brig* his airy shape uprears,
 The ither flutters o'er the *rising piers* :
 Our warlock Rhymer instantly descry'd
 The Sprites that owre the *Brigs of Ayr* preside.
 (That bards are second-sighted is nae joke,
 And ken the lingo o' the sp'ritual folk ;
 Fays, Spunkies, Kelpies, a', they can explain them,
 And ev'n the vera deils they brawly ken them.)
Auld Brig appear'd of ancient Pictish race,
 The vera wrinkles Gothic in his face :
 He seem'd as he wi' time had warstl'd lang,
 Yet teughly doure, he bade an unco bang.
New Brig was buskit in a braw new coat,
 That he, at *Lon'on*, frae ane *Adams*, got ;
 In's hand five taper staves as smooth's a bead,
 Wi' virls and whirlygigums at the head.

* The two steeples.

† The gos-hawk, or falcon.

The Goth was stalking round with anxious search,
 Spying the time-worn flaws in ev'ry arch;
 It chanc'd his new-come neebor took his e'e,
 And e'en a vex'd and angry heart had he!
 Wi' thieveless sneer to see his modish mien,
 He, down the water, gies him this guideen:—

AULD BRIG.

I doubt na, frien', ye'll think ye're nae sheep-
 shank,
 Ance ye were streekit o'er frae bank to bank!
 But gin ye be a brig as auld as me,
 Tho' faith that day, I doubt ye'll never see;
 There'll be, if that date come, I'll wad a boddle,
 Some fewer whigmeleeries in your noddle.

NEW BRIG.

Auld Vandal, ye but show your little mense,
 Just much about it wi' your scanty sense;
 Will your poor, narrow foot-path of a street,
 Where twa wheel-barrows tremble when they meet
 Your ruin'd, formless bulk, o' stane an' lime,
 Compare wi' bonie *Brigs* o' modern time?
 There's men o' taste would take the *Duckat stream**,
 Tho' they should cast the very sark and swim,
 Ere they would grate their feelings wi' the view
 Of sic an ugly, gothic hulk as you.

AULD BRIG.

Conceited gowk! puff'd up wi' windy pride!
 This mony a year I've stood the flood an' tide;

* A noted ford just above the *Auld Brig*.

And tho' wi' crazy eild I'm sair forfairn,
 I'll be a *Brig*, when ye're a shapeless cairn !
 As yet ye little ken about the matter,
 But twa-three winters will inform ye better,
 When heavy, dark, continued a'-day rains,
 Wi' deepening deluges o'erflow the plains ;
 When from the hills where springs the brawling
 Coil,

Or stately *Lugar's* mossy fountains boil,
 Or where the *Greenock* winds his moorland course,
 Or haunted *Garpal** draws his feeble source,
 Arous'd by blust'ring winds an' spotting thowes,
 In mony a torrent down his sna broo rowes ;
 While crashing ice, borne on the roaring speat,
 Sweeps dams, an' mills, an' brigs, a' to the gate ;
 And from *Glenbuck*†, down to the *Ratton-key*‡,
 Auld *Ayr* is just one lengthen'd, tumbling sea ;
 'Then down ye'll hurl—deil nor ye never rise !
 And dash the gumlie jaups up to the pouring skies :
 A lesson sadly teaching, to your cost,
 That Architecture's noble art is lost !

NEW BRIG.

Fine *Architecture* ! trowth, I needs must say't o't !
 The L—d be thankit that we've tint the gate o't !
 Gaunt, ghastly, ghaist-alluring edifices,
 Hanging with threat'ning jut, like precipices ;
 O'er-arching, mouldy, gloom-inspiring coves,
 Supporting roofs fantastic, stony groves ;

* The banks of *Garpal Water* is one of the few places in the west of Scotland, where those fancy-scaring beings, known by the name of *Ghaists*, still continue pertinaciously to inhabit.

† The source of the river *Ayr*.

‡ A small landing place above the large key.

Windows and doors, in nameless sculpture drest,
 With order, symmetry, or taste, unblest ;
 Forms like some bedlam-statuary's dream,
 'The craz'd creations of misguided whim ;
 Forms might be worshipp'd on the bended knee,
 And still the *second dread command* be free,
 Their likeness is not found on earth, in air, or sea.
 Mansions that would disgrace the building taste
 Of any mason reptile, bird or beast ;
 Fit only for a doited Monkish race,
 Or frosty maids, forsworn the dear embrace,
 Or Cuifs of latter times, wha held the notion
 That sullen gloom was sterling, true devotion ;
 Fancies that our guid Burgh denies protection,
 And soon may they expire, unblest'd with resur-
 rection !

AULD BRIG.

O ye, my dear-remember'd, ancient yealings,
 Were ye but here to share my wounded feelings !
 Ye worthy *Proveses*, an' mony a *Bailie*,
 Wha in the paths of righteousness did toil ay ;
 Ye dainty *Deacons*, and ye douce *Conveeners*,
 To whom our moderns are but causey-cleaners ;
 Ye godly *Councils* wha have bless'd this town ;
 Ye godly *Brethren* of the sacred gown,
 Wha meekly gae your *hurdies* to the *smitters* ;
 And (what would now be strange) ye *Godly*
Writers ;

A' ye douce folk I've borne aboon the broo,
 Were ye but here, what would ye say or do ?
 How would your spirits groan in deep vexation,
 To see each melancholy alteration ;

And agonizing, curse the time and place
 When ye begat the base, degen'rate race!
 Nae langer Rev'rend Men, their country's glory,
 In plain braid Scots hold forth a plain braid story;
 Nae langer thrifty Citizens, an' douce,
 Meet owre a pint, or in the Council-house;
 But staumrel, corky-headed, graceless gentry,
 The herryment and ruin of the country;
 Men, three parts made by Tailors and by Barbers,
 Wha waste your weel-hain'd gear, on d—d *new*
Brigs and Harbours!

NEW BRIG.

Now haud you there! for faith ye've said enough
 And muckle mair that ye can make to through,
 As for your Priesthood, I shall say but iittle,
Corbies, and *Clergy*, are a shot right kittle;
 But under favour o' your langer beard,
 Abuse o' magistrates might weel be spar'd:
 To liken them to your auld-world squad,
 I must needs say, comparisons are odd.
 In *Ayr*, Wag-wits nae mair can hae a handle
 To mouth 'a Citizen,' a term o' scandal:
 Nae mair the Council waddles down the street,
 In all the pomp of ignorant conceit;
 Men wha grew wise priggish owre hops an' raisins,
 Or gather'd lib'ral views in Bonds and Seisins.
 If haply Knowledge, on a random tramp,
 Had shar'd them with a glimmer of his lamp,
 And would to Common-sense, for once betray'd
 them,
 Plain, dull Stupidity stept kindly in to aid them.

.....

What farther clishmaclaver might been said,
 What bloody wars, if Sprites had blood to shed
 No man can tell ; but all before their sight,
 A fairy train appear'd in order bright :
 Adown the glittering stream they featly danc'd ;
 Bright to the moon their various dresses glanc'd :
 They footed o'er the wat'ry glass so neat,
 The infant ice scarce bent beneath their feet :
 While arts of Minstrelsy among them rung,
 And soul-ennobling Bards heroic ditties sung:
 O had *M'Lauchlan**, thairm-inspiring sage,
 Been there to hear this heavenly band engage,
 When through his dear *Strathspeys* they bore with
 Highland rage ;
 Or when they struck old Scotia's melting airs,
 The lover's raptur'd joys or bleeding cares ;
 How would his Highland lug been nobler fir'd
 And ev'n his matchless hand with finer touch in-
 spir'd ?
 No guess could tell what instrument appear'd,
 But all the soul of Music's self was heard ;
 Harmonious concert rung in every part,
 While simple melody pour'd moving on the heart.

The Genius of the Stream in front appears,
 A venerable Chief advanc'd in years ;
 His hoary head with water-lilies crown'd,
 His manly leg with garter tangle bound,
 Next came the loveliest pair in all the ring,
 Sweet female Beauty hand in hand with Spring ;
 Then crown'd with flow'ry hay, came Rural Joy,
 And Summer, with his fervid-beaming eye ;

* A well-known performer of Scottish music on the violin.

All-cheering Plenty, with her flowing horn,
 Led yellow Autumn wreath'd with nodding corn;
 Then Winter's time-bleach'd locks did hoary show,
 By Hospitality with cloudless brow.
 Next follow'd Courage with his martial stride,
 From where the *Feal* wild-woody coverts hide;
 Benevolence, with mild, benignant air,
 A female form*, came from the tow'rs of *Stair*;
 Learning and Worth in equal measures trode
 From simple *Catrine*, their long-lov'd abode;
 Last, white-rob'd Peace, crown'd with a hazel
 wreath,
 To rustic Agriculture did bequeath
 The broken iron instruments of Death;
 At sight of whom our sprites forgot their kindling
 wrath.

THE VISION.

DUAN FIRST†.

THE sun had clos'd the winter day,
 The curlers quat their roaring play,
 An' hunger'd maukin ta'en her way
 To kail-yards green,
 While faithless snaws ilk step betray
 Whar she has been.

* The Poet here alludes to a Mrs. Stewart, who was then in possession of Stair. She afterwards removed to Afton-lodge, on the banks of the Afton, a stream which he subsequently celebrated in a song entitled "Afton Water."—*Ed.*

† *Duan*, a term of Ossian's for the different divisions of a digressive poem. See his *Gath-Loda*, vol. ii, of Macpherson's translation.

The thresher's weary *flingin-tree*
The lee-lang day had tired me ;
And whan the day had clos'd his e'e,
Far i' the west,
Ben i' the *spence*, right pensivelie,
I gaed to rest.

There, lanely, by the ingle-cheek,
I sat and ey'd the spewing reek,
That fill'd, wi' hoast-provoking smeek,
The auld clay-biggin ;
An' heard the restless rattons squeak
About the riggin.

All in this mottie, misty clime,
I backward mus'd on wasted time,
How I had spent my youthfu' prime,
An' done nae-thing,
But stringin blethers up in rhyme,
For fools to sing.

Had I to guid advice but harkit,
I might, by this, hae led a market,
Or strutted in a bank an' clarkit
My cash-account :
While here, half-mad, half-fed, half-sarkit,
Is a' th' amount.

I started, mutt'ring, blockhead ! coof !
And heav'd on high my waukit loof,
To swear by a' yon starry roof,
Or some rash aith,
That I, henceforth, would be *rhyme proof* ;
Till my last breath—

When click ! the string the snick did draw ;
 And jee ! the door gaed to the wa' ;
 An' by my ingle-lowe I saw,
 Now bleezin bright,
 A tight, outlandish *Hizzie*, braw,
 Come full in sight.

Ye need na doubt, I held my whisht ;
 The infant aith, half-form'd, was crusht ;
 I glow'rd as eerie's I'd been dusht
 In some wild glen ;
 When sweet, like modest Worth, she blusht,
 And stepped ben.

Green, slender, leaf-clad *holly-boughs*
 Were twisted, gracefu', round her brows ;
 I took her for some *Scottish Muse*,
 By that same token ;
 An' come to stop those reckless vows,
 Wou'd soon been broken.

A "hair-brain'd sentimental trace,"
 Was strongly marked in her face ;
 A wildy-witty, rustic grace
 Shone full upon her ;
 Her eye, ev'n turn'd on empty space,
 Beam'd keen with Honour.

Down flow'd her robe, a tartan sheen,
 Till half a leg was scrimply seen ;
 And such a leg ! my bonie *Jean*
 Could only peer it ;
 Sae straught, sae taper, tight, and clean,
 Nane else came near it.

Her *Mantle* large, of greenish hue,
My gazing wonder chiefly drew ;
Deep *lights* and *shades*, bold-mingling, threw
A lustre grand ;
And seem'd, to my astonish'd view,
A *well-known* land.

Here, rivers in the sea were lost ;
There, mountains to the skies were tost ;
Here, tumbling billows mark'd the coast,
With surging foam ;
There distant shone Art's lofty boast,
The lordly dome.

Here, *Doon* pour'd down his far-fetch'd floods ;
There, well-fed *Irvine* stately thuds ;
Auld hermit *Ayr* staw thro' his woods,
On to the shore ;
And many a lesser torrent scuds ;
With seeming roar.

Low, in a sandy valley spread,
An ancient *Borough* rear'd her head ;
Still, as in Scottish story read,
She boasts a Race,
To ev'ry nobler virtue bred,
And polish'd grace.

By stately tow'r, or palace fair,
Or ruins pendent in the air,
Bold stems of heroes, here and there,
I could discern ;
Some seem'd to muse, some seem'd to dare,
With feature stern.

My heart did glowing transport feel,
 To see a Race* heroic wheel,
 And brandish round the deep-dy'd steel
 In sturdy blows;
 While back-recoiling seem'd to reel
 Their Suthron foes.

His COUNTRY'S SAVIOUR†, mark him well;
 Bold Richardton's‡, heroic swell;
 The chief on Sark§, who glorious fell,
 In high command;
 And He whom ruthless Fates expel
 His native land.

There, were a scepter'd Pictish shade ||
 Stalk'd round his ashes lowly laid,
 I mark'd a martial race, pourtray'd
 In colours strong;
 Bold, soldier-featur'd, undismay'd
 They strode along.

* The Wallaces.

† William Wallace.

‡ Adam Wallace, of Richardton, cousin to the immortal preserver of Scottish Independence.

§ Wallace, laird of Craigie, who was second in command, under Douglas, earl of Ormond, at the famous battle on the banks of Sark, fought *anno* 1448. That glorious victory was principally owing to the judicious conduct and intrepid valour of the gallant laird of Craigie, who died of his wounds after the action.

|| Coilus, king of the Picts, from whom the district of Kyle is said to take its name, lies luried, as tradition says, near the family-seat of the Montgomeries of Coll's-field, where his burial-place is still shown.

Thro' many a wild, romantic grove*,
 Near many a hermit-fancy'd cove,
 (Fit haunts for Friendship or for Love)
 In musing mood,
 An aged Judge, I saw him rove,
 Dispensing good.

With deep-struck reverential awe†
 The learned Sire and Son I saw,
 To Nature's God and Nature's law
 'They gave their lore,
 This, all its source and end to draw,
 That, to adore.

Brydone's brave ward‡ I well could spy,
 Beneath o'd Scotia's smiling eye;
 Who call'd on Fame, low standing by,
 To hand him on,
 Where many a Patriot-name on high,
 And hero shone.

* Barskimming, the seat of the late Lord Justice Clerk.

† Catrine, the seat of the late doctor, and present professor Stewart.

‡ Colonel Fullarton.

DUAN SECOND.

WITH musing-deep, astonish'd stare,
I view'd the heav'nly-seeming *Fair* ;
A whisp'ring throb did witness bear,
Of kindred sweet,
When, with an elder sister's air,
She did me greet.

“All hail ! my own inspired Bard !
In me thy native muse regard !
Nor longer mourn thy fate is hard !
Thus poorly low !
I come to give thee such reward
As we bestow.

“Know, the great *Genius* of this land
Has many a light, aërial band,
Who, all beneath his high command,
Harmoniously,
As arts or arms they understand,
Their labours ply

“They *Scotia's* race among them share ;
Some fire the Soldier on to dare ;
Some rouse the Patriot up to bare
Corruption's heart ;
Some teach the Bard, a darling care,
The tuneful art.

“ ’Mong swelling floods of reeking gore,
They ardent, kindling spirits pour ;
Or, ’mid the venal Senate’s roar,
 They, sightless, stand,
To mend the honest Patriot-lore,
 And grace the hand.

“ And when the Bard, or hoary Sage,
Charm or instruct the future age,
They bind the wild poetic rage
 In energy,
Or point the inconclusive page
 Full on the eye.

“ Hence *Fullarton*, the brave and young ;
Hence *Dempster’s* zeal-inspired tongue ;
Hence sweet harmonious *Beattie* sung
 His ‘ Minstrel lays’ ;
Or tore, with noble ardour stung,
 The *Sceptic’s* bays.

“ To lower orders are assign’d
The humbler ranks of human-kind,
The rustic Bard, the lab’ring Hind,
 The Artisan ;
All chuse, as various they’re inclin’d,
 The various man.

“ When yellow waves the heavy grain,
The threat’ning storm some strongly rein ;
Some teach to meliorate the plain
 With tillage-skill ;
And some instruct the shepherd-train
 Blythe o’er the hill.

“ Some hint the lover’s harmless wile ;
Some grace the maiden’s artless smile ;
Some soothe the lab’rer’s weary toil,
For humble gains,
And make his cottage-scenes beguile
His cares and pains.

“ Some, bounded to a district-space,
Explore at large man’s infant race,
To mark the embryotic trace
Of *rustic Bard* ;
And careful note each op’ning grace,
A guide and guard.

“ *Of these am I—Coila* my name ;
And this district as mine I claim,
Where once the *Campbells*, chiefs of fame,
Held ruling pow’r :
I mark’d thy embryo tuneful flame,
Thy natal hour.

“ With future hope, I oft would gaze,
Fond, on thy little early ways,
Thy rudely caroll’d, chiming phrase,
In uncouth rhymes,
Fir’d at the simple artless lays
Of other times.

“ I saw thee seek the sounding shore,
Delighted with the dashing roar ;
Or when the North his fleecy store
Drove thro’ the sky,
I saw grim Nature’s visage hoar,
Struck thy young eye.

“ Or when the deep green-mantled earth
Warm cherish'd ev'ry flow'et's birth,
And joy and music pouring forth
In ev'ry grove,
I saw thee eye the gen'ral mirth
With boundless love.

“ When ripen'd fields, and azure skies,
Call'd forth the reapers' rustling noise,
I saw thee leave their ev'ning joys,
And lonely stalk,
To vent thy bosom's swelling rise
In pensive walk.

“ When youthful love, warm-blushing,
strong,
Keen-shivering shot thy nerves along,
Those accents, grateful to thy tongue,
Th' adored Name,
I taught thee how to pour in song,
To soothe thy flame.

“ I saw thy pulse's maddening play,
Wild send thee pleasure's devious way,
Misled by fancy's meteor ray,
By passion driven ;
But yet the *light* that led astray
Was *light* from heaven.

“ I taught thy manners-painting strains,
The loves, the ways of simple swains,
Till now, o'er all my wide domains
Thy fame extends :
And some, the pride of Coila's plains,
Become thy friends.

“Thou canst not learn, nor can I show,
To paint with *Thomson's* landscape glow ;
Or waste the bosom-melting throe,
 With *Shenstone's* art ;
Or pour, with *Gray*, the moving flow
 Warm on the heart.

“Yet all beneath th' unrivall'd rose,
The lowly daisy sweetly blows ;
Tho' large the forests' monarch throws
 His army shade,
Yet green the juicy hawthorn grows,
 Adown the glade.

“Then never murmur nor repine ;
Strive in thy humble sphere to shine ;
And trust me, not *Potosi's* mine,
 Nor Kings' regard,
Can give a bliss o'ersnatching thine,
 A rustic Bard.

“To give my counsels all in one,
Thy tuneful flame still careful fan ;
Preserve the *Dignity of Man*,
 With soul erect ;
And trust, the *Universal Plan*
 Will all protect.

“*And wear thou this !*”—she solemn said,
And bound the *Holly* round my head :
The polish'd leaves, and berries red,
 Did rustling play ;
And, like a passing thought, she fled
 In light away.

THE
COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

INSCRIBED TO R. AIKEN, ESQ.

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure ;
Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short but simple annals of the poor.

GRAY.

My lov'd, my honour'd, much respected friend
No mercenary Bard his homage pays ;
With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end,
My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and
praise :
To you I sing, in simple *Scottish* lays,
The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene ;
The native feelings strong, the guileless ways ;
What Aiken in a cottage would have been ;
Ah ! tho' his own worth unknown, far happier there
I ween !

November chill blows loud wi' angry sigh ;
The short'ning winter-day is near a close ;
The miry beasts retreating frae the plough ;
The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose ;
The toil-worn *Cotter* frae his labour goes,
This night his weekly toil is at an end,
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
Hoping the *morn* in ease and rest to spend,
And weary, o'er the moor, his course does home-
ward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
 Beneath the shelter of an aged tree ;
 Th' expectant *wee-things*, todlin, stacher thro'
 To meet their Dad, wi' flichterin noise an' glee.
 His wee, bit ingle, blinkin bonily,
 His clean hearth-stane, his thriftie *wifie's* smile,
 The lispin infant prattling on his knee,
 Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,
 n' makes him quite forget his labour and his toil.

Belyve the elder bairns come drappin in,
 At service out, amang the farmers roun' ;
 Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
 A cannie errand to a neebor town :
 Their eldest hope, their *Jenny*, woman grown,
 In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,
 Comes hame, perhaps, to shew a braw new gown,
 Or deposite her sair-worn penny fee,
 To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

Wi' joy unfeign'd, brothers and sisters meet,
 An' each for other's weelfare kindly spiers ;
 The social hours, swift-wing'd unnotic'd fleet ;
 Each tells the uncoss that he sees or hears ;
 The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years ;
 Anticipation forward points the view.
 The *mother*, wi' her needle an' her sheers,
 Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new ;
 The *father* mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their master's an' their mistress's command,
 The youngers a' are warn'd to obey ;
 " An' mind their labours wi' an eydent hand,
 An' ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jank or play :

An' O! be sure to fear the Lord alway!
An' mind your *duty*, duly, morn an' night!
Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
Implore his counsel and assisting might:
They never sought in vain, that sought the Lord
aright!"

But hark! a rap comes gently to the door;
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
Tells how a neebor lad cam o'er the moor,
To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
The wily mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in *Jenny's* e'e, and flush her cheek;
With heart-struck anxious care, inquires his name,
While *Jenny* haffins is afraid to speak;
Weel pleas'd the mother hears, it's nae wild, worth-
less rake.

Wi' kindly welcome *Jenny* brings him ben;
A strappan youth; he takes the mother's eye;
Blythe *Jenny* sees the visit's no ill ta'en;
The father cracks of horses, pleughs, an kye.
The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
But blate and laithfu', scarce can weel behave;
The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
What makes the youth sae bashfu' an' sae
grave;
Weel pleas'd to think her *bairn's* respected like
the lave.

O happy love! where love like this is found!
O heart-felt raptures! bliss beyond compare!
I've paced much this weary, mortal round,
And sage *experience* bids me this declare—

“If Heaven a draught of heav’nly pleasure spare,
 One cordial in this melancholy vale,
 ’Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
 In others’ arms breathe out the tender tale,
 Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the ev’n-
 ing gale.”

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart—
 A wretch! a villain! lest to love and truth!
 That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
 Betray sweet *Jenny’s* unsuspecting youth?
 Curse on his perjur’d arts! dissembling smooth!
 Are honour, virtue, conscience, all exil’d?
 Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
 Points to the parents fondling o’er their child?
 Then paints the ruin’d maid, and their distraction
 wild!

But now the supper crowns their simple board!
 The halesome *parritch*, chief o’ *Scotia’s* food:
 The soupe their only *Hawkie* does afford,
 That ’yont the hallan snugly chows her cud;
 The dame brings forth in complimentary mood,
 To grace the lad, her weel-hain’d kebbuck
 fell.
 An’ aft he’s press’d, an’ aft he ca’s it good;
 The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell,
 How ’twas a towmond auld, sin’ lint was i’ the bell.

The cheerfu’ supper done, wi’ serious face,
 They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
 The sire turns o’er, wi’ patriarchal grace,
 The big *Ha’-Bible*, ance his father’s pride:

His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets wearin thin an' bare ;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales a portion with judicious care ;
And "*Let us worship God !*" he says, with solemn
air.

'They chant their artless notes in simple guise ;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim:
Perhaps *Dundee's* wild warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive *Martyrs*, worthy of the name :
Or noble *Elgin* beets the heav'nward flame,
The sweetest far of *Scotia's* holy lays :
Compar'd with these, Italian trills are tame ;
The tickled ears no heart-felt raptures raise ;
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
How *Abram* was the *friend* of God on high ;
Or, *Moses* bade eternal warfare wage
With *Amalek's* ungracious progeny :
Or, how the royal *Bard* did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of heaven's avenging ire :
Or, *Job's* pathetic plaint, and wailing cry :
Or, rapt *Isaiah's* wild seraphic fire ;
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the *Christian volume* is the theme,
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed,
How *He*, who bore in heav'n the second name,
Had not on earth whereon to lay his head :

How His first followers and servants sped ;
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land ;
How *he*, who lone in *Patmos* banished,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand ;
And heard great *Bab'lon's* doom pronounc'd by
Heaven's command.

Then kneeling down, to heaven's eternal King,
The *saint*, the *father*, and the *husband* prays :
Hope " springs exulting on triumphant wing*,"
That *thus* they all shall meet in future days :
There, ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their *Creator's* praise,
In such society, yet still more dear ;
While circling time moves round in an eternal
sphere.

Compar'd with this, how poor Religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method, and of art,
When men display to congregations wide,
Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the *heart* !
The *Pow'r*, incens'd, the pageant will desert,
'The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole ;
But haply, in some *cottage* far apart,
May hear, well pleas'd, the language of the soul ;
And in his *book of life* the inmates poor enrol.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way ;
The youngling cottagers retire to rest :
The parent-pair their *secret homage* pay,
And proffer up to Heaven the warm request,

* Pope's Windsor Forest.

That *He* who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
Would, in the way his wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide;
But chiefly in their hearts with *grace divine* preside.

From scenes like these old *Scotia's* grandeur
springs,
That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad :
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
“An honest man's the noblest work of God :”
And *certes*, in fair virtue's heav'nly road,
The *cottage* leaves the *palace* far behind :
What is a lordling's pomp ? a cumbrous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refin'd !

O *Scotia* ! my dear, my native soil!!
For whom my warmest wish to heaven is sent !
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil,
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet
content !
And O ! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From luxury's contagion, weak and vile !
Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A *virtuous* populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd
Isle.

O *Thou* ! who pour'd the patriotic tide
That stream'd thro' *Wallace's* undaunted
heart ;
Who dar'd to, nobly, stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part,

(The patriot's *God*, peculiarly thou art,
 His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)
 O never, never, *Scotia's* realm desert.
 But still the *patriot* and the *patriot bard*,
 In bright succession raise, her ornament and
 guard!

VERSES

WRITTEN IN FRIAR'S-CARSE HERMITAGE,
 ON NITH-SIDE.

THOU whom chance may hither lead,
 Be thou clad in russet weed,
 Be thou deck'd in silken stole,
 Grave these councils on thy soul:—

Life is but a day at most,
 Sprung from night, in darkness lost;
 Hope not sunshine ev'ry hour,
 Fear not clouds will always low'r.

As youth and love, with sprightly dance,
 Beneath thy morning-star advance,
 Pleasure with her syren air
 May delude the thoughtless pair;
 Let prudence bless enjoyment's cup,
 Then raptur'd sip, and sip it up.

As thy day grows warm and high,
 Life's meridian flaming nigh,
 Dost thou spurn the humble vale?
 Life's proud summits wouldst thou scale?

Check thy climbing step, elate,
Evils lurk in felon wait ;
Dangers, eagle-pinion'd, bold,
Soar around each cliffy hold,
While cheerful peace, with linnets song,
Chants the lowly dells among.

As the shades of ev'ning close,
Beck'ning thee to long repose ;
As life itself becomes disease,
Seek the chimney-neuk of ease :
There, ruminate with sober thought,
On all thou'st seen, and heard, and wrought ;
And teach the sportive youngers round,
Saws of experience, sage and sound.
— Say, Man's true, genuine estimate,
The grand criterion of his fate,
Is not, Art thou high or low ?
Did thy fortune ebb or flow ?
Did many talents gild thy span ?
Or frugal nature grudge thee one ?
Tell them, and press it on their mind,
As thou thyself must shortly find,
The smile or frown of awful Heav'n,
To virtue or to vice is giv'n.
Say, to be just, and kind, and wise,
There solid self-enjoyment lies ;
That foolish, selfish, faithless ways,
Lead to the wretched, vile, and base.

Thus resign'd and quiet, creep
To the bed of lasting sleep ;
Sleep, whence thou shall ne'er awake,
Night, where dawn shall never break,

Till future life, future no more,
To light and joy the good restore,
To light and joy unknown before!

Stranger, go! Heav'n be thy guide!
Quod the Beadsman of Nith-side.

A PRAYER,

UNDER THE PRESSURE OF VIOLENT ANGUISH.

O THOU, great Being! what thou art
Surpasses me to know;
Yet sure I am, that known to Thee
Are all Thy works below.

Thy creature here before Thee stands,
All wretched and distress:
Yet sure those ills that wring my soul
Obey thy high behest.

Sure Thou, Almighty, canst not act
From cruelty or wrath!
O, free my weary eyes from tears,
Or close them fast in death!

But if I must afflicted be,
To suit some wise design;
Then man my soul with firm resolves
To bear and not repine!

A

PRAYER

IN

THE PROSPECT OF DEATH.

O THOU, unknown, Almighty Cause
Of all my hope and fear!
In whose dread presence, ere an hour,
Perhaps I must appear!

If I have wander'd in those paths
Of life I ought to shun;
As *something*, loudly, in my breast,
Remonstrates I have done;

Thou know'st that Thou hast formed me
With passions wild and strong;
And list'ning to their witching voice
Has often led me wrong.

Where human *weakness* has come short,
Or *frailty* stept aside,
Do Thou, *All-good*! for such Thou art,
In shades of darkness hide.

Where with *intention* I have err'd,
No other plea I have,
But, *Thou art good* ; and goodness still
Delighteth to forgive.

STANZAS

ON

THE SAME OCCASION.

Why am I loth to leave this earthly scene ?
Have I so found it full of pleasing charms ?
Some drops of joy with draughts of ill between :
Some gleams of sunshine 'mid renewing
storms :
Is it departing pangs my soul alarms ?
Or death's unlovely, dreary, dark abode ?
For guilt, for guilt, my terrors are in arms ;
I tremble to approach an angry God,
And justly smart beneath his sin-avenging rod.

Fain would I say, " Forgive my foul offence !"
Fain promise never more to disobey ;
But, should my Author health again dispense,
Again I might desert fair virtue's way ;

Man in folly's path might go astray :
 Again exalt the brute and sink the man ;
 Then how should I for heavenly mercy pray,
 Who act so counter heavenly mercy's plan ?
 Who sin so oft have mourn'd, yet to temptation ran ?

O Thou, great Governor of all below !
 If I may dare a lifted eye to Thee,
 Thy nod can make the tempest cease to blow
 Or still the tumult of the raging sea :
 With that controlling pow'r assist ev'n me,
 Those headlong, furious passions to confine ;
 For all unfit I feel my powers to be,
 To rule their torrent in th' allowed line ;
 O, aid me with thy help, *Omnipotence Divine !*

VERSES,

LEFT BY THE AUTHOR, AT A REVEREND FRIEND'S HOUSE,
 IN THE ROOM WHERE HE SLEPT.

O THOU, dread Pow'r, who reign'st above !
 I know Thou wilt me hear ;
 When for this scene of peace and love,
 I make my pray'r sincere.

The hoary sire—the mortal stroke,
 Long, long, be pleas'd to spare !
 To bless his little filial flock,
 And show what good men are.

She, who her lovely off-spring eyes
With tender hopes and fears,
O bless her with a mother's joys,
But spare a mother's tears!

Their hope, their stay, their darling youth,
In manhood's dawning blush;
Bless him, thou God of love and truth,
Up to a parent's wish!

The beauteous, seraph sister-band,
With earnest tears I pray,
Thou know'st the snares on ev'ry hand,
Guide Thou their steps alway!

When soon or late they reach that coast,
O'er life's rough ocean driv'n,
May they rejoice, no wand'rer lost,
A family in heav'n!

A

GRACE BEFORE DINNER.

O Thou, who kindly dost provide
For every creature's want!
We bless thee, God of Nature wide,
For all thy goodness lent:

And, if it please thee, heavenly Guide,
May never worse be sent ;
But whether granted, or denied,
Lord, bless us with content!

Amen.

THE

FIRST PSALM.

THE man, in life wherever plac'd,
Hath happiness in store,
Who walks not in the wicked's way,
Nor learns their guilty lore!

Nor from the seat of scornful pride
Casts forth his eyes abroad,
But with humility and awe
Still walks before his God.

That man shall flourish like the trees
Which by the streamlets grow ;
The fruitful top is spread on high,
And firm the root below.

But he whose blossom buds in guilt,
Shall to the ground be cast,
And like the rootless stubble, tost
Before the sweeping blast.

For why? That God, the good adore,
Hath giv'n them peace and rest,
But hath decreed that wicked men
Shall ne'er be truly blest.

THE
FIRST SIX VERSES
OF
THE NINETIETH PSALM.

O THOU, the first, the greatest Friend
Of all the human race!
Whose strong right-hand has ever been
Their stay and dwelling-place!

Before the mountains heav'd their heads
Beneath thy forming hand,
Before this pond'rous globe itself,
Arose at thy command;

That Pow'r which rais'd and still upholds
This universal frame,
From countless, unbeginning time
Was ever still the same.

Those mighty periods of years
Which seem to us so vast,
Appear no more before 'Thy sight
Than yesterday that's past.

Thou giv'st the word : Thy creature, man,
Is to existence brought :
Again Thou say'st, " Ye sons of men,
Return ye into nought !"

Thou layest them, with all their cares,
In everlasting sleep ;
As with a flood Thou tak'st them off
With overwhelming sweep.

They flourish like the morning flow'r,
In beauty's pride array'd ;
But long ere night cut down it lies
All wither'd and decay'd.

EPISTLE

TO

A YOUNG FRIEND.

I LANG hae thought, my youthfu' friend,
A something to have sent you,
Tho' it should serve nae other end
Than just a kind *memento* ;
But how the subject-theme may gang,
Let time and chance determine ;
Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
Perhaps turn out a sermon.

Ye'll try the world soon, my lad,
And *Andrew* dear, believe me,
Ye'll find mankind an unco squad,
And muckle they may grieve ye :
For care and trouble set your thought,
Ev'n when your end's attained ;
And a' your views may come to nought,
When ev'ry nerve is strained.

I'll no say, men are villains a' ;
The real, harden'd wicked,
Wha hae nae check, but human law,
Are to a few restricked :
But, och ! mankind are unco weak,
An' little to be trusted ;
If *self* the wavering balance shake,
It's rarely right adjusted !

Yet they wha fa' in fortune's strife,
Their fate we should na censure,
For still th' *important end* of life,
They equally may answer ;
A man may hae an honest heart,
Tho' poortith hourly stare him ;
A man may tak a neebor's part,
Yet hae nae *cash* to spare him.

Ay free, aff han', your story tell,
When wi' a bosom crony :
But still keep something to yoursel
Ye scarcely tell to ony.
Conceal yoursel as weel's ye can,
Frae critical dissection :
But keek thro' ev'ry other man,
Wi' sharpen'd sly inspection.

The sacred lowe o' weel-plac'd love,
Luxuriantly indulge it ;
But never tempt th' *illicit rove*,
'Tho' naething should divulge it .
I wave the quantum o' the sin,
The hazard of concealing ;
But, och ! it hardens a' within,
And petrifies the feeling !

To catch dame Fortune's golden smile,
Assiduous wait upon her ;
And gather gear by ev'ry wile
That's justified by honour :
Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Nor for a train-attendant ;
But for the glorious privilege
Of being *independent*.

The fear o' hell's a hangman's whip
To haud the wretch in order ;
But where ye feel your *honour* grip,
Let ay that be your border ;
It's slightest touches, instant pause—
Debar a' side pretences ;
And resolutely keep its laws,
Uncaring consequences.

The great *Creator* to revere,
Must sure become the *creature* ;
But still the preaching cant forbear,
And ev'n the rigid feature :
Yet ne'er with wits profane to range,
Be complaisance extended ;
An Atheist's laugh's a poor exchange
For Deity offended !

When ranting round in pleasure's ring,
Religion may be blinded ;
Or if she gie a *random sting*,
It may be little minded ;
But when on life we're tempest-driv'n,
A conscience but a canker—
A correspondence fix'd wi' Heav'n,
Is sure a noble *anchor* !

Adieu, dear, amiable youth !
Your heart can ne'er be wanting :
May prudence, fortitude, and truth,
Erect your brow undaunting !
In ploughman phrase, "Godsend you speed,"
Still daily to grow wiser :
And may you better reck the *rede*,
Than ever did th' adviser !

May—1786.

BOOK II.

PATHETIC, ELEGIAC, AND DESCRIPTIVE.

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.

A DIRGE.

WHEN chill November's surly blast
Made fields and forests bare,
One ev'ning, as I wander'd forth
Along the banks of *Ayr*,
I spy'd a man, whose aged step
Seem'd weary, worn with care :
His face was furrow'd o'er with years,
And hoary was his hair.

Young stranger, whither wand'rest thou?
(Began the rev'rend sage ;)
Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,
Or youthful pleasure's rage?
Or haply, prest with cares and woes,
Too soon thou hast began
To wander forth, with me, to mourn
The miseries of man.

The sun that overhangs yon moors,
Out-spreading far and wide,
Where hundreds labour to support
A haughty lordling's pride ;
I've seen yon weary winter-sun
Twice forty times return ;
And ev'ry time has added proofs,
That man was made to mourn.

O man ! while in thy early years,
How prodigal of time !
Mis-spending all thy precious hours,
Thy glorious youthful prime !
Alternate follies take the sway ;
Licentious passions burn ;
Which tenfold force gives Nature's law,
That man was made to mourn.

Look not alone on youthful prime,
Or manhood's active might ;
Man then is useful to his kind,
Supported is his right :
But see him on the edge of life,
With cares and sorrows worn,
Then age and want, oh ! ill-match'd pair !
Show man was made to mourn.

A few seem favourites of Fate,
In Pleasure's lap carest ;
Yet, think not all the rich and great
Are likewise truly blest.

But, oh ! what crowds in ev'ry land,
Are wretched and forlorn ;
Thro' weary life this lesson learn,
That man was made to mourn.

Many and sharp the num'rous ills
Inwoven with our frame !
More pointed still we make ourselves,
Regret, remorse, and shame !
And man, whose heav'n-erected face
The smiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn !

See youder poor, o'erlabour'd wight,
So abject, mean, and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil ;
And see his lordly *fellow-worm*
The poor petition spurn,
Unmindful, tho' a weeping wife
And helpless offspring mourn.

If I'm design'd yon lordling's slave—
By Nature's law design'd,
Why was an independent wish
E'er planted in my mind ?
If not, why am I subject to
His cruelty, or scorn ?
Or why has man the will and pow'r
To make his fellow mourn ?

Yet, let not this too much, my son,
Disturb thy youthful breast :

This partial view of human kind
Is surely not the *last* !
The poor, oppressed, honest man,
Had never, sure, been born,
Had there not been some recompence
To comfort those that mourn !

O death ! the poor man's dearest friend !
The kindest and the best !
Welcome the hour my aged limbs
Are laid with thee at rest !
The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow,
From pomp and pleasure torn ;
But, oh ! a blest relief to those
That weary-laden mourn !

A

WINTER NIGHT.

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm!
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these!—

SHAKESPEARE.

WHEN biting *Boreas*, fell and doure,
Sharp shivers thro' the leafless bow'r;
When *Phæbus* gies a short-liv'd glow'r
Far south the lift,
Dim-dark'ning thro' the flaky show'r,
Or whirlin drift:

Ae night the storm the steeples rocked,
Poor Labour sweet in sleep was locked,
While burns, wi' snawy wreaths up-chocked,
Wild-eddying swirl,
Or thro' the mining outlet hocked,
Down headlong hurl.

List'ning, the doors an' winnocks rattle
I thought me on the ourie cattle,
Or silly sheep, wha bide this brattle
O' winter war,
And thro' the drift, deep-lairing sprattle,
Berzath a scar.

Ilk happing bird, wee, helpless thing,
That, in the merry months o' spring,
Delighted me to hear thee sing,
What comes o' thee?
Whare wilt thou cow'r thy chitt'ring wing,
An' close thy e'e?

Ev'n you on murd'ring errands toil'd,
Lone, from your savage homes exil'd,
The blood-stain'd roost, and sheep-cote spoil'd,
My heart forgets,
While pitiless the tempest wild
Sore on you beats.

Now *Phæbe*, in her midnight reign,
Dark muffled, view'd the dreary plain:
Still crowding thoughts, a pensive train,
Rose in my soul,
When on my ear this plaintive strain,
Slow, solemn, stole—

“Blow, blow, ye winds, with heavier gust!
And freeze, thou bitter-biting frost!
Descend, ye chilly, smothering snows!
Not all your rage, as now united, shows
More hard unkindness, unrelenting,
Vengeful malice, unrepenting,
Than heav'n-illumin'd man on brother man bestows!

“See stern Oppression's iron grip,
Or mad Ambition's gory hand,
Sending, like blood-hounds from the slip,
Woe, want, and murder o'er a land!

“Ev'n in the peaceful rural vale,
Truth, weeping, tells the mournful tale,

How pamper'd luxury, flatt'ry by her side,
 The parasite empoisoning her ear,
 With all the servile wretches in the rear,
 Looks o'er proud property, extended wide;
 And eyes the simple rustic hind,
 Whose toil upholds the glitt'ring show,
 A creature of another kind,
 Some coarser substance, unrefin'd,
 Plac'd for her lordly use thus far, thus vile, below.

“ Where, where is love's fond, tender throe,
 With lordly honour's lofty brow,
 The powers you proudly own?
 Is there, beneath love's noble name,
 Can harbour, dark, the selfish aim,
 To bless himself alone!

“ Mark maiden-innocence a prey
 To love-pretending snares,
 This boasted honour turns away
 Shunning soft pity's rising sway,
 Regardless of the tears, and unavailing prayers
 Perhaps, this hour, in mis'ry's squalid nest,
 She strains your infant to her joyless breast,
 And with a mother's fears shrinks at the rocking
 blast!

“ O ye! who, sunk in beds of down,
 Feel not a want but what yourselves create,
 Think for a moment on his wretched fate,
 Whom friends and fortune quite disown!
 Ill-satisfy'd keen nature's clam'rous call,
 Stretch'd on his straw, he lays himself to sleep,
 While thro' the ragged roof and chinky wall
 Chill o'er his slumbers piles the d'—

“ Think on the dungeon’s grim confine,
 Where guilt and poor misfortune pine !
 Guilt, erring man, relenting view !
 But shall thy legal rage pursue
 The wretch, already crushed low
 By cruel fortune’s undeserved blow ?
 Affliction’s sons are brothers in distress,
 A brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss

I heard nae mair, for *Chanticleer*
 Shook off the pouthery snaw,
 And hail’d the morning with a cheer,
 A cottage-rousing crow.

But deep this truth impress’d my mind—
 Thro’ all his works abroad,
 The heart, benevolent and kind,
 The most resembles God.

WINTER.

A DIRGE.

THE wintry west extends his blast,
 And hail and rain does blaw ;
 Or, the stormy north sends driving forth
 The blinding sleet and snaw :
 While tumbling brown, the burn comes down,
 And roars frae bank to brae ;
 And bird and beast in covert rest,
 And pass the heartless day,
 And

“ The sweeping blast, the sky o’ercast*,
The joyless winter-day,
Let others fear, to me more dear
Than all the pride of May :
The tempests howl, it soothes my soul,
My griefs it seems to join,
The leafless trees my fancy please,
Their fate resembles mine !

Thou *Pow’r Supreme*, whose mighty scheme
These woes of mine fulfil,
Here, firm, I rest, they *must* be best,
Because they are *Thy Will* !
Then all I want (O do thou grant
This one request of mine !)
Since to *enjoy* thou dost deny,
Assist me to *resign*.

DESPONDENCY.

AN ODE.

OPPRESS’D with grief, oppress’d with care,
A burden more than I can bear,
I sit me down and sigh :
O Life ! thou art a galling load,
Along a rough, a weary road,
To wretches such as I !

* Dr. Young.

Dim backward as I cast my view,
What sick'ning scenes appear!
What sorrows *yet* may pierce me thro',
Too justly I may fear!
Still caring, despairing,
Must be my bitter doom:
My woes here shall close ne'er,
But with the closing tomb!

Happy, ye sons of busy life,
Who, equal to the bustling strife,
No other view regard!
Ev'n when the wished *end's* deny'd,
Yet while the busy *means* are ply'd,
They bring their own reward:
Whilst I, a hope-abandon'd wight,
Unfitted with an *aim*,
Meet ev'ry sad returning night,
And joyless morn the same,
You, bustling, and justling,
Forget each grief and pain;
I, listless, yet restless,
Find every prospect vain.

How blest the Solitary's lot,
Who, all-forgetting, all-forgot,
Within his humble cell,
The cavern wild with tangling roots,
Sits o'er his newly-gather'd fruits,
Beside his crystal well!
Or, haply, to his ev'ning thought,
By unfrequented stream,
The ways of men are distant brought,
A faint collected dream:

While praising, and raising
His thoughts to heav'n on high,
As wand'ring, meand'ring,
He views the solemn sky.

a
Then I, no lonely hermit plac'd
Where never human footstep trac'd,
Less fit to play the part ;
The lucky moment to improve,
And *just* to stop, and *just* to move,
With self-respecting art :
But ah ! those pleasures, loves, and joys,
Which I too keenly taste,
The *Solitary* can despise,
Can want, and yet be blest !
He needs not, he heeds not,
Or human love or hate,
Whilst I here, must cry here,
At perfidy ingrate !

Oh ! enviable, early days,
When dancing thoughtless pleasure's maze,
To care, to guilt unknown !
How ill exchang'd for riper times,
To feel the follies, or the crimes,
Of others, or my own !
Ye tiny elves that guiltless sport,
Like linnets in a bush,
Ye little know the ills ye court.
When manhood is your wish !
The losses, the crosses,
That *active man* engage !
The fears all, the tears all,
Of dim declining *age* !

TO RUIN.

ALL hail ! inexorable lord !
At whose destruction-breathing word,
The mightiest empires fall !
Thy cruel, woe-delighted train,
The ministers of grief and pain,
A sullen welcome, all !
With stern-resolv'd, despairing eye,
I see each aimed dart ;
For one has cut my *dearest tie*,
And quivers in my heart.
Then low'ring and pouring,
The *storm* no more I dread ;
Tho' thick'ning and black'ning,
Round my devoted head.

And thou, grim pow'r, by life abhorr'd,
While life a *pleasure* can afford,
Oh ! hear a wretch's pray'r !
No more I shrink appall'd, afraid ;
I court, I beg thy friendly aid,
To close this scene of care !
When shall my soul, in silent peace,
Resign life's *joyless* day ;
My weary heart its throbbings cease,
Cold mould'ring in the clay ?
No fear more, no tear more,
To stain my lifeless face ;
Enclasped, and grasped
Within thy cold embrace !

LAMENT
OF
MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS,
ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

Now Nature hangs her mantle green
On every blooming tree,
And spreads her sheets o' daisies white
Out o'er the grassy lea ;
Now Phœbus cheers the crystal streams,
And glads the azure skies ;
But nought can glad the weary wight
That fast in durance' lies.

Now lav'rocks wake the merry morn,
Aloft on dewy wing ;
The merle, in his noontide bow'r,
Makes woodland echoes ring ;
The mavis mild wi' many a note,
Sings drowsy day to rest :
In love and freedom they rejoice,
Wi' care nor thrall opprest.

Now blooms the lily by the bank,
The primrose down the brae ;
The hawthorn's budding in the glen,
And milk-white is the slae :

The meanest hind in fair Scotland
May rove their sweets amang ;
But I, the Queen of a' Scotland,
Maun lie in prison strang.

I was the Queen o' bonie France,
Where happy I hae been ;
Fu' lightly raise I in the morn,
As blythe lay down at e'en :
And I'm the sov'reign of Scotland,
And monie a traitor there ;
Yet here I lie in foreign bands,
And never-ending care.

But as for thee, thou false woman,
My sister and my fae,
Grim Vengeance, yet, shall whet a sword
That thro' thy soul shall gae :
The weeping blood in woman's breast
Was never known to thee ;
Nor th' balm that draps on wounds of woe
Frae woman's pitying e'e.

My son! my son! may kinder stars
Upon thy fortune shine ;
And may those pleasures gild thy reign,
That ne'er wad blink on mine !
God keep thee frae thy mother's faes,
Or turn their hearts to thee :
And where thou meet'st thy mother's friend,
Remember him for me !

O! soon, to me, may summer-suns
Nae mair light up the morn !
Nae mair, to me, the autumn winds
Wave o'er the yellow corn !

And in the narrow house o' death
Let winter round me rave ;
And the next flow'rs that deck the spring,
Bloom on my peaceful grave !

THE LAMENT,

OCCASIONED BY THE UNFORTUNATE ISSUE OF A
FRIEND'S AMOUR.

Alas ! how oft does Goodness wound itself,
And sweet *Affection* prove the spring of woe !

, HOME.

O THOU pale orb, that silent shines,
While care-untroubled mortals sleep !
Thou see'st a wretch that inly pines,
And wanders here to wail and weep !
With woe I nightly vigils keep,
Beneath thy wan unwarming beam ;
And mourn in lamentation deep,
How *life* and *love* are all a dream.

I joyless view thy rays adorn
The faintly-marked distant hill ;
I joyless view thy trembling horn ;
Reflected in the gurgling rill :

My fondly-fluttering heart, be still!

Thou busy pow'r, Remembrance, cease!

Ah! must the agonizing thrill

For ever bar returning peace!

No idly-feign'd poetic pains,

My sad love-lorn lamentings claim;

No shepherd's pipe—Arcadian strains;

No fabled tortures, quaint and tame;

The plighted faith; the mutual flame;

The oft attested Pow'rs above;

The promis'd *Father's tender name*;

These were the pledges of my love!

Encircled in her clasping arms,

How have the raptur'd moments flown!

How have I wish'd for fortune's charms,

For her dear sake, and her's alone!

And must I think it! is she gone,

My secret heart's exulting boast?

And does she heedless hear my groan?

And is she ever, ever lost?

Oh! can she bear so base a heart,

So lost to honour, lost to truth,

As from the fondest lover part,

The plighted husband of her youth!

Alas! life's path may be unsmooth!

Her way may lie thro' rough distress!

Then, who her pangs and pains will soothe,

Her sorrows share, and make them less?

Ye winged hours that o'er us past,

Enraptur'd more, the more enjoy'd,

Your dear remembrance in my breast,
My fondly-treasur'd thoughts employ'd.
That breast how dreary now, and void,
For her too scanty once of room!
Ev'n ev'ry ray of hope destroy'd,
And not a *wish* to gild the gloom!

The morn that warns th' approaching day,
Awakes me up to toil and woe:
I see the hours in long array,
That I must suffer, lingering, slow.
Full many a pang, and many a throe,
Keen recollection's direful train,
Must wring my soul, ere Phœbus, low,
Shall kiss the distant, western main.

And when my nightly couch I try,
Sore-harass'd out with care and grief,
My toil-beat nerves, and tear-worn eye,
Keep watchings with the nightly thief:
Or if I slumber, Fancy, chief,
Reigns haggard-wild, in sore affright:
Ev'n day, all bitter, brings relief,
From such a horror-breathing night.

O! thou bright queen, who o'er th' expanse
Now highest reign'st, with boundless sway!
Oft has thy silent-marking glance
Observ'd us, fondly-wand'ring, stray!
The time, unheeded, sped away,
While love's luxurious pulse beat high,
Beneath thy silver-gleaming ray,
To mark the mutual kindling eye.

Oh! scenes in strong remembrance set!
Scenes, never, never, to return!
Scenes, if in stupor I forget,
Again I feel, again I burn!
From ev'ry joy and pleasure torn,
Life's weary vale I'll wander thro';
And hopeless, comfortless, I'll mourn
A faithless woman's broken vow.

LAMENT

OF A MOTHER FOR THE DEATH OF HER SON.

TUNE—"Finlayston House."

FATE gave the word, the arrow sped,
And pierc'd my darling's heart:
And with him all the joys are fled
Life can to me impart.

By cruel hands the sapling drops,
In dust dishonour'd laid:
So fell the pride of all my hopes,
My age's future shade.

The mother-linnet in the brake
Bewails her ravish'd young;

So I, for my lost darling's sake,
Lament the live-day long.

Death, oft I've fear'd thy fatal blow,
Now, fond I bare my breast,
O, do thou kindly lay me low
With him I love, at rest!

LAMENT

FOR JAMES, EARL OF GLENCAIRN.

THE wind blew hollow frae the hills,
By fits the sun's departing beam
Look'd on the fading yellow woods
That wav'd o'er Lugar's winding stream:
Beneath a craigy steep, a bard,
Laden with years and meikle pain,
In loud lament bewail'd his lord,
Whom death had all untimely ta'en.

He lean'd him to an ancient aik,
Whose trunk was mould'ring down with years
His locks were bleached white wi' time,
His hoary cheek was wet wi' tears!
And as he touch'd his trembling harp,
And as he tun'd his doleful sang,
The winds, lamenting thro' their caves,
To Echo bore the notes along.

“ Ye scatter’d birds that faintly sing,
The reliques of the vernal quire !
Ye woods that shed on a’ the winds
The honours of the aged year !
A few short months, and glad and gay,
Again ye’ll charm the ear and e’e ;
But nocht in all revolving time
Can gladness bring again to me.

“ I am a bending aged tree,
That long has stood the wind and rain ;
But now has come a cruel blast,
And my last hald of earth is gane :
Nae leaf o’ mine shall greet the spring,
Nae simmer sun exalt my bloom ;
But I maun lie before the storm,
And ithers plant them in my room.

“ I’ve seen sae monie changefu’ years,
On earth I am a stranger grown :
I wander in the ways of men,
Alike unknowing and unknown :
Unheard, unpitied, unreliev’d,
I bear alane my lade o’ care,
For silent, low, on beds of dust,
Lie a’ that would my sorrows share.

“ And last (the sum of a’ my griefs !)
My noble master lies in clay ;
The flow’r amang our barons bold,
His country’s pride, his country’s stay :

In weary being now I pine,
For a' the life of life is dead,
And hope has left my aged ken,
On forward wing for ever fled.

“Awake thy last sad voice, my harp!
The voice of woe and wild despair!
Awake, resound thy latest lay,
Then sleep in silence evermair!
And thou, my last, best, only friend,
That fillest an untimely tomb,
Accept this tribute from the bard
Thou brought from fortune's mirkest gloom.

“In poverty's low barren vale,
Thick mists, obscure, involv'd me round.
Tho' oft I turn'd the wistful eye,
Nae ray of fame was to be found:
Thou found'st me like the morning sun
That melts the fogs in limpid air,
The friendless bard and rustic song,
Became alike thy fostering care.

“O! why has worth so short a date?
While villains ripen grey with time!
Must thou, the noble, gen'rous, great,
Fall in bold manhood's hardy prime!
Why did I live to see that day?
A day to me so full of woe!
O! had I met the mortal shaft
Which laid my benefactor low!

“ The bridegroom may forget the bride,
Was made his wedded wife yestreen ;
The monarch may forget the crown
That on his head an hour has been ;
The mother may forget the child
That smiles sae sweetly on her knee ;
But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
And a' that thou hast done for me !”

LINES

SENT TO SIR JOHN WHITEFOORD, OF
WHITEFOORD, BART.

WITH THE FOREGOING POEM.

THOU, who thy honour as thy God rever'st,
Who, save thy *mind's reproach*, nought earthly
fear'st,
To thee this votive offering I impart,
The tearful tribute of a broken heart.
The *Friend* thou vallued'st, I the *Patron* lov'd :
His worth, his honour, all the world approv'd.
We'll mourn till we too go as he has gone,
And tread the dreary path to that dark world
unknown.

STRATHALLAN'S LAMENT.

THICKEST night o'erhang my dwelling!
Howling tempests o'er me rave!
Turbid torrents, wintry swelling,
Still surround my lonely cave!

Crystal streamlets gently flowing,
Busy haunts of base mankind,
Western breezes softly blowing,
Suit not my distracted mind.

In the cause of right engaged,
Wrongs injurious to redress,
Honour's war we strongly waged,
But the Heavens deny'd success.

Ruin's wheel has driven o'er us,
Not a hope that dare attend,—
The wide world is all before us!
But a world without a friend!

THE
CHEVALIER'S LAMENT.

The small birds rejoice in the green leaves re-
turning ;
The murmuring streamlet winds clear thro' the
vale ;
The hawthorn trees blow in the dews of the morn-
ing,
And wild scatter'd cowslips bedeck the green
dale :

But what can give pleasure, or what can seem fair,
While the lingering moments are number'd by
care ?

No flowers gaily springing, nor birds sweetly
singing,
Can sooth the sad bosom of joyless despair.

The deed that I dar'd, could it merit their malice
A king and a father to place on his throne ?
His right are these hills, and his right are these
valleys,
Where the wild beasts find shelter, but I can
find none.

But 'tis not my sufferings, thus wretched, forlorn,
My brave gallant friends, 'tis your ruin I mourn
Your deeds prov'd so loyal in hot bloody trial,
Alas ! can I make you no sweeter return !

THE
AUTHOR'S FAREWELL

TO
HIS NATIVE COUNTRY.

TUNE—"Roslin Castle."

THE gloomy night is gath'ring fast,
Loud roars the wild, inconstant blast,
Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,
I see it driving o'er the plain ;
The hunter now has left the moor,
The scatter'd coveys meet secure,
While here I wander, prest with care,
Along the lonely banks of *Ayr*.

The Autumn mourns her rip'ning corn
By early Winter's ravage torn ;
Across her placid, azure sky,
She sees the scowling tempests fly :
Chill runs my blood to hear it rave,
I think upon the stormy wave,
Where many a danger I must dare,
'ar from the bonie banks of *Ayr*.

'Tis not the surging billows' roar,
'Tis not that fatal, deadly shore ;
Though death in ev'ry shape appear,
The wretched have no more to fear :
But round my heart the ties are bound,
That heart transpierc'd with many a wound •
These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,
To leave the bonie banks of *Ayr*.

Farewell, old *Coila's* bills and dales,
Her heathy moors and winding vales ;
The scenes were wretched fancy roves,
Pursuing past, unhappy loves !
Farewell, my friends ! farewell, my foes !
My peace with these, my love with those—
The bursting tears my heart declare,
Farewell the bonie banks of *Ayr*.

FAREWELL TO AYRSHIRE.

SCENES of woe and scenes of pleasure,
Scenes that former thoughts renew,
Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
Now a sad and last adieu!

Bonie Doon, sae sweet and gloamin,
Fare thee weel before I gang!
Bonie Doon, whare, early roaming,
First I weav'd the *rustic sang*!

Bowers, adieu, whare Love, decoying,
First inthrall'd this heart o' mine,
There the safest sweets enjoying,
Sweets that Mem'ry ne'er shall tyne!

Friends, so near my bosom ever,
Ye hae render'd moments dear;
But, alas! when forc'd to sever,
Then the stroke, O how severe!

Friends! that parting tear, reserve it,
Tho' 'tis doubly dear to me!
Could I think I did deserve it,
How much happier would I be!

Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
Scenes that former thoughts renew,
Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
Now a sad and last adieu!

THE
FAREWELL

TO

THE BRETHREN OF ST. JAMES'S LODGE,
TARBOLTON.

TUNE—"Good night, and joy be wi' you a' I"

ADIEU! a heart-warm fond adieu!
Dear brothers of the *mystic tye*!
Ye favour'd, ye *enlighten'd* few,
Companions of my social joy!
Tho' I to foreign lands must hie,
Pursuing fortune's slidd'ry ba',
With melting heart, and brimful eye,
I'll mind you still, tho' far awa'.

Oft have I met your social band,
And spent the cheerful, festive night:
Oft, honour'd with supreme command,
Presided o'er the *sons of light*:
And by that *hieroglyphic* bright,
Which none but *craftsmen* ever saw!
Strong mem'ry on my heart shall write
Those happy scenes when far awa'.

May freedom, harmony, and love,
Unite you in the *grand design*,
Beneath th' omniscient Eye above,
The glorious *Architect* divine!
That you may keep th' *unerring line*,
Still rising by the *plummet's law*,
Till order bright completely shine,
Shall be my pray'r when far awa'.

And you, farewell! whose merits claim,
Justly, that *highest badge* to wear!
Heav'n bless your honour'd, noble nan
To *Mas nry* and *Scotia* dear!
A last request permit me here,
When yearly ye assemble a',
One round, I ask it with a tear,
To him, the *Bard* that's far awa'.

FAREWELL TO ELIZA.

TUNE—"Gilderoy."

FROM thee, *Eliza*, I must go,
And from my native shore;
The cruel fates between us throw
A boundless ocean's roar:
But boundless oceans, roaring wide,
Between my love and me.
They never, never can divide
My heart and soul from thee:

Farewell, farewell, *Eliza* dear,
The maid that I adore!
A boding voice is in mine ear,
We part to meet no more!
But the last throb that leaves my heart,
While death stands victor by,
That throb, *Eliza*, is thy part,
And thine that latest sigh!

HIGHLAND MARY.

TUNE —“Katharine Ogie.”

YE banks, and braes, and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie!
There simmer first unfold her robes,
And there the langest tarry;
For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom:
As underneath their fragrant shade,
I clasp'd her to my bosom!
The golden hours on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me, as light and life,
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace.
Our parting was fu' tender ;
And, pledging aft to meet again,
We tore ourselves asunder ;
But oh ! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early !
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary !

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly !
And clos'd, for ay, the sparkling glance,
That dwelt on me sae kindly !
And mouldering now in silent dust,
That heart that lo'ed me dearly '
But still within my bosom's core,
Shall live my Highland Mary.

TO

MARY IN HEAVEN.

THOU lingering star, with less'ning ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary ! dear departed shade !
Where is thy place of blissful rest ?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid ?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast

That sacred hour can I forget,
Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
Where by the winding *Ayr* we met,
To live one day of parting love!
Eternity will not efface,
Those records dear of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace!
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr gurgling kissed his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning, green;
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twin'd amorous round the raptur'd scene.
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray,
Till too, too soon, the glowing west,
Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care!
Time but the impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy blissful place of rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

ELEGY

ON THE LATE MISS BURNET,

OF MONBODDO.

LIFE ne'er exulted in so rich a prize,
As Burnet lovely, from her native skies ;
Nor envious Death so triumph'd in a blow,
As that which laid the accomplished Burnet low.

Thy form and mind, sweet maid, can I forget ?
In richest ore the brightest jewel set ?
In thee, high Heaven above was truest shown,
As by his noblest work the Godhead best is known.

In vain ye flaunt in summer's pride, ye groves ;
Thou crystal streamlet with thy flowery shore,
Ye woodland choir that chant your idle loves,
Ye cease to charm—Eliza is no more !

Ye heathy wastes, immix'd with reedy fens ;
Ye mossy streams, with sedge and rushes stor'd ;
Ye rugged cliffs, o'erhanging dreary glens,
To you I fly, ye with my soul accord.

Princes, whose cumb'rous pride was all their
worth,
Shall venal lays their pompous exit hail ?
And thou, sweet excellence ! forsake our earth,
And not a muse in honest grief bewail ?

We saw thee shine in youth and beauty's pride,
 And virtue's light, that beams beyond the
 spheres ;
 But like the sun eclips'd at morning tide,
 Thou left'st us darkling in a world of tears.

The parent's heart that nestled fond in thee,
 That heart how sunk, a prey to grief and care ;
 So deck'd the woodbine sweet yon aged tree,
 So from it ravish'd, leaves it bleak and bare.

VERSES

ON READING, IN A NEWSPAPER, THE DEATH OF
 JOHN M'LEOD, ESQ. BROTHER TO A YOUNG LADY,
 A PARTICULAR FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR'S.

SAD thy tale, thou idle page,
 And rueful thy alarms :
 Death tears the brother of her love
 From Isabella's arms.

Sweetly deck'd with pearly dew
 The morning rose may blow ;
 But cold, successive noontide blasts
 May lay its beauties low.

Fair on Isabella's morn
 The sun propitious smil'd ;
 But, long ere noon, succeeding clouds
 Succeeding hopes beguil'd.

Fate oft tears the bosom chords
That Nature finest strung:
So Isabella's heart was form'd,
And so that heart was wrung.

Dread Omnipotence, alone
Can heal the wound he gave;
Can point the brimful grief-worn eyes
To scenes beyond the grave.

Virtue's blossoms there shall blow,
And fear no withering blast:
There Isabella's spotless worth
Shall happy be at last.

SONNET

ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT RIDDEL, ESQ.

OF GLEN RIDDEL, APRIL, 1794.

No more, ye warblers of the wood, no more,
Nor pour your descant, grating, on my soul:
Thou young-ey'd Spring, gay in thy verdant stole,
More welcome were to me grim Winter's wildest
roar,

How can ye charm, ye flow'rs, with all your dyes?
 Ye blow upon the sod that wraps my friend:
 How can I to the tuneful strain attend?
 That strain flows round th' untimely tomb where
 Riddel lies.

Yes, pour, ye warblers, pour the notes of woe,
 And soothe *the Virtues* weeping on this bier:
 The *Man of Worth*, and has not left his peer,
 Is in his "narrow house" for ever darkly low.

Thee, Spring, again with joy shall others greet;
 Me, memory of my loss will only meet.

VERSES

ON THE

DEATH OF SIR JAMES HUNTER BLAIR.

THE lamp of day, with ill-presaging glare,
 Dim, cloudy, sunk beneath the western wave;
 Th' inconstant blast howl'd thro' the darkening air,
 And hollow whistled in the rocky cave.

Lone as I wander'd by each cliff and dell,
 Once the lov'd haunts of Scottia's royal train*;
 Or mus'd where limpid streams, once hallow'd
 well†,
 Or mould'ring ruins mark the sacred faue‡;

* The King's Park, at Holyrood-house

† St. Anthony's Well

‡ St. Anthony's Chapel.

Th' increasing blast roar'd round the beetling rock,
The clouds, swift-wing'd flew o'er the starry sky;
The groaning trees untimely shed their locks,
And shooting meteors caught the startled eye.

The paly moon rose in the livid cast,
And 'mong the cliffs disclos'd a stately Form,
In weeds of woe that frantic beat her breast,
And mix'd her wailings with the raving storm.

Wild to my heart the filial pulses glow,
'Twas Caledonia's trophied shield I view'd:
Her form majestic droop'd in pensive woe,
The light'ning of her eye in tears imbued.

Revers'd that spear, redoubtable in war,
Reclin'd that banner, erst in fields unfurl'd,
That like a deathful meteor gleam'd afar,
And brav'd the mighty monarchs of the world:—

“ My patriot Son fills an untimely grave!”
With accents wild and lifted arms she cried—
“ Low lies the hand that oft was stretch'd to save,
Low lies the heart that swell'd with honest pride!

“ A weeping country joins a widow's tear,
The helpless poor mix with the orphan's cry;
The drooping hearts surround their patrons bier,
And grateful science heaves the heartfelt sigh.

“ I saw my sons resume their ancient fire:
I saw fair Freedom's blossoms richly blow;
But, ah! how hope is born but to expire!
Relentless fate has laid this guardian low.

“ My patriot falls, but shall he lie unsung,
 While empty greatness saves a worthless name?
 No ; every Muse shall join her tuneful tongue,
 And future ages hear his growing fame.

“ And I will join a mother’s tender cares,
 Thro’ future times to make his virtues last,
 That distant years may boast of other Blairs :”—
 She said, and vanish’d with the sweeping blast.

ADDRESS

TO THE SHADE OF THOMSON,
 ON CROWNING HIS BUST AT EDNAM, ROXBURGH-
 SHIRE, WITH BAYS.

WHILE virgin Spring, by Eden’s flood,
 Unfolds her tender mantle green,
 Or pranks the sod in frolic mood,
 Or tunes Eolian strains between :

While Summer with a matron grace
 Retreats to Dryburgh’s cooling shade,
 Yet oft, delighted, stops to trace
 The progress of the spiky blade :

While Autumn, benefactor, kind,
By Tweed erects his aged head,
And sees, with self-approving mind,
Each creature on his bounty fed :

While maniac Winter rages o'er
The hills whence classic Yarrow flows,
Rousing the turbid torrent's roar,
Or weeping wild a waste of snows :

So long, sweet Poet of the year,
Shall bloom that wreath thou well hast won;
While Scotia with exulting tear,
Proclaims that THOMSON was her son.

EPITAPH

FOR THE AUTHOR'S FATHER.

O YE, whose cheek the tear of pity stains,
Draw near with pious rev'rence and attend!
Here lie the loving husband's dear remains,
The tender father, and the gen'rous friend.

The pitying heart that felt for human woe ;
The dauntless heart that fear'd no human pride ;
The friend of man, to vice alone a foe ;
“ For ev'n his failings lean'd to virtue's side*.”

* Goldsmith.

FOR R. A. ESQ.

Know thou, O stranger to the fame
Of this much lov'd, much honour'd name !
(For none that knew him need be told)
A warmer heart Death ne'er made cold.

ON A FRIEND.

An honest man here lies at rest,
As e'er God with his image blest ;
The friend of man, the friend of truth ;
The friend of age, and guide of youth :
Few hearts like his, with virtue warm'd,
Few heads with knowledge so inform'd :
If there's another world, he lives in bliss ;
If there is none, he made the best of this.

A

BARD'S EPITAPH.

Is there a whim-inspired fool,
Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule,
Owre blate to seek, owre proud to snool,
Let him draw near;
And owre this grassy heap sing dool,
And drap a tear.

Is there a Bard of rustic song,
Who, noteless, steals the crowds among,
That weekly this area throng,
O, pass not by!
But with a frater-feeling strong,
Here heave a sigh.

Is there a man, whose judgment clear,
Can others teach the course to steer,
Yet runs, himself, life's mad career,
Wild as the wave;
Here pause—and, thro' the starting tear,
Survey this grave.

The poor inhabitant below
Was quick to learn and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow,
And softer flame,
But thoughtless follies laid him low,
And stain'd his name!

Reader, attend—whether thy soul
 Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,
 Or darkling grubs this earthly hole,
 In low pursuit;
 Know, prudent, cautious, *self-controul*,
 Is wisdom's root.

VERSES

ON THE BIRTH OF A POSTHUMOUS CHILD,

BORN IN PECULIAR CIRCUMSTANCES OF
 FAMILY-DISTRESS.

SWEET Flow'ret, pledge o' meikle love,
 And ward o' monie a pray'r,
 What heart o' stane wad thou na move,
 Sae helpless, sweet, and fair!

November hirples o'er the lea,
 Chill, on thy lovely form;
 And gane, alas! the shelt'ring tree,
 Should shield thee frae the storm.

May HE who gives the rain to pour,
 And wings the blast to blaw,
 Protect thee frae the driving show'r,
 The bitter frost and snaw!

May HE, the friend of woe and want,
Who heals life's various stounds,
Protect and guard the mother-plant,
And heal her cruel wounds !

But late she flourish'd, rooted fast,
Fair on the summer morn :
Now, feebly bends she in the blast,
Unshelter'd and forlorn.

Blest be thy bloom, thou lovely gem,
Unscath'd by ruffian hand !
And from thee many a parent stem
Arise to deck our land !

ON SENSIBILITY.

TO MY DEAR AND MUCH-HONOURED FRIEND,
MRS. DUNLOP, OF DUNLOP.

SENSIBILITY, how charming,
Thou, my friend, canst truly tell ;
But distress with horrors arming,
Thou hast also known too well !

Fairest flower, behold the lily,
Blooming in the sunny ray ;
Let the blast sweep o'er the valley,
See it prostrate on the clay.

Hear the wood-lark charm the forest,
 Telling o'er his little joys ;
 Hapless bird ! a prey the surest,
 To each pirate of the skies.

Dearly bought the hidden treasure,
 Finer feelings can bestow
 Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure,
 Thrill the deepest notes of woe

VERSES

ON SEEING A WOUNDED HARE LIMP BY ME,
 WHICH A FELLOW HAD JUST SHOT AT.

INHUMAN man ! curse on thy barb'rous art,
 And blasted be thy murder-aiming eye :
 May never pity soothe thee with a sigh,
 Nor ever pleasure glad thy cruel heart !

Go, live, poor wanderer of the wood and field,
 The bitter little that of life remains :
 No more the thickening brakes and verdant
 plains
 To thee shall home, or food, or pastime yield.

Seek, mangled wretch, some place of wonted rest,
 No more of rest, but now thy dying bed !
 The sheltering rushes whistling o'er thy head,
 The cold earth with thy bloody bosom prest.

Oft as by winding Nith I, musing, wait
The sober eve, or hail the cheerful dawn,
I'll miss thee sporting o'er the dewy lawn,
And curse the ruffian's aim, and mourn thy hap-
less fate

LINES

ON SCARING SOME WATER-FOWL IN LOCH
TURIT,

A WILD SCENE AMONG THE HILLS OF
OUGHTERTYRE.

WHY, ye tenants of the lake,
For me your wat'ry haunt forsake?
Tell me, fellow-creatures, why
At my presence thus you fly?
Why disturb your social joys,
Parent, filial, kindred ties?—
Common friend to you and me,
Nature's gifts to all are free:
Peaceful keep your dimpling wave,
Busy feed, or wanton lave;
Or, beneath the sheltering rock,
Bide the surging billow's shock.

Conscious, blushing for our race,
Soon, too soon, your fears I trace

Man, your proud usurping foe,
Would be lord of all below ;
Plumes himself in Freedom's pride,
Tyrant stern to all beside.

The eagle, from the cliffy brow,
Marking you his prey below,
In his breast no pity dwells,
Strong necessity compels :
But man, to whom alone is giv'n
A ray direct from pitying Heav'n,
Glories in his heart humane—
And creatures for his pleasure slain.

In these savage, liquid plains,
Only known to wand'ring swains,
Where the mossy riv'let strays,
Far from human haunts and ways ;
All on Nature you depend,
And life's poor season peaceful spend.

Or, if man's superior might,
Dare invade your native right,
On the lofty ether borne,
Man with all his pow'rs you scorn ;
Swiftly seek, on clanging wings,
Other lakes and other springs ;
And the foe you cannot brave,
Scorn at least to be his slave.

SONNET,

WRITTEN ON THE 25TH OF JANUARY, 1798, THE
BIRTH-DAY OF THE AUTHOR, ON HEARING A
THRUSH IN A MORNING WALK.

SING on, sweet thrush, upon the leafless bough ;
Sing on, sweet bird, I listen to thy strain ;
See aged Winter, 'mid his surly reign,
At thy blithe carol clears his furrow'd brow :

So in lone Poverty's dominion drear,
Sits meek Content with light unanxious heart,
Welcomes the rapid moments, bids them part,
Nor asks if they bring aught to hope or fear.

I thank thee, Author of this opening day !
Thou whose bright sun now guilds yon orient
skies !

Riches denied, thy boon was purer joys,
What wealth could never give nor take away !

Yet come, thou child of poverty and care ;
The mite high Heav'n bestow'd, that mite with thee
I'll share.

TO A MOUSE,

ON TURNING HER UP IN HER NEST, WITH THE
PLOUGH, NOVEMBER, 1785.

WEE, sleekit, cow'rin, tim'rous beastie,
O, what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou need na start awa sae hasty,
Wi' bickerin brattle!
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,
Wi' murd'ring pattle!

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken Nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion,
Which makes thee startle
At me, thy poor earth-born companion,
An' fellow-mortal!

I doubt na, whyles, but thou mayst thieve
What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!
A daimen icker in a thrave
's a sma' request:
I'll get a blessin wi' the lave,
And never miss't:

Thy wee bit *housie*, too, in ruin !
Its silly wa's the win's are strewin !
An' naething, now, to big a new ane
O' foggage green !
An' bleak December's win's ensuin,
Baith snell and keen

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,
An' weary winter comin fast,
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell,
Till, crash ! the cruel *coulter* past
Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble,
Has cost thee monie a weary nibble !
Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
But house or hald,
To thole the winter's sleety dribble,
An' cranreuch cauld !'

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane,
In proving *foresight* may be vain :
The best-laid schemes o' *mice* an' *men*,
Gang aft a-gley,
An' lea'e us nought but grief and pain,
For promis'd joy.

Still thou art blest, compar'd wi' *me* !
The *present* only toucheth thee :
But, och ! I backward cast my e'e,
On prospects drear !
An' forward, tho' I canna see,
I guess an' fear.

TO

A MOUNTAIN DAISY,

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH, IN
APRIL, 1786.

WEE, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,
Thou'st met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem:
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
Thou bonie gem.

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet!
The bonie *Lark*, companion meet!
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet!
Wi' spreckled breast,
When upward-springing, blythe, to greet
The purpling East.

Could blew the bitter-biting North
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce rear'd above the parent-earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield,
High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield,
But thou beneath the random bield
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie *stibble-field*,
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise ;
But now the *share* uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies !

Such is the fate of artless Maid,
Sweet *flow'ret* of the rural shade !
By love's simplicity betray'd,
And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid,
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple Bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd !
Unskilful he to note the card
Of *prudent* lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er !

Such fate to *suffering* worth is giv'n,
Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,
By human pride or cunning driv'n,
To mis'ry's brink,
Till wrench'd of ev'ry stay but *Heav'n*,
He, ruin'd, sink !

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
 That fate is thine—no distant date ;
 Stern Ruin's plough-share drives, elate,
 Full on thy bloom,
 Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
 Shall be thy doom !

THE

HUMBLE PETITION OF BRUAR
 WATER*,

TO THE NOBLE DUKE OF ATHOLE.

My Lord, I know your noble ear ,
 Woe ne'er assails in vain ;
 Embolden'd thus, I beg you'll hear
 Your humble Slave complain,
 How saucy Phœbus' scorching beams,
 In flaming summer-pride,
 Dry-withering, waste my foamy streams,
 And drink my crystal tide.

* Bruar Falls, in Athole, are exceedingly picturesque and beautiful;
 but their effect is much impaired by the want of trees and shrubs.

The lightly-jumping glowrin trouts,
That thro' my waters play,
If, in their random, wanton spouts,
They near the margin stray ;
If, hapless chance ! they linger lang,
I'm scorching up so shallow,
They're left the whit'ning stanes amang,
In gasping death to wallow.

Last day I grat wi' spite and teen,
As Poet B**** came by,
That, to a Bard, I should be seen
Wi' half my channel dry :
A panegyric rhyme, I ween,
Ev'n as I was he shor'd me ;
But had I in my glory been,
He, kneeling, wad ador'd me.

Here, foaming down the shelvy rocks,
In twisting strength I rin ;
There, high my boiling torrent smokes,
Wild-roaring o'er a linn :
Enjoying large each spring and well
As Nature gave them me,
I am, altho' I say't mysel,
Worth gaun a mile to see.

Would then my noble master please
To grant my highest wishes,
He'll shade my banks wi' tow'ring trees,
And bonie spreading bushes ;
Delighted doubly then, my Lord,
You'll wander on my banks,
And listen monie a grateful bird
Return you tuneful thanks.

The sober lav'rock, warbling wild,
Shall to the skies aspire ;
The gowdspink, music's gayest child,
Shall sweetly join the choir :
The blackbird strong, the lintwhite clear,
The mavis mild and mellow ;
The robin pensive autumn cheer,
In all her locks of yellow :

This too, a covert shall ensure,
To shield them from the storm ;
And coward maukin sleep secure,
Low in her grassy form :
Here shall the shepherd make his seat,
To weave his crown of flow'rs ;
Or find a shelt'ring, safe retreat,
From prone descending show'rs.

And here, by sweet, endearing stealth,
Shall meet the loving pair,
Despising worlds with all their wealth
As empty, idle care.
The flow'rs shall vie in all their charms,
The hour of heav'n to grace,
And birks extend their fragrant arms,
To screen the dear embrace.

Here haply too, at vernal dawn,
Some musing Bard may stray,
And eye the smoking, dewy lawn,
And misty mountain, grey ;
Or, by the reaper's nightly beam,
Mild-chequ'ring thro' the trees,
Rave to my darkly-dashing stream,
Hoarse-swelling on the breeze.

Let lofty firs, and ashes cool,
My lowly banks o'erspread,
And view, deep-bending in the pool,
Their shadows' wat'ry bed :
Let fragrant birks in woodbines drest
My craggy cliffs adorn ;
And, for the little songster's nest,
The close embow'ring thorn.

So may, old Scotia's darling hope,
Your little angel band,
Spring, like their fathers, up to prop
Their honour'd native land !
So may thro' Albion's farthest ken,
To social-flowing glasses,
The grace be—"Athole's honest men,
And Athole's bonie lasses !"

LINES

WRITTEN, WITH A PENCIL, OVER THE
CHIMNEY-PIECE,

IN THE PARLOUR OF THE INN AT KENMORE,
TAYMOUTH.

ADMIRING Nature in her wildest grace,
These northern scenes with weary feet I trace ;
O'er many a winding dale and painful steep,
Th' abodes of covey'd grouse and timid sheep,

My savage journey, curious, I pursue,
 Till fam'd Breadalbane opens to my view.—
 The meeting cliffs each deep-sunk glen divides,
 The woods, wild scatter'd, clothe their ample sides;
 Th' outstretching lake, embosom'd 'mong the hills,
 The eye with wonder and amazement fills ;
 The Tay meand'ring sweet in infant pride,
 The palace rising on his verdant side ;
 The lawns wood-fring'd in Nature's native taste,
 The hillocks dropt in Nature's careless haste ;
 The arches striding o'er the new-born stream ;
 The village glittering in the noon-tide beam—

.....

Poetic ardours in my bosom swell,
 Lone, wand'ring by the hermit's mossy cell :
 The sweeping theatre of hanging woods ;
 Th' incessant roar of headlong tumbling floods—

.....

Here Poesy might wake her heav'n-taught lyre,
 And look thro' Nature with creative fire ;
 Here, to the wrongs of Fate half reconcil'd,
 Misfortune's lighten'd steps might wander wild ;
 And Disappointment, in these lonely bounds,
 Find balm to soothe her bitter, rankling wounds :
 Here heart-struck Grief might heav'n-ward stretch
 her scan,
 And injur'd Worth forget and pardon man.

.....

LINES

WRITTEN, WITH A PENCIL, STANDING BY
THE FALL OF FYERS,

NEAR LOCH-NESS.

AMONG the heathy hills and ragged woods
The roaring Fyers pours his mossy floods ;
Till full he dashes on the rocky mounds,
Where, through a shapeless breach, his stream re-
sounds.
As high in air the bursting torrents flow,
As deep recoiling surges foam below,
Prone down the rock the whitening sheet descends,
And viewless Echo's ear, astonish'd, rends.
Dim-seen, through rising mists and ceaseless
show'rs,
The hoary cavern, wide-surrounding, low'rs.
Still thro' the gap the struggling river toils,
And still, below, the horrid cauldron boils—

.....

BOOK III.

FAMILIAR AND EPISTOLARY.

TO MISS L——,

WITH BEATTIE'S POEMS AS A NEW YEAR'S GIFT,

JANUARY 1, 1787.

AGAIN the silent wheels of time
Their annual round have driv'n,
And you, tho' scarce in maiden prime,
Are so much nearer heav'n.

No gifts have I from Indian coasts
The infant year to hail;
I send you more than India boasts,
In *Edwin's* simple tale.

Our sex with guile and faithless love
Is charg'd, perhaps, too true;
But may, dear maid, each lover prove
An *Edwin* still to you.

TO
MISS CRUICKSHANKS,

A VERY YOUNG LADY.

WRITTEN ON THE BLANK LEAF OF A BOOK
PRESENTED TO HER BY THE AUTHOR.

BEAUTEOUS rose-bud, young and gay,
Blooming on thy early May,
Never may'st thou, lovely flow'r,
Chilly shrink in sleety show'r !
Never Boreas' hoary path,
Never Eurus' pois'nous breath,
Never baleful stellar lights
Taint thee with untimely blights !
Never, never reptile thief
Riot on thy virgin leaf !
Nor even Sol too fiercely view
Thy bosom blushing still with dew !

May'st thou long, sweet crimson gem,
Richly deck thy native stem ;
Till some ev'ning, sober, calm,
Dropping dews, and breathing balm,
While all around the woodland rings,
And every bird thy requiem sings ;
Thou, amid the dirgeful sound,
Shed thy dying honours round,
And resign to parent earth
The loveliest form she e'er gave birth.

VERSES,

ON A YOUNG LADY,

RESIDING ON THE BANKS OF THE SMALL RIVER
DEVON, IN CLACKMANNANSHIRE, BUT WHOSE
INFANT YEARS WERE SPENT IN AYRSHIRE.

How pleasant the banks of the clear-winding
Devon

With green-spreading bushes, and flow'rs bloom-
ing fair ;

But the boniest flower on the banks of the Devon
Was once a sweet bud on the braes of the Ayr.

Mild be the sun on this sweet-blushing flower,
In the gay, rosy morn as it bathes in the dew !
And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower,
That steals on the evening each leaf to renew.

O spare the dear blossom, ye orient breezes,
With chill hoary wing as ye usher the dawn !
And far be thou distant, thou reptile that seizes
The verdure and pride of the garden and lawn !

Let Bourbon exult in his gay gilded lilies,
And England triumphant display her proud
rose ;

A fairer than either adorns the green vallies
Where Devon, sweet Devon, meandering flows.

VERSES

TO A YOUNG LADY, WITH A PRESENT OF SONGS.

HERE, where the Scottish muse immortal lives,
In sacred strains and tuneful numbers join'd,
Accept the gift ; tho' humble he who gives —
Rich is the tribute of the grateful mind.

So may no ruffian-feeling in thy breast,
Discordant jar thy bosom-chords among ;
But peace attune thy gentle soul to rest,
Or love ecstatic wake his seraph song ;

Or pity's notes, in luxury of tears,
As modest want the tale of woe reveals ;
While conscious virtue all the strain endears,
And heav'n-born piety her sanction seals.

VERSES,

WRITTEN ON THE BLANK LEAF OF A COPY OF HIS
POEMS, PRESENTED TO A LADY, WHOM HE HAD
OFTEN CELEBRATED UNDER THE NAME OF
CHLORIS.

'Tis Friendship's pledge, my young fair friend,
Nor thou the gift refuse,
Nor with unwilling ear attend
The moralizing muse.

Since thou, in all thy youth and charms,
Must bid the world adieu,
(A world 'gainst peace in constant arms)
To join the friendly few.

Since, thy gay morn of life o'ercast,
Chill came the tempest's lower ;
(And ne'er misfortune's eastern blast
Did nip a fairer flower).

Since life's gay scenes must charm no more,
Still much is left behind ;
Still nobler wealth hast thou in store,
The comforts of the mind !

Thine is the self-approving glow,
On conscious honour's part ;
And, dearest gift of Heaven below,
Thine friendship's truest heart.

The joys refin'd of sense and taste,
With every Muse to rove :
And doubly were the Poet blest
These joys could he improve.

VERSES

WRITTEN ON THE BLANK LEAF OF A COPY OF HIS
POEMS, PRESENTED TO AN OLD SWEETHEART,
THEN MARRIED.

ONCE fondly lov'd, and still remember'd dear,
Sweet early object of my youthful vows,
Accept this mark of friendship, warm, sincere,
Friendship !—'tis all cold duty now allows :—

And when you read the simple, artless rhymes,
One friendly sigh for him, he asks no more,
Who distant burns in flaming, torrid climes,
Or haply lies beneath the Atlantic roar.

TO

A YOUNG LADY,

MISS JESSY L——, DUMFRIES; WITH BOOKS
WHICH THE BARD PRESENTED HER.

THINE be the volumes, Jessy fair,
And with them take the Poet's prayer
That Fate may in her fairest page,
With ev'ry kindest, best presage
Of future bliss enrol thy name :
With native worth, and spotless fame,
And wakeful caution still aware
Of ill—but chief, man's felon snare ;
All blameless joys on earth we find,
And all the treasures of the mind—
These be thy guardian and reward ;
So prays thy faithful friend, the Bard.

TO J. S****.

Friendship ! mysterious cement of the soul !
Sweet'ner of life, and solder of society !
I owe thee much.——

BLAIR.

DEAR S****, thee sleest, paukie thief,
That e'er attempted stealth or rief,
Ye surely hae some warlock-breef
Owre human hearts ;
For ne'er a bosom yet was prief
Against your arts.

For me, I swear by sun and moon,
And ev'ry star that blinks aboon,
Ye've cost me twenty pair o' shoon
Just gaun to see you ;
And ev'ry ither pair that's done,
Mair taen I'm wi' you.

That auld capricious carlin, Nature,
To mak amends for scrimpit stature,
She's turn'd you aff, a human creature
On her *first* plan,
And in her freaks, on ev'ry feature,
She's wrote, *the Man*.

Then farewell hopes o' laurel-boughs,
To garland my poetic brows!
Henceforth I'll rove where busy ploughs
Are whistling thrang,
An' teach the lanely heights an' howes
My rustic sang.

I'll wander on, wi' tentless heed
How never-halting moments speed,
Till fate shall snap the brittle thread;
Then, all unknown,
I'll lay me with th' inglorious dead,
Forgot and gone!

But why o' Death begin a tale?
Just now we're living, sound, and hale,
Then top and main-top crowd the sail,
Heave *Care* o'er-side!
And large, before Enjoyment's gale,
Let's tak the tide.

This life, sae far's I understand,
Is a' enchanted, fairy land,
Where Pleasure is the magic wand,
That, wielded right,
Maks Hours, like Minutes, hand in hand,
Dance by fu' light.

The magic wand then let us wield;
For, ance that five-an'-forty's speel'd,
See crazy, weary, joyless Eild,
Wi' wrinkled face,
Comes hostin, hirplin owre the field,
Wi' creepin pace.

When ance *Life's* day draws near the
gloamin,
Then fareweel vacant careless roamin ;
An' fareweel chearfu' tankards foamin,
An' social noise ;
An' fareweel, dear, deluding *woman*,
The joy of joys.

O Life! how pleasant in thy morning,
Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning!
Cold-pausing Caution's lesson scorning,
We frisk away,
Like school-boys, at th' expected warning,
To joy and play.

We wander there, we wander here,
We eye the rose upon the brier,
Unmindful that the thorn is near,
 Among the leaves ;
And tho' the puny wound appear,
 Short while it grieves.

Some, lucky, find a flow'ry spot,
For which they never toil'd nor swat;
They drink the sweet, and eat the fat
But care or pain ;
And, haply, eye the barren hut
With high disdain.

With steady aim, some Fortune chase ;
Keen hope does every sinew brace ;
Thro' fair, thro' foul, they urge the race ;
And seize the prev.
Then canie, in some cozie place,
They close the *day*

And others, like your humble servan',
Poor wights! nae rules nor roads observin';
To right or left, eternal swervin',
They zig-zag on;
Till curst with age, obscure an' starvin',
They aften groan.

Alas! what bitter toil an' straining—
But, truce with peevish, poor complaining!
Is Fortune's fickle *Luna* waning?
E'en let her gang!
Beneath what light she has remaining,
Let's sing our sang.

My pen I here fling to the door,
And kneel, "Ye Powers!" and warm implore,
"Tho' I should wander *Terra* o'er
In all her climes,
Grant me but this, I ask no more,
Ay rowth o' rhymes.

"Gie dreeping roasts to countra lairds,
Till icicles hing frae their beards;
Gie fine braw claes to fine Life-Guards,
And Maids of Honour;
And yill an' whiskey, gie to Cairds,
Until they sconner.

"A Title, *Dempster* merits it;
A garter gie to *Willie Pitt*;
Gie Wealth to some be-ledger'd cit,
In cent. per cent.
But gie me real, sterling Wit,
And I'm content.

“ While ye are pleas’d to keep me hale,
 I’ll sit down o’er my scanty meal,
 Be’t *water-brose* or *muslin-kail*,
 Wi’ cheerfu’ face,
 As lang’s the Muses dinna fail
 To say the grace.”

An anxious e’e I never throws
 Behint my lug, or by my nose ;
 I jouk beneath Misfortune’s blows
 As weel’s I may ;
 Sworn foe to Sorrow, Care, and Prose,
 I rhyme away.

O ye douse folk, that live by rule,
 Grave, tideless-blooded, calm, and cool,
 Compar’d wi’ you—O fool ! fool ! fool !
 How much unlike !
 Your hearts are just a standing pool,
 Your lives, a dyke !

Nae hair-brain’d sentimental traces
 In your unletter’d, nameless faces !
 In *arioso* trills and graces
 Ye never stray,
 But, *gravissimo*, solemn basses
 Ye hum away.

Ye are sae *grave*, nae doubt ye’re *wise* ;
 Nae ferly tho’ ye do despise
 The hairum-scarum, ram-stam boys,
 The rattlin squad ;
 I see you upward cast your eyes—
 —Ye ken the road.—

Whilst I— but I shall haud me there—
 Wi' you I'll scarce gang *ony where*—
 Then, *Jamie*, I shall say nae mair,
 But quat my sang,
 Content wi' *you* to make a pair,
 Whare'er I gang.

EPISTLE TO DAVIE,

A BROTHER POET*.

January—

WHILE winds frae aff *Ben-Lomond* blaw,
 And bar the doors wi' driving snaw,
 And hing us owre the ingle,
 I set me down to pass the time,
 And spin a verse or twa o' rhyme,
 In hamely westlin jingle.
 While frosty winds blaw in the drift,
 Ben to the chimla lug,
 I grudge a wee the great folks' gift,
 That live sae bien an' snug :
 I tent less, and want less
 Their roomy fire-side ;
 But hanker and canker,
 To see their cursed pride,

* David Sillar, one of the Club at *Targhollan*, and author of a volume of Poems in the Scottish dialect.

It's hardly in a body's pow'r,
To keep, at times, frae being sour,
To see how things are shar'd;
How best o' chieles are whiles in want,
While coofs on countless thousands rant,
And ken na how to wair't:
But *Darrie*, lad, ne'er fash your head,
Tho' we hae little gear,
We're fit to win our daily bread,
As lang's we're hale and fier:
"Mair spier na, no fear na*,"
Auld age ne'er mind a feg,
The last o't, the warst o't,
Is only for to beg.

To lie in kilns and barns at e'en,
When banes are craz'd, and bluid is thin,
Is, doubtless, great distress!
Yet then content could make us blest:
Ev'n then, sometimes, we'd snatch a taste
Of truest happiness.
'The honest heart that's free frae a'
Intended fraud or guile,
However fortune kick the ba',
Has ay some cause to smile,
And mind still, you'll find still,
A comfort this nae sma';
Nae mair then, we'll care then,
Nae farther can we fa'.

What tho', like commoners of air,
We wander out we know not where,
But either house or hal' ?
Yet Nature's charms, the hills and woods,
The sweeping vales and foaming floods,
Are free alike to all.
In days when daisies deck the ground,
And blackbirds whistle clear,
With honest joy our hearts will bound,
To see the coming year :
On braes, when we please, then,
We'll sit an' sowth a tune ;
Syne *rhyme* till't, we'll time till't,
And sing't when we hae done.

It's no in titles nor in rank ;
It's no in wealth like *Lon'on* bank,
To purchase peace and rest ;
It's no in makin muckle *mair* ;
It's no in books ; it's no in lear,
To make us truly blest :
If happiness hae not her seat
And centre in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest :
Nae treasures, nor pleasures,
Could make us happy lang ;
The *heart* ay's the part ay,
That makes us right or wrang.

Think ye, that sic as you and I,
Wha drudge and drive thro' wet an' dry,
Wi' never-ceasing toil ;

Think ye, are we less blest than they,
Wha scarcely tent us in their way,
As hardly worth their while?
Alas! how aft in haughty mood,
God's creatures they oppress!
Or else, neglecting a' that's guid,
They riot in excess!
Baith careless and fearless
Of either heav'n or hell!
Esteeming, and deeming
It's a' an idle tale!

Then let us cheerfu' acquiesce;
Nor make our scanty pleasures less,
By pining at our state;
And, even should misfortunes come,
I, here wha sit, hae met wi' some,
An' 's thankfu' for them yet.
They gie the wit of age to youth:
They let us ken oursel;
They make us see the naked truth,
The *real* guid and ill.
Tho' losses, and crosses,
Be lessons right severe,
There's wit there, ye'll get there,
Ye'll find nae other where.

But tent me, *Davie*, ace o' hearts!
(To say aught less wad wrang the cartes,
And flatt'ry I detest),
This life has joys for you and I;
And joys that riches ne'er could buy;
And joys the very best.

There's a' the *pleasures o' the heart*,
The lover an' the frien' ;
Ye hae your *Meg*, your dearest part,
And I my darling *Jean* !

It warms me, it charms me,
To mention but her *name* :
It heats me, it beets me,
And sets me a' on flame !

O all ye Pow'rs who rule above !
O *Thou*, whose very self art *love* !
Thou know'st my words sincere !
The life-blood streaming thro' my heart,
Or my more dear immortal part,
Is not more fondly dear !
When heart-corroding care and grief
Deprive my soul of rest,
Her dear idea brings relief
And solace to my breast.
Thou Being, All-seeing,
O hear my fervent pray'r ;
Still take her, and make her
Thy most peculiar care !

All hail, ye tender feelings dear !
The smile of love, the friendly tear,
The sympathetic glow ;
Long since, this world's thorny ways
Had number'd out my weary days,
Had it not been for you !
Fate still has blest me with a friend,
In every care and ill ;

And oft a more endearing band,
A tie more tender still.
It lightens, it brightens
The tenebrific scene,
To meet with, and greet with,
My *Davie* or my *Jean*.

O, how that *name* inspires my style!
The words come skelpin rank and file,
Amaist before I ken!
The ready measure rins as fine,
As Phœbus and the famous Nine
Were glowrin owre my pen.
My spaviet *Pegasus* will limp,
Till ance he's fairly het;
And then he'll hilch, and stilt, and jimp,
An' rin an unco fit:
But lest then, the beast then,
Should rue this hasty ride;
I'll light now, and dight now,
His sweaty, wizen'd hide,

TO THE SAME.

AULD NIBOR,

I'm three times doubly o'er your debtor,
For your auld-farrant, frien'ly letter,
'Tho' I maun say't, I doubt ye flatter,
Ye speak sae fair;
For my puir, silly, rhyming clatter,
Some less maun sair.

Hale be your heart, hale be your fiddle;
Lang may your elbuck jink an' diddle,
To cheer you thro' the weary widdle
O' war'ly cares,
Till bairns' bairns kindly cuddle
Your auld, gray hairs.

But Davie, lad, I'm red ye're glaikit;
I'm tauld the Muse ye hae negleckit
An' gif it's sae, ye sud be licket
Until ye fyke;
Sic hauns as you sud ne'er be faikit
Be hain't wha like.

For me, I'm on Parnassus' brink,
Rivin the words tae gar them clink;
Whyles daez't wi' love, whyles daez't wi' drink,
Wi' jads or masons;
An' whyles, but ay owre late, I think
Braw sober lessons.

Of a' the thoughtless sons o' man,
 Commen' me to the Bardie plan;
 Except it be some idle plan

O' rhymin' clink,
 The devil-haet, that I sud ban,
 They ever think.

Nae thought, nae view, nae scheme o' livin',
 Nae cares tae gie us joy or grievin';
 But just the pouchie put the nieve in,

An' while ought's there,
 Then hiltie, skiltie, we gae scribevin',
 An' fash nae mair.

Leeze me on rhyme! it's ay a treasure,
 My chief, amaist my only pleasure,
 At hame, a fiel', at wark or leisure,

The Muse, poor hizzie!
 Tho' rough an' raploch be her measure,
 She's seldom lazy.

Hand tae the Muse, my dainty Davie
 The warl' may play you monie a shavie;
 But for the Muse, she'll never leave ye,

Tho' e'er sae puir,
 Na, even tho' limpin wi' the spavie
 Frae door to door.

EPISTLE TO J. LAPRAIK,

AN OLD SCOTTISH BARD.

April 1, 1785.

WHILE briers an' woodbines budding green,
An' paitricks scraichin loud at e'en,
An' morning poussie whiddin seen,
Inspire my Muse,
This freedom in an *unknown* frien'
I pray excuse.

On fasten-een we had a rockin,
To ca' the crack and weave our stockin ;
And there was muckle fun and jokin,
Ye need na doubt ;
At length we had a hearty yokin
At *sang* about.

There was ae *sang*, amang the rest,
Aboon them a' it pleas'd me best,
That some kind husband had addrest
To some sweet wife :
It thirl'd the heart-strings thro' the breast,
A' to the life.

I've scarce heard aught describes sae weel,
What gen'rous, manly bosoms feel ;
Thought I, " Can this be Pope, or Steele,
Or Beattie's wark ?"
'They tald me 'twas an odd kind chiel
About *Muirkirk*.

It put me fidgin-fain to hear't,
And sae about him there I spier't.
Then a' that kent him round declar'd
He had *ingine*,
That nane excell'd it, few cam near't,
It was sae fine.

That set him to a pint of ale,
An' either dounce or merry tale,
Or rhymes an' sangs he'd made himsel,
Or witty catches,
'Tween Inverness and Tiviotdale,
He had few matches.

Then up I got, an' swoor an aith,
Tho' I should pawn my pleugh and graith,
Or die a cadger-pownie's death,
At some dyke-back,
A pint an' gill I'd gie them baith
To hear your crack.

But, first an' foremost, I should tell,
Amaist as soon as I could spell,
I to the *crambo-jingle* fell,
Tho' rude an' rough,
Yet crooning to a body's sel,
Does weel enough.

I am nae *Poet*, in a sense,
 But just a *Rhymer*, like, by chance,
 An' hae to learning nae pretence,
 Yet, what the matter?
 Whene'er my Muse does on me glance,
 I jingle at her.

Your critic-folk may cock their nose,
 And say, "How can you e'er propose,
 You wha ken hardly *verse* frae *prose*,
 'To mak a *sang*?"
 But, by your leaves, my learned foes,
 Ye're may be wrang.

What's a' your jargon o' your schools,
 Your Latin names for horns an' stools;
 If honest Nature made you *fools*,
 What sairs your grammars?
 Ye'd better taen up spades and shools,
 Or knappin-hammers.

A set o' dull, conceited hashers,
 Confuse their brains in college classes!
 They gang in stirks, and come out asses,
 Plain truth to speak;
 An' syne they think to climb Parnassus
 By dint o' Greek!

Give me ae spark o' Nature's fire,
 That's a' the learning I desire;
 Then tho' I drudge through dub an' mire
 At pleugh or cart,
 My Muse, tho' hamely in attire,
 May touch the heart.

O for a spunk o' *Allan's* glee,
 Or *Fergusson's* the bauld and slee,
 Or bright *Lapraik's*, my friend to be,
 If I can hit it !
 That would be *lear* enough for me,
 If I could get it.

Now, Sir, if ye have friends enow,
 Tho, real friends, I b'lieve, are few,
 Yet, if your catalogue be fou,
 I'se no insist,
 But gif ye want ae friend that's true,
 I'm on your list.

I winna blaw about mysel ;
 As ill I like my fauts to tell ;
 But friends, and folk that wish me well,
 They sometimes roose me,
 Tho' I maun own, as monie still
 As far abuse me.

There's ae *wee faut* they whyles lay to me,
 I like the lasses—Gude forgie me !
 For monie a plack they wheedle frae me
 At dance or fair ;
 May be some *ither thing* they gie me,
 They weel can spare.

But *Mauchline* race, or *Mauchline* fair,
 I should be proud to meet you there ;
 We'se gie ae night's discharge to care.
 If we forgather,
 An' hae a swap o' *rhymin-ware*
 Wi' ane anither.

The four-gill chap, we'se gar him clatter,
An' kirsen him wi' reekin water;
Syne we'll sit down an' tak our whitter,
To cheer our heart;
An' faith, we'se be acquainted better
Before we part.

Awa, ye selfish, warly race,
Wha think that havins, sense, an' grace,
Ev'n love an' friendship, should give place
To *catch-the-plack*!
I dinna like to see your face,
Nor hear your crack.

But ye whom social pleasure charms,
Whose heart the tide of kindness warms,
Who hold your *being* on the terms,
"Each aid the others!"
Come to my bowl, come to my arms
My friends, my brothers!

But, to conclude my lang epistle,
As my auld pen's worn to the grizzle;
Twa lines frae you wad gar me fistle,
Who am most fervent,
While I can either sing or whistle,
Your friend and servant.

TO THE SAME.

April 21, 1785.

WHILE new-ca'd kye rout at the stake,
An' pownies reek in pleugh or braik,
This hour on e'enin's edge I take,
To own I'm debtor
To honest-hearted, auld *Lapraik*,
For his kind letter.

Forjesket sair, with weary legs,
Rattlin corn out-owre the rigs,
Or dealing thro' amang the naigs
Their ten-hours bite,
My awkart Muse sair pleads and begs,
I would na write.

The tapetless ramfeczl'd hizzie,
She's saft at best, and something lazy,
Quo' she, "Ye ken, we've been sae busy,
This month an' mair,
That trouth my head is grown right dizzie,
An' something sair."

Her dowff excuses pat me mad :
 “ Conscience,” says I, “ ye thowless jad !
 I’ll write, an’ that a hearty blaud,
 This vera night ;
 So dinna ye affront your trade,
 But rhyme it right.

“ Shall bauld *Lapraik*, the king o’ hearts,
 Tho’ mankind were a pack of cartes,
 Roose you sae weel for your deserts,
 In terms sae friendly,
 Yet ye’ll neglect to shaw your parts,
 An’ thank him kindly !”

“ Sae I gat paper in a blink,
 An’ down gaed *stumpie* in the ink :
 Quoth I, “ Before I sleep a wink,
 I vow I’ll close it ;
 An’ if you winna mak it clink,
 By Jove I’ll prose it !”

Sae I’ve begun to scrawl, but whether
 In rhyme or prose, or baith thegither,
 Or some hotch-potch that’s rightly neither,
 Let time mak proof ;
 But I shall scribble down some blether,
 Just clean aff-loof.

My worthy friend, ne’er grudge an’ carp,
 Tho’ Fortune use you hard an’ sharp ;
 Come, kittle up your *moorland harp*
 Wi’ gleesome touch !
 Ne’er mind how Fortune *wast* an’ *warp* ,
 She’s but a b-tch.

She's gien me monie a jirt an' fleg,
 Sin' I could striddle owre a rig;
 But, by the L—d, tho' I should beg
 Wi' lyart pow,
 I'll laugh, an' sing, an' shake my leg,
 As lang's I dow!

Now comes the sax-an'-twentieth simmer,
 I've seen the bud upo' the timmer,
 Still persecuted by the limmer
 Frae year to year;
 But yet, despite the kittle kimmer,
 I, Rob, am here.

Do ye envy the city *Gent.*,
 Behint a kist to lie and sklent,
 Or purse-proud, big wi' *cent. per cent.*
 And muckle wame,
 In some bit burgh to represent
 A *Baillie's* name?

Or, is't the paughty, feudal Thane,
 Wi' ruffled sark an' glancing cane,
 Wha thinks himsel nae sheep-shank bane,
 But lordly stalks,
 While caps and bonnets aff are taen,
 As by he walks?

“O *Thou* wha gies us each good gift!
 Gie me o' wit an' sense a lift,
 Then turn me, if *Thou* please, adrift,
 Thro' Scotland wide;
 Wi' Cits nor Lairds I wadna shift,
 In a' their pride!”

Were this the *charter* of our state,
“On pain of hell be rich an’ great,”
Damnation then would be our fate,
Beyond remead;
But, thanks to Heav’n! that’s no the gate
We learn our creed:

For thus the royal mandate ran,
When first the human race began—
“The social, friendly, honest man,
Whate’er he be,
’Tis he fulfils *great Nature’s plan*,
An’ none but *he!*”

O mandate glorious and divine!
The ragged followers of the Nine,
Poor, thoughtless devils! yet may shine
In glorious light,
While sordid sons of Mammon’s line
Are dark as night.

Tho’ here they scrape, an’ squeeze, an’ growl,
Their worthless nievefu’ of a soul
May in some future carcase howl,
The forest’s fright;
Or in some day-detesting owl
May shun the light.

Then may *Lapraik* and *Burns* arise,
To reach their native, kindred skies,
And sing their pleasures, hopes, an’ joys.
In some mild sphere,
Still closer knit in friendship’s ties
Each passing year!

TO W. S*****N,

OCHILTREE.

May, 1785.

I GAT your letter, winsome *Willie* ;
 Wi' gratefu' heart I thank you brawlie ;
 Tho' I maun say't I wad be silly,
 An' unco vain,
 Should I believe, my coaxin billie,
 Your flatt'rin strain.

But I'se believe ye kindly meant it,
 I sud be laith to think ye hinted
 Ironie satire, sidelins sklented
 On my poor Musie ;
 Tho' in sic praisin terms ye've penn'd it,
 I scarce excuse ye.

My senses wad be in a creel,
 Should I but dare a *hope* to speel,
 Wi' Allan, or wi' Gilbertfield,
 The braes o' fame ;
 Or Fergusson, the writer-chiel,
 A deathless name.

(*O Fergusson!* thy glorious parts
 Ill suited law's dry, musty arts!
 My curse upon your whunstane hearts,
 Ye E'nburgh gentry!
 The tythe o' what ye waste at cartes,
 Wad stow'd his pantry!)

Yet when a tale comes i' my head,
 Or lasses gie my heart a screed,
 As whyles they're like to be my dead,
 (O sad disease!)

I kittle up my *rustic reed*;
 It gies me ease.

Auld *Coila* now may fidge fu' fain,
 She's gotten Poets o' her ain,
 Chiels wha their chanters winna hain,
 But tune their lays,
 Till echoes a' resound again
 Her weel-sung praise.

Nae Poet thought her worth his while,
 To set her name in measur'd style;
 She lay like some unkenn'd-of isle
 Beside *New Holland*,
 Or whare wild-meeting oceans boil
 Besouth *Magellan*.

Ramsay an' famous *Fergusson*
 Gied *Forth* an' *Tay* a lift aboon;
Yarrow an' *Tweed*, to monie a tune,
 Owre Scotland rings,
 While *Irwin*, *Lugar*, *Ayr*, an' *Doon*,
 Nae body sings.

Th' *Illissus*, *Tiber*, *Thames*, an' *Seine*,
Glide sweet in monie a tunefu' line !
But, *Willie*, set your fit to mine,
An' cock your crest,
We'll gar out streams and burnies shine
Up wi' the best.

We'll sing auld *Coila's* plains an' fells,
Her moors red-brown wi' heather-bells,
Her banks an' braes, her dens an' dells,
Where glorious *Wallace*
Aft bure the gree, as story tells,
Frae Southron billies.

At *Wallace's* name what Scottish blood
But boils up in a spring-tide flood !
Oft have our fearless fathers strode
By *Wallace's* side,
Still pressing onward, red-wat shod,
Or glorious dy'd.

O, sweet are *Coila's* haughs an' woods,
When lintwhites chant amang the buds,
And jinkin hares, in amorous whids,
Their loves enjoy,
While thro' the braes the cushat croods
Wi' wailfu' cry !

Ev'n winter bleak has charms to me,
When winds rave thro' the naked tree ;
Or frosts on hills of *Ochiltree*
Are hoary gray ;
Or blinding drifts wild furious flee,
Dark'ning the day !

O *Nature* ! a' thy shews an' forms
 To feeling pensive hearts hae charms !
 Whether the summer kindly warms,
 Wi' life an' light,
 Or winter howls in gusty storms,
 The lang, dark night !

The Muse, nae Poet ever fand her,
 Till by himsel he learn'd to wander,
 Adown some trotting burn's meander,
 An' no think lang !
 O sweet, to stray an' pensive ponder
 A heart-felt sang !

The warly race may drudge an' drive,
 Hog-shouter, jundie, stretch, an' strive,
 Let me fair *Nature's* face describe,
 And I, wi' pleasure,
 Shall let the busy, grumbling hive
 Bum owre their treasure.

Farewell "my rhyme-composing brither !"
 We've been owre lang unkenn'd to ither :
 Now let us lay our heads thegither,
 In love fraternal :
 May *Envy* wallop in a tether,
 Black fiend, infernal !

While Highlandmen hate tolls an' taxes ;
 While moorlan' herds like guid fat braxies ;
 While *terra firma*, on her axis
 Diurnal turns,
 Count on a friend, in faith an' practice,
 In *Robert Burns*.

POSTSCRIPT.

My memory's no worth a preen
 I had amaist forgotten clean,
 Ye bade me write you what they mean
 By this *new light**
 'Bout which our *herds* sae aft hae been
 Maist like to fight.

In days when mankind were but callans
 At *Grammar*, *Logic*, and sic talents,
 They took nae pains their speech to balance,
 Or rules to gie,
 But spak their thoughts in plain, braid Lalla
 Like you or me.

In thae auld times they thought the *moon*,
 Just like a sark, or pair o' shoon,
 Wore, by degrees, till her last roon,
 Gaed past their viewin',
 An' shortly after she was done,
 They gat a new one.^f

* *New-light*, a cant phrase in the West of Scotland, for those religious opinions which Dr. Taylor of Norwich defended so strenuously.

This past for certain, undisputed ;
It ne'er cam i' their heads to doubt it,
Till chiels gat up an' wad confute it,
An' ca'd it wrang ;
An' muckle din there was about it,
Baith loud and lang.

Some *herds*, weel learn'd upo' the beuk,
Wad threap auld folk the thing misteuk ;
For 'twas the *auld moon* turn'd a neuk,
An' out o' sight,
An' backlins-comin, to the leuk,
She grew mair bright.

This was deny'd, it was affirm'd ;
The *herds* an' *hissels* were alarm'd ;
The rev'rend grey-beards rav'd an' storm'd,
That beardless laddies
Should think they better were inform'd
Than their auld daddies.

Frae less to mair it gaed to sticks ;
Frae words an' aiths to clours an' nicks ;
And monie a fallow gat his licks,
Wi' hearty crunt ;
An' some, to learn them for their tricks,
Where hang'd an' brunt.

This game was play'd in monie lands,
An' *auld light* caddies bure sic hands,
That faith, the youngsters took the sands
Wi' nimble shanks,
The *Lairds* forbade, by strict commands,
Sic bluidy pranks.

But *new-light* herds gat sic a cowe,
 Folk thought them ruin'd stick-an'-stowe,
 Till now amaist on ev'ry knowe,
 Ye'll find ane plac'd :
 An' some, their *new-light* fair avow,
 Just quite barefac'd.

Nae doubt the *auld-light* flocks are bleatin ;
 Their zealous herds are vex'd an' sweatin :
 Mysel, I've even seen them greetin
 Wi' girnin spite,
 To hear the *moon* sae sadly lied on
 By word an' write.

But shortly they will cowe the louns !
 Some *auld-light* herds in neebor towns
 Are mind't, in things they ca' balloons,
 To take a flight,
 An' stay ae month amang the moons
 An' see them right.

Guid observation they will gie them ;
 An' when the *auld moon's* gaun to lea'e them,
 The hindmost shaird, they'll fetch it wi' them,
 Just i' their pouch,
 An' when the *new-light* billies see them,
 I think they'll crouch !

Sae, ye observe that a' this clatter
 Is naething but a "moonshine matter ;"
 But tho' dull prose-folk Latin splatter
 In logic tulzie,
 I hope, we bardies ken some better,
 Than mind sic brulzie.

EPISTLE TO J. R*****,

ENCLOSING SOME POEMS.

O ROUGH, rude, ready-witted R*****,
 The wale o' cocks for fun and drinkin !
 There's monie godly folks are thinkin,
 Your *dreams** an' tricks
 Will send you, Korah-like, a-sinkin,
 Straught to auld Nick's.

Ye hae sae monie cracks an' cants,
 And in your wicked, drucken rants,
 Ye mak a devil o' the saunts,
 An' fill them fou ;
 And then their failings, flaws, an' wants,
 Are a' seen thro'.

Hypocrisy, in mercy spare it !
 That holy robe, O dinna tear it !
 Spar't for their sakes wha aften wear it,
 The lads in *black* ;
 But your curst wit, when it comes near it,
 Rives't aff their back.

* A certain humorous *dream* of his was then making a noise in the country-side.

Think, wicked sinner, wha ye're skaithing,
 It's just the *blue-gown* badge an' claitthing
 O' saunts; tak that, ye lea'e them naething
 To ken them by,
 Frae ony unregenerate heathen
 Like you or I.

I've sent you here some rhyming ware,
 A' that I bargain'd for, an' mair;
 Sae, when ye hae an hour to spare,
 I will expect
 Yon *sang*^{*}, ye'll sen't wi' cannie care,
 And no neglect.

Tho' faith, sma' heart hae I to sing!
 My Muse dow scarcely spread her wing!
 I've play'd mysel a bonnie spring,
 An' danc'd my fill!
 I'd better gaen an' sair'd the king,
 At *Bunker's Hill*.

'Twas ae night, lately in my fun,
 I gaed a roving wi' the gun,
 An' brought a *paitrick* to the grun,
 A bonnie hen,
 An', as the twilight was begun,
 Thought nane wad ken.

The poor wee thing was little hurt;
 I straikit it a wee for sport,
 Ne'er thinkin they wad fash me for't;
 But deil-ma'-care!
 Somebody tells the *poacher-court*
 The hale affair.

* A song he had promised the Author.

Some auld-us'd hands had taen a note,
That sic a hen had got a shot;
I was suspected for the plot;
I scorn'd to lie,
So gat the whissle o' my groat,
An' pay't the *fee*.

But, by my gun, o' guns the wale,
An' by my pouter an' my hail,
An' by my hen, an' by her tail,
I vow an' swear!
The *game* shall pay o'er moor an' dale,
For this, niest year.

As soon's the clockin-time is by,
An' the wee pouts begun to cry,
L—d, I'se hae sportin by and by,
For my gowd guinea,
Tho' I should herd the *buckskin* kye
For't in Virginia.

'Trowth, they had muckle for to blame!
'Twas neither broken wing nor limb,
But twa-three draps about the wame
Scarce thro' the feathers;
An' baith a yellow George to claim,
An' thole their blethers!

It pits me ay as mad's a hare;
So I can rhyme nor write nae mair;
But *pennyworths* again is fair,
When time's expedient:
Meanwhile I am, respected Sir,
Your most obedient.

TO

DR. BLACKLOCK.

Ellisland, Oct. 21, 1783.

Wow, but your letter made me vauntie !
 And are ye hale, and weel, and cantie ?
 I kenn'd it still your wee bit jauntie
 Wad bring ye to :
 Lord send you ay as weel's I want ye,
 And then ye'll do.

The ill-thief blaw the Heron* south !
 And never drink be near his drouth.
 He tald mysel by word o' mouth,
 He'd tak my letter
 I lippen'd to the chiel in trouth
 And bade nae better.

But aiblins honest Master Heron
 Had at the time some dainty fair one,
 To ware his theologic care on,
 And holy study ;
 And tir'd o' sauls to waste his lear on,
 E'en tried the body.

* Mr. Heron, author of a History of Scotland, and of various other

But what d'ye think, my trusty fier,
I'm turn'd a guager—peace be here!
Parnassian queens, I fear, I fear
Ye'll now disdain me,
And then my fifty pounds a-year
Will little gain me.

Ye glaiket gleesome daintie damies,
Who by Castalia's wimplin streamies,
Lowp, sing, and lave your pretty limbies,
Ye ken, ye ken,
'That strang necessity supreme is
'Mang sons o' men.

I hae a wife and twa wee laddies,
They maun hae brose and brats o' duddies;
Ye ken yoursels my heart right proud is,
I need na vaunt,
But I'll sned besoms——thraw saugh woodies
Before they want.

Lord help me thro' this world o' care!
I'm weary sick o't late and air!
Not but I hae a richer share
Than monie ithers;
But why should ae man better fare,
And a' men brithers?

Come, Firm Resolve, take thou the van,
Thou stalk o' carl-hemp in man!
And let us mind, faint heart ne'er wan
A lady fair;
Wha does the utmost that he can,
Will whyles do mair,

But to conclude my silly rhyme,
 (I'm scant o' verse, and scant o' time,)
 To make a happy fire-side clime
 To weans and wife,
 That's the true pathos, and sublime
 Of human life.

My compliments to sister Beckie ;
 And eke the same to honest Lucky,
 I wat she is a dainty chuckie,
 As e'er tread clay
 An' gratefully, my guid auld cockie,
 I'm your's for ay,

ROBERT BURNS.

TO

COLONEL DE PEYSTER,

DUMFRIES, 1796.

My honour'd Colonel, deep I feel
 Your interest in the Poet's weal ;
 Ah ! now sma' heart hae I to speel
 The steep Parnassus,
 Surrounded thus by bolus pill,
 And potion glasses.

O what a canty warld were it,
Would pain and care, and sickness spare it ;
And fortune favour worth and merit,
As they deserve ;
(And aye a rowth, roast-beef and claret :
Syne wha wad starve ?)

Dame Life, tho' fiction out may trick her,
And in paste gems and frippery deck her ;
Oh ! flickering, feeble, and unsicker
I've found her still,
Ay wavering like the willow wicker,
'Tween good and ill.

Then that curst carmagnole, auld Satan,
Watches, like bandrans by a rattan,
Our sinfu' saul to get a claut on
Wi' felon ire ;
Syne, whip ! his tail ye'll ne'er cast saut on,
He's off like fire.

Ah ! Nick ! ah Nick ! it is na fair,
First shewing us the tempting ware,
Bright wines and bonie lasses rare,
To put us daft ;
Syne weave, unseen, thy spider snare,
O' hell's damn'd waft.

Poor man the flie, aft bizzes by,
And aft as chance he comes thee nigh,
Thy auld damn'd elbow yeuks wi' joy,
And hellish pleasure ;
Already in thy fancy's eye,
Thy sicker treasure?

Soon heels o'er gowdie ! in he gangs,
 And like a sheep-head on a tangs,
 Thy girning laugh enjoys his pangs
 And murdering wrestle,
 As dangling in the wind, he hangs
 A gibbet's tassel.

But lest you think I am uncivil,
 To plague you with this draunting drivel,
 Abjuring a' intentions evil,
 I quat my pen :
 The Lord preserve us frae the devil !
 Amen ! Amen !

TO

MR. MITCHELL,

COLLECTOR OF EXCISE, DUMFRIES, 1796.

FRIEND of the Poet, tried and leal,
 Wha wanting thee, might beg or steal ;
 Alake, alake, the meikle deil
 Wi' a' his witches
 Are at it, skelpin ! jig and reel,
 In my poor pouches.

I modestly fu' fain wad hint it,
 That *one pound one*, I sairly want it :
 If wi' the hizzie down ye sent it,
 It would be kind ;
 And while my heart wi' life-blood dunted,
 I'd bear't in mind.

So may the auld-year gang out moaning.
 To see the new come laden, groaning,
 Wi' double plenty o'er the loanin
 To thee and thine ;
 Domestic peace and comforts crowning
 The hale design.

POSTSCRIPT

Ye've heard this while how I've been licket,
 And by fell Death was nearly nicket :
 Grim loun ! he gat me by the fecket,
 And sair me sheuk ;
 But, by good luck, I lap a wicket,
 And turn'd a neuk.

But by that health, I've got a share o't,
 And by that life, I'm promis'd mair o't,
 My hale and weel I'll take a care o't,
 A tentier way :
 Then fareweel folly, hide and hair o't,
 For ance and aye.

LETTER

TO J—S T——T, GL—NC—R

AULD comrade dear and brither sinner,
 How's a' the folk about Gl—nc—r?
 How do you this blae eastlin wind,
 That's like to blaw a body blind?
 For me my faculties are frozen,
 My dearest member nearly dozen'd:
 I've sent you here by Johnnie Simson,
 Twa sage philosophers to glimpse on;
 Smith, wi' his sympathetic feeling,
 An' Reid, to common sense appealing,
 Philosophers have fought an' wrangled,
 An' meikle Greek an' Latin mangled,
 Till wi' their logic-jargon tir'd,
 An' in the depth of science mir'd,
 To common sense they now appeal,
 What wives an' wabsters see an' feel:
 But, hark ye, friend, I charge you strictly,
 Peruse them an' return them quickly;
 For now I'm grown sae cursed douce,
 I pray an' ponder *butt* the house,
 My shins, my lane, I there sit roastin',
 Perusing Bunyan, Brown, and Boston;
 Till by an' by, if I haud on,
 I'll grunt a real Gospel groan:
 Already I begin to try it,
 To cast my cen up like a pyet,

AIII A
 TooT
 LooL
 VIIIV
 AIII A
 T—T

I
 VIIIV
 AIII A
 T—T

When by the gun she tumbles o'er,
Flutt'ring an' gasping in her gore :
Sae shortly you shall see me bright,
A burning an' a shining light.

My heart-warm love to guid auld Glen,
The ace an' wale of honest men ;
When bending down with auld grey hairs,
Beneath the load of years and cares,
May he who made him still support him,
An' views beyond the grave comfort him.
His worthy fam'ly far and near,
God bless them a' wi' grace and gear.

My auld school-fellow, Preacher Willie,
The manly tar, my mason Billie,
An' Auchenbay, I wish him joy ;
If he's a parent, lass or boy,
May he be dad, an' Meg the mither,
Just five-an'-forty years thegither !
An' no forgetting wabster Charlie,
I'm tauld he offers very fairly.
An' L—d remember singing Sannock,
Wi' hale breeks, saxpence, an' a bannock.
An' next, my auld acquaintance, Nancy,
Since she is fitted to her fancy ;
An' her kind stars hae airted till her
A guid chiel wi' a pickle siller.
My kindest, best respects I sen' it,
To cousin Kate an' sister Janet ;
'Tell them frae me, wi' chiels be cautious,
For, faith, they'll aiblins fin' them fashious :

To grant a heart is fairly civil,
But to grant a maidenhead's the devil!
An' lastly, Jamie, for yoursel,
May guardian angels tak a spell,
An' steer you seven miles south o' hell:
But first, before you see heav'n's glory,
May ye get monie a merry story,
Monie a laugh, and monie a drink,
An' ay eneugh o' needfu' clink.

Now fare ye weel, an' joy be wi' you,
For my sake this I beg it o' you,
Assist poor Simson a' ye can,
Ye'll fin' him just an honest man;
Sae I conclude an quat my chanter,
Your's, saint or sinner,

ROB THE RANTER.

TO THE

GUIDWIFE OF WAUCHOPE-HOUSE,
IN ANSWER TO AN EPISTLE WHICH SHE HAD
SENT THE AUTHOR.

GUIDWIFE,
I MIND it weel in early date,
When I was beardless, young, and blate,
And first could thresh the barn;
Or hand a yokin at the pleugh;
An' tho' forfoughten sair eneugh,
Yet unco proud to learn:

When first amang the yellow corn
A man I reckon'd was,
And wi' the lave ilk merry morn
Could rank my rig and lass,
Still shearing, and clearing
The tither stooked raw,
Wi' claivers, an' haivers,
Wearing the day awa.

E'en then, a wish, I mind its pow'r,
A wish that to my latest hour
Shall strongly heave my breast,
That I for poor auld Scotland's sake
Some usefu' plan or book could make,
Or sing a sang at least.
The rough burr-thistle, spreading wide
Amang the bearded bear,
I turn'd the weeder-clips aside,
An' spar'd the symbol dear;
No nation, no station,
My envy e'er could raise,
A Scot still, but blot still,
I knew nae higher praise.

But still the elements o' sang
In formless jumble, right an' wrang,
Wild floated in my brain;
Till on that har'st I said before,
My partner in the merry core,
She rous'd the forming strain:
I see her yet, the sonsie quean,
That lighted up her jingle,
Her witching smile, her pauky e'en
That gart my heart-strings tingle;

I fired, inspired,
At every kindling keek,
But bashing, and dashing,
I feared ay to speak.

Hale to the set, ilk guid chiel says,
Wi' merry dance in winter-days,
An' we to share in common :
The gust o' joy, the balm of woe,
The saul o' life, the heav'n below,
Is rapture-giving woman.
Ye surly sumphs, who hate the name,
Be mindfu' o' your mither :
She, honest woman, may think shame
That ye're connected with her.
Ye're wae men, ye're nae men,
That slight the lovely dears ;
To shame ye, disclaim ye,
Ilk honest birkie swears.

For you, na bred to barn or byre,
Wha sweetly tune the Scottish lyre,
Thanks to you for your line.
The marled plaid ye kindly spare,
By me should gratefully be ware ;
'Twad please me to the Nine.
I'd be mair vauntie o' my hap,
Douse hinging o'er my curple.
Than ony ermine ever lap,
Or proud imperial purple,
Fareweel then, lang hale then,
An' plenty be your fa' :
May losses and crosses
Ne'er at your hallan ca.'

March, 1787.

R. BURNS.

TO J. RANKEN,

ON HIS WRITING TO THE AUTHOR THAT A GIRL
WAS WITH CHILD BY HIM.

I AM a keeper of the law
In some sma' points, altho' not a' ;
Some people tell me gin I fa',
Ae way or ither,
The breaking of a point, tho' sma',
Breaks a' thegither.

I hae been in for't ance or twice,
And winna say, o'er far for thrice,
Yet never met with that surprise
That broke my rest,
But now a rumour's like to rise,
A whaup's i' the nest.

ADDRESS

TO AN ILLEGITIMATE CHILD.

THOU's welcome wean, mishanter fa' me,
If ought of thee, or of thy mammy,
Shall ever danton me, or awe me,
My sweet wee lady,
Or if I blush when thou shalt ca' me
Tit-ta or daddy.

Wee image of my bonie Betty,
 I fatherly will kiss an' dant thee,
 As dear an' near my heart I set thee
 Wi' as gude will
 As a' the priests had seen me get thee
 That's out o' h-ll.

What tho' they ca' me fornicator,
 An' tease my name in kintry-clatter :
 The mair they tauk I'm kent the better,
 E'en let them clash ;
 An auld wife's tongue's a feckless matter
 To gie ane fash.

Sweet fruit o'monie a merry dint,
 My funny toil is now a'tint,
 Sin' thou came to the warl' asklent,
 Which fools may scoff at ;
 In my last plack thy part's be in't—
 The better half o't.

An' if thou be what I wad hae thee,
 An' tak the counsel I sall gie thee,
 A lovin father I'll be to thee,
 If thou be spar'd ;
 Thro' a' thy childish years I'll e'e thee,
 An't think't weel war'd.

Gude grant that thou may ay inherit
 Thy mither's person, grace, an' merit,
 An' thy poor worthless daddy's spirit,
 Without his failins,
 'Twill please me mair to hear an' see't,
 Than stocket mailins

TO

A TAILOR,

IN ANSWER TO AN EPISTLE WHICH HE HAD SENT
THE AUTHOR.

WHAT ails ye now, ye lousie b—h,
To thresh my back at sic a pitch?
Losh man! hae mercy wi' your natch,
Your bodkin's bauld,
I did nae suffer half sae much
Frae Daddie Auld.

What tho' at times when I grow crouse,
I gie their wames a random pouce,
Is that enough for you to souse
Your servant sae?
Gae mind your seam, ye prick the louse,
An' jag the flae.

King David o' poetic brief,
Wrought 'mang the lasses sic mischief
As fill'd his after life wi' grief
An' bloody rants,
An' yet he's rank'd amang the chief
O' lang syne saunts.

And maybe, Tam, for a' my cants,
 My wicked rhymes, an' drucken rant
 I'll gie auld cloven Clooty's haunts
 An unco slip yet,
 An' snugly git amang the saunts,
 At Davie's hip yet.

But fegs, the Session says I maun
 Gae fa' upo' anither plan,
 Than garren lasses cowp the cran
 Clean heels owre body,
 And sairly thole their mither's ban,
 Afore the howdy.

This leads me on, to tell for sport,
 How I did with the Session sort—
 Auld Clinkum at the inner port
 Cry'd three times "Robin!
 Come hither lad, an' answer for't,
 Ye're blam'd for jobbin."

Wi' pinch I put a Sunday's face on,
 An' snoov'd awa' before the Session—
 I made an open, fair confession,
 I scorn'd to lie;
 An' syne Mess John, beyond expression,
 Fell foul o' me.

A fornicator loun he call'd me,
 An' said my faut frae bliss expell'd me
 I own'd the tale was true he tell'd me,
 "But what the matter,"
 Quo' I, "I fear unless ye geld me,
 I'll ne'er be better"

“ Geld you !” quo’ he, “ and whatfore no,
If that your right hand, leg, or toe,
Should ever prove your sp’ritual foe,
You shou’d remember
To cut it aff, an’ whatfore no
Your dearest member.”

“ Na, na,” quo’ I, “ I’m no for that,
Gelding’s nae better than ’tis ca’t,
I’d rather suffer for my faut,
A hearty flewit,
As sair owre hip as ye can draw’t !
Tho’ I should rue it.

“ Or gin ye like to end the bother,
To please us a’, I’ve just ae ither,
When next wi’ yon lass I forgather,
Whate’er betide it,
I’ll frankly gie her’t a’ thegither,
An’ let her guide it.”

But, Sir, this pleas’d them warst ava,
An’ therefore, Tam, when that I saw,
I said “ Guid night,” and cam awa’,
An’ left the Session ;
I saw they were resolved a’
On my oppression.

TO

MR. WILLIAM TYTLER,

WITH A PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR.

REVERED defender of beauteous Stuart,
Of Stuart, a name once respected,
A name, which to love was the mark of a true heart,
But now 'tis despised and neglected.

Tho' something like moisture conglobes in my eye,
Let no one misdeem me disloyal ;
A poor friendless wand'rer may well claim a sigh,
Still more, if that wand'rer were royal.

My fathers that name have rever'd on a throne ;
My fathers have fallen to right it ;
Those fathers would spurn their degenerate son,
That name should he scoffingly slight it.

Still in prayers for K—G— I most heartily join,
The Q—, and the rest of the gentry,
Be they wise, be they foolish, is nothing of mine ;
Their title's avow'd by my country.

But why of this epocha make such a fuss,

.....
.....
.....

But loyalty truce! we're on dangerous ground.
Who knows how the fashions may alter?
The doctrine to-day that is loyalty sound,
To-morrow may bring us a halter.

I send you a trifle, a head of a Bard,
A trifle scarce worthy your care;
But accept it, good Sir, as a mark of regard,
Sincere as a saint's dying prayer.

Now life's chilly evening dim shades on your eye,
And ushers the long dreary night:
But you, like the star that athwart gilds the sky,
Your course to the latest is bright.

EPISTLE

TO R. GRAHAM, ESQ. OF FINTRA.

WHEN Nature her great master-piece design'd,
And fram'd her last, best work, the human mind,
Her eye intent on all the mazy plan,
She form'd of various parts 'he various man.

Then first she calls the useful many forth;
Plain, plodding industry, and sober worth:
Thence peasants, farmers, native sons of earth,
And merchandise' whole genus take their birth:
Each prudent cit a warm existence finds,
And all mechanics' many apron'd kinds.

Some other rarer sorts are wanted yet,
The lead and buoy are needful to the net :
The *caput mortuum* of gross desires
Makes a material for mere knights and squires ;
The martial phosphorus is taught to flow,
She kneads the lumpish, philosophic dough,
Then marks th' unyielding mass with grave designs,
Law, physics, politics, and deep divines :
Last, she sublimes th' Aurora of the poles,
The flashing elements of female souls.

The order'd system fair before her stood,
Nature, well-pleas'd, pronounc'd it very good ;
But ere she gave creating labour o'er,
Half-jest, she try'd one curious labour more.
Some spumy, fiery *ignis fatuus* matter ;
Such as the slightest breath of air might scatter ;
With arch-alacrity and conscious glee,
(Nature may have her whim as well as we,
Her Hogarth-art perhaps she meant to show it)
She forms the thing, and christens it—a poet.
Creature, tho' oft the prey of care and sorrow,
When blest to-day unmindful of to-morrow,
A being form'd t' amuse his graver friends,
Admir'd and prais'd—and there the homage ends :
A mortal quite unfit for Fortune's strife,
Yet oft the sport of all the ills of life ;
Prone to enjoy each pleasure riches give,
Yet haply wanting wherewithal to live :
Longing to wipe each tear, to heal each groan,
Yet frequent all unheeded in his own.

But honest Nature is not quite a Turk,
She laugh'd at first, then felt for her poor work,

Pitying the propless climber of mankind,
She cast about a *standard-tree* to find ;
And, to support his helpless woodbine state,
Attach'd him to the *generous truly great*,
A title, and the only one I claim,
To lay strong hold for help on bounteous Graham.

Pity the tnneful Muses' hapless train,
Weak, timid landmen on life's stormy main !
Their hearts no selfish, stern, absorbent stuff,
That never gives—tho' humbly takes enough ;
The little fate allows, they share as soon,
Unlike sage, proverb'd Wisdom's hard-wrung boon.
The world were blest did bliss on them depend,
Ah ! that "the friendly e'er should want a friend!"
Let prudence number o'er each sturdy son,
Who life and wisdom at one race begun,
Who feel by reason, and who give by rule,
(Instinct's a brute, and sentiment a fool !)
Who make poor *Will* do wait upon *I should*—
We own they're prudent, but who feels they're good ?
Ye wise ones, hence ! ye hurt the social eye !
God's image rudely etch'd on base alloy !
But come ye who the god-like pleasure know,
Heaven's attribute distinguish'd—to bestow !
Whose arms of love would grasp the human race :
Come *thou* who giv'st with all a courtier's grace ;
Friend of my life, true patron of my rhymes !
Prop of my dearest hopes for future times,
Why shrinks my soul half-blushing, half-afraid,
Backward, abash'd to ask thy friendly aid ?
I know my need, I know thy giving hand,
I crave thy friendship at thy kind command ;

But there are such who court the tuneful nine—
 Heavens! should the branded character be mine!
 Whose verse in manhood's pride sublimely flows,
 Yet vilest reptiles in their begging prose.
 Mark, how their lofty, independent spirit
 Soars on the spurning wing of injur'd merit!
 Seek not the proofs in private life to find;
 Pity the best of words should be but wind!
 So to heaven's gates the lark's shrill song ascends,
 But groveling on the earth the carol ends.
 In all the clam'rous cry of starving want,
 They dun benevolence with shameless front;
 Oblige them, patronize their tinsel lays,
 They persecute you all your future days!
 Ere my poor soul such deep damnation stain,
 My horny fist assume the plough again;
 The piebald jacket let me patch once more;
 On eighteen-pence a-week I've liv'd before.
 Tho', thanks to Heaven, I dare even that lastshift;
 I trust, meantime, my boon is in thy gift:
 That plac'd by thee upon the wish'd-for height,
 Where, Man and Nature fairer in her sight,
 My Muse may imp her wing for some sublimer
 flight.

TO THE SAME.

LATE crippl'd of an arm, and now a leg,
 About to beg a pass for leave to beg;
 Dull, listless, teas'd, dejected, and deprest,
 (Nature is adverse to a cripple's rest:)

Will generous *Graham* list to his Poet's wail?
(It soothes poor Misery hearkening to her tale)
And hear him curse the light he first survey'd,
And doubly curse the luckless, rhyming trade?

Thou, Nature, partial Nature, I arraign;
Of thy caprice maternal I complain.
The lion and the bull thy care have found,
One shakes the forest, and one spurns the ground:
Thou giv'st the ass his hide, the snail his shell,
Th' envenom'd wasp, victorious, guards his cell.—
Thy minions, kings, defend, control, devour,
In all th' omnipotence of rule and power.—
Foxes and statesmen, subtile wiles ensure;
The cit and polecat stink, and are secure.
Toads with their poison, doctors with their drug,
The priest and hedgehog in their robes are snug.
Ev'n silly woman has her warlike arts,
Her tongue and eyes, her dreaded spear and darts.

But oh! thou bitter step-mother and hard,
To thy poor, fenceless, naked child—the Bard!
A thing unteachable in worldly skill,
And half an idiot too, more helpless still.
No heels to bear him from the op'ning dun;
No claws to dig, his hated sight to shun;
No horns, but those by luckless Hymen worn,
And those, alas! not Amalthea's horn:
No nerves olfact'ry, mammon's trusty cur,
Clad in rich dulness' comfortable fur,
In naked feeling, and in aching pride,
He bears th' unbroken blast from ev'ry side
Vampyre booksellers drain him to the heart,
And scorpion critics cureless venom dart.

Critics—appall'd I venture on the name,
 Those cut-throat bandits in the paths of fame :
 Bloody dissectors, worse than ten Monroes :
 He hacks to teach, they mangle to expose.

His heart by causeless, wanton malice wrung,
 By blockheads' daring into madness stung ;
 His well-won bays, than life itself more dear,
 By miscreants torn, who ne'er one sprig must wear :
 Foil'd, bleeding, tortur'd, in the unequal strife,
 The hapless Poet flounders on thro' life.
 Till fled each hope that once his bosom fir'd,
 And fled each Muse that glorious once inspir'd,
 Low sunk in squalid, unprotected age,
 Dead, even resentment, for his injur'd page,
 He heeds or feels no more the ruthless critic's rage!

So, by some hedge, the generous steed deceas'd,
 For half-starv'd, snarling curs a dainty feast ;
 By toil and famine wore to skin and bone,
 Lies senseless of each tugging bitch's son.

O Dulness ! portion of the truly blest !
 Calm shelter'd haven of eternal rest !
 Thy sons ne'er madden in the fierce extremes
 Of Fortune's polar frost, or torrid beams.
 If mantling high she fills the golden cup,
 With sober, selfish ease they sip it up :
 Conscious the bounteous meed they well deserve,
 They only wonder "some folks" do not starve.
 The grave sage hern thus easy picks his frog,
 And thinks the mallard a sad worthless dog.
 When disappointment snaps the clue of hope,
 And thro' disastrous night they darkling grope,

With deaf endurance sluggishly they bear,
And just conclude that "fools are Fortune's care."
So, heavy, passive to the tempest's shocks,
Strong on the sign-post stands the stupid ox.

Not so the idle Muses' mad-cap train,
Not such the workings of their moon-struck brain;
In equanimity they never dwell,
By turns in soaring heav'n or vaulted hell.

I dread thee, Fate, relentless and severe,
With all a Poet's, Husband's, Father's fear!
Already one strong hold of hope is lost,
GLENCAIRN, the truly noble, lies in dust;
(Fled, like the sun eclips'd at noon appears,
And left us darkling in a world of tears :)
Oh! hear my ardent, grateful, selfish pray'r!
FINTRA, my other stay, long bless and spare!
Thro' a long life his hopes and wishes crown;
And bright in cloudless skies his sun go down!
May *bliss domestic* smooth his private path;
Give energy to life and sooth his latest breath,
With many a filial tear circling the bed of death.

TO THE SAME,

ON RECEIVING A FAVOUR.

I CALL no goddess to inspire my strains,
A fabled Muse may suit a bard that feigns;
Friend of my life! my ardent spirit burns,
And all the tribute of my heart returns,
For boons accorded, goodness ever new,
The gift still dearer, as the giver you.

Thou orb of day! thou other paler light!
 And all ye many sparkling stars of night;
 If aught that giver from my mind efface:
 If I that giver's bounty e'er disgrace;
 Then roll to me, along your wandering spheres,
 Only to number out a villain's years!

TO A GENTLEMAN

WHOM THE AUTHOR HAD OFFENDED.

THE friend whom wild from wisdom's way,
 The fumes of wine infuriate send;
 (Not moony madness more astray;)
 Who but deplores that hapless friend?
 Mine was the insensate frenzied part,
 Ah why should I such scenes outlive!
 Scenes so abhorrent to my heart!
 'Tis thine to pity and forgive.

TO A GENTLEMAN

WHO HAD SENT HIM A NEWSPAPER AND OFFERED
 TO CONTINUE IT FREE OF EXPENSE.

KIND Sir, I've read your paper through,
 And faith, to me, 'twas really new!
 How guess'd ye, Sir, what maist I wanted?
 This monie a day I've grain'd and gaunted,
 To ken what French mischief was brewin;
 Or what the drumlie Dutch were doing

That vile doup-skelper, Emperor Joseph,
If Venus yet had got his nose off ;
Or how the collieshangie works
Atween the Russians and the Turks ;
Or if the Swede, before he halt,
Would play anither Charles the Twalt ;
If Denmark, any body spak o't ;
Or Poland, wha had now the tack o't ;
How cut-throat Prussian blades were hingin,
How libbet Italy was singin ;
If Spaniard, Portuguese, or Swiss,
Were sayin or takin aught amiss :
Or how our merry lads at hame,
In Britain's court kept up the game ;
How royal George, the Lord leuk o'er him !
Was managing St. Stephen's quorum ;
If sleekit Chatham Will was livin,
Or glaikit Charlie got his nieve in ;
How daddie Burke the plea was cookin,
If Warren Hastings' neck was yeukin ;
How cesses, stents, and fees were rax'd,
Or if bare a—s yet were tax'd ;
The news o' princes, dukes, and earls,
Pimps, sharpeners, bawds, and opera-girls ;
If that daft buckie, Geordie W***s,
Was threshin still at hizzies' tails,
Or if he was grown oughtlins douser,
And no a perfect kintra cooser ;
A' this and mair I never heard of ;
And but for you I might despair'd of.
So, gratefu', back your news I send you,
And pray, a' guid things may attend you !

Ellisland, 1790.

SKETCH,

TO MRS. DUNLOP, ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY

THIS day, Time winds the exhausted chain,
To run the twelvemonth's length again :
I see the old, bald-pated fellow,
With ardent eyes, complexion sallow,
Adjust the unimpair'd machine,
To wheel the equal, dull routine

The absent lover, minor heir,
In vain assail him with their prayer ;
Deaf as my friend, he sees them press,
Nor makes the hour one moment less.
Will you (the Major's with the hounds,
The happy tenants share his rounds ;
Coila's fair Rachel's care to-day,
And blooming Keith's engaged with Gray)
From housewife cares a minute borrow—
That grandchild's cap will do to-morrow—
And join with me a moralizing,
This day's propitious to be wise in.
First, what did yesternight deliver?
“ Another year is gone for ever.”
And what is this day's strong suggestion ?
“ The passing moment's all we rest on !”
Rest on—for what ? what do we here ?
Or why regard the passing year ?

Will Time, amus'd with proverb'd lore,
Add to our date one minute more?
A few days may—a few years must—
Repose us in the silent dust.
Then is it wise to damp our bliss?
Yes—all such reasonings are amiss!
The voice of nature loudly cries,
And many a message from the skies,
That something in us never dies;
That on this frail, uncertain state,
Hang matters of eternal weight;
That future life, in worlds unknown
Must take its hue from this alone;
Whether as heavenly glory bright,
Or dark as misery's woeful night.—
Since then, my honour'd, first of friends,
On this poor being all depends;
Let us the important *now* employ,
And live as those that never die.
Tho' you with days and honours crown'd,
Witness that filial circle round,
(A sight life's sorrows to repulse,
A sight pale envy to convulse,)
Others now claim your chief regard;
Yourself, you wait your bright reward.

THE

AULD FARMER'S

NEW-YEAR MORNING SALUTATION TO HIS
AULD MARE, MAGGIE,

ON GIVING HER THE ACCUSTOMED RIPP OF CORN
TO HANSEL IN THE NEW YEAR.

A GUID NEW YEAR I wish thee, Maggie !
Hae, there's a ripp to thy auld baggie :
Tho' thou's howe-backit, now, an' knaggie,
I've seen the day
Thou could hae gaen like onie staggie
Out-owre the lay.

Tho' now thon's dowie, stiff, an' crazy,
An' thy auld hide's as white's a daisy,
I've seen thee dappl'd, sleek, and glazie,
A bonie gray :
He should been tight that daur't to raise thee,
Ance in a day.

Thou ance was i' the foremost rank,
A *filly*, buirdly, steeve, an' swank,
An' set weel down a shapely shank,
As e'er tread yird ;
An' could hae flown out owre a stank,
Like onie bird.

It's now some nine-an'-twenty year,
Sin' thou was my guid father's *meere* ;
He gied me thee, o' tocher clear,
An' fifty mark ;
Tho' it was sma', 'twas weel-won gear,
An' thou was stark.

When first I gaed to woo my *Jenny*,
Ye then was trottin wi' your minnie :
Tho' ye was trickie, slee, an' fannie,
Ye ne'er was donsie ;
But hamely, tawie, quiet, an' cannie,
An' unco sonsie.

That day, ye pranc'd wi' muckle pride,
When ye bure hame my bonie *bride* ;
An' sweet an' gracefu' she did ride,
Wi' maiden air !
Kyle Stewart I could bragged wide,
For sic a pair.

'Tho' now ye dow but hoyte and hobble,
An' wintle like a saumont-cobble,
That day ye was a jinker noble,
For heels an' win' !
An' ran them till they a' did wauble,
Far, far behin',

When thou an' I were young an' skeigh,
An' stable-meats at fairs were dreigh,
How thou wad prance, an' snore an' skreigh,
An' tak the road!
Town's bodies ran, and stood abeigh,
An' ca't thee mad.

When thou was corn't, an' I was mellow,
We took the road ay like a swallow:
At *Brooses* thou had ne'er a fellow,
For pith an' speed;
But ev'ry tail thou pay't them hollow,
Whare'er thou gaed.

The sma', droop-rumpl't, hunter-cattle,
Might aiblins waur't thee for a brattle;
But sax Scotch miles, thou try't their mettle
An' gar't them whaizle:
Nae whip nor spur, but just a wattle
O' saugh or hazel.

'Thou was a noble *fittie-lan'*,
As e'er in tug or tow was drawn!
Aft thee an' I, in aught hours gaun,
On guid March-weather,
Hae turn'd sax rood beside our han'
For days thegither.

Thou never braindgt, an' fech't, and fliskit,
But thy auld tail thou wad hae whiskit,
An' spread abreed thy weel-fill'd brisket,
Wi' pith and pow'r,
Till spritty knowes wad rair't and risket,
An' slypet owre.

When frosts lay lang, an' snaws were deep,
An' threaten'd labour back to keep,
I gied thy *cog* a wee-bit heap
Aboon the timmer;
I ken'd my *Maggie* wad na sleep
For that, or simmer.

In cart or car thou never reestit;
The steyst brae thou wad hae fac'd it:
Thou never lap, and sten't and breastit,
Then stood to blaw;
But just thy step a wee thing hastit,
Thou snoov't awa.

My *pleugh* is now thy bairn-time a':
Four gallant brutes as e'er did draw:
Forbye sax mae, I've sell't awa,
That thou hast nurst:
They drew me thretteen pund an' twa,
The very warst.

Monie a sair daurk we twa hae wrought,
An' wi' the weary warl' fought!
An' monie an anxious day, I thought
We wad be beat!
Yet here to crazy age we're brought,
Wi' something yet.

An' think na, my auld, trusty servan',
That now perhaps thou's less deservin,
An' thy auld days may end in starvin,
For my last *fou*,
A heapit *stimpart*, I'll reserve ane
Laid by for you.

We've worn to crazy years thegither ;
 We'll toyte about wi' ane anither ;
 Wi' tentie care I'll flit thy tether,
 To some hain'd rig,
 Whare ye may nobly rax your leather,
 Wi' sma' fatigue.

THE DEATH AND DYING WORDS OF POOR
 MAILIE,

THE AUTHOR'S ONLY PET YOWE ;

An unco mournfu' Tale.

As *Mailie*, an' her lambs thegither,
 Were ae day nibbling on the tether,
 Upon her cloot she coost a hitch,
 An' owre she warsl'd in the ditch :
 There, groaning, dying, she did lie,
 When *Hughoc** he came doytin by.

Wi' glowrin een, an' lifted han's
 Poor *Hughoc* like a statue stan's ;
 He saw her days were near-hand ended,
 But, waes my heart ! he could na mend it !
 He gaped wide, but naething spak !
 At length poor *Mailie* silence brak.

* A neighbour herd-callan.

“ O thou, whase lamentable face
Appears to mourn my woefu' case !
My *dying words* attentive hear,
An' bear them to my master dear.

“ Tell him, if e'er again he keep
As muckle gear as buy a sheep,
O, bid him never tie them mair
Wi' wicked strings o' hemp or hair !
But ca' them out to park or hill,
An' let them wander at their will ;
So may his flock increase, an' grow
To scores o' lambs, an' packs o' woo !”

“ Tell him he was a master kin,
An' ay was guid to me and mine ;
An' now my dying charge I gie him,
My helpless lambs I trust them wi' him.

“ O, bid him save their harmless lives
Frae dogs, an' tods, an' butchers' knives !
But gie them guid cow-milk their fill,
Till they be fit to fend themsel :
An' tent them duly, e'en an' morn,
Wi' teats o' hay an' rips o' corn.

“ An' may they never learn the gaets
Of ither vile wanrestfu' *pets* !
To slink thro' slaps, an' reave, an steal,
At stacks o' pease, or stocks o' kail,
So may they, like their great forbears,
For monie a year come thro' the shears ;
So wives will gie them bits o' bread,
An' bairns greet for them when they'r dead.”

“ My poor *toop-lamb*, my son an’ heir,
O, bid him breed him up wi’ care !
An’, if he live to be a beast,
To pit some havins in his breast !
An’ warn him, what I winna name,
To stay content wi’ yowes at hame ;
An’ no to rin an’ wear his cloots,
Like ither menseless, graceless brutes.

“ An’ niest my *youvie*, silly thing,
Gude keep thee frae a tether-string !
O, may thou ne’er forgather up
Wi’ ony blastit, moorland toop ;
But ay keep mind to moop an’ mell
Wi’ sheep o’ credit like thysel !

“ And now, my bairns, wi’ my last breath,
I lea’e my blessin wi’ you baith :
An’ when you think upo’ your Mither,
Mind to be kin’ to ane anither.

“ Now, honest *Hughoc*, dinna fail,
To tell my master a’ my tale ;
An’ bid him burn this cursed tether,
An’, for thy pains, thou’s e get my blether.”

This said, poor *Mailie* turn’d her head,
An’ clos’d her een amang the dead.

POOR MAILIE'S ELEGY.

LAMENT in rhyme, lament in prose,
Wi' sant tears trickling down your nose ;
Our bardie's fate is at a close,
Past a' remead ;
The last sad cap-stane of his woes ;
Poor *Mailie's* dead

It's no the loss o' warl's gear,
That could sae bitter draw the tear,
Or make our bardie, dowie, wear
The mourning weed :
He's lost a friend and neebor dear,
In *Mailie* dead.

Thro' a' the toun she trotted by him ;
A lang half-mile she could descry him ;
Wi' kindly bleat, when she did spy him,
She ran wi' speed :
A friend mair faithfu' ne'er cam nigh him
Than *Mailie* dead.

I wat she was a sheep o' sense,
An' could behave hersel wi' mense :
I'll say't, she never brak a fence,
Thro' thievish greed ;
Our bardie, lanely, keeps the spence,
Sin' *Mailie's* dead.

Or, if he wanders up the howe,
Her living image in her yowe,
Comes bleating to him, owre the knowe,
For bits o' bread ;
An' down the briny pearls rowe
For *Mailie* dead.

She was nae get o' moorland tips,
 Wi' tawted ket, an' hairy hips ;
 For her forbears were brought in ships
 Frae yont the *Tweed* ;
 A bonier *fleesh* ne'er cross'd the clips
 Than *Mailie* dead.

Wae worth the man wha first did shape
 That vile, wanchancie thing—a *rape* !
 It maks guid fellows girn an' gape.
 Wi' chockin dread ;
 An' *Robin's* bonnet wave wi' crape,
 For *Mailie* dead.

O, a' ye bards on bonie *Doon* !
 An' wha on *Ayr* your chanter's tune !
 Come join the melancholious croon
 O' *Robin's* reed !
 His heart will never get aboon !
 His *Mailie* dead.

THE END OF VOL. I.

... of the ...
... of the ...
... of the ...
... of the ...
... of the ...

... of the ...
... of the ...
... of the ...
... of the ...
... of the ...

... of the ...
... of the ...
... of the ...
... of the ...
... of the ...

... of the ...
... of the ...
... of the ...
... of the ...
... of the ...

... of the ...
... of the ...
... of the ...
... of the ...
... of the ...

... of the ...
... of the ...
... of the ...
... of the ...
... of the ...

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF
HIS MOST EXCELLENT
MAYESTY KING
JAMES THE FIRST
BY
JACOBUS BUCHANAN

OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF
GLASGOW
IN THE
YEAR OF THE
MCCCLXXIIII

Printed by
JOHN WATSON
AT THE
PRINTING-HOUSE
OF
JOHN WATSON
IN THE
CITY OF GLASGOW

Burns, Robert,

The poetical works of Robert Burns including several pieces not inserted in Dr. Currie's edition ; exhibited under a new plan of arrangement and preceded by an original life of the author and a critique upon his writings ; with an enlarged glossary ; in two volumes
Bd.: 1

London (1823)

P.o.angl. 45 b-1

urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb10745285-6